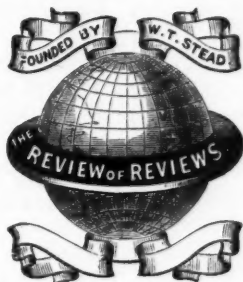


THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.



No. 156, Vol. XXVI.

DECEMBER, 1902.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, Dec. 2nd, 1902.

The
Closing Year.

What progress have we made in 1902? Of visible progress we have made none. But the rate at which we were progressing backwards is checked. And that is something to be thankful for. Nor must we forget, in counting up our mercies, that this year brought us the boon of the addition of 250,000 unwilling subjects. We sorely needed such an infusion of virile blood in the somewhat shrunken veins of our Empire. The Boers bring to us the heroic qualities in which, as a race, we have begun to fail. Strong, sturdy, sober, silent, they have been tested and proved in the fiery ordeal of merciless war to be distinctly superior, man for man, to those who overwhelmed them by brute force of numbers, by the ruthless employment of "methods of barbarism." We have now got some more fellow-citizens in South Africa who believe in something greater than dividends, and who prefer their Bible to De Beers. Before the war we had no idea that the Boers themselves were worth while stealing, kidnapping, or otherwise forcibly converting into subjects of the King. Goldfields, yes—territory, yes—despite Lord Salisbury. But Boers, no. Now that we have discovered that the Boers are incomparably more valuable than all the diamonds of Golconda or all the gold of the Rand, we must reckon their enrolment as fellow-citizens as the greatest boon which we have received in 1902.

How the Boers
may
Save the Empire.

It is, of course, very hard upon the Boers to compel them to submit to a foreign yoke, however useful it may be for the foreign yoke-maker. But those of us who struggled to the last against the annexation of the Republics may at least take consolation from the fact that if the Jingoese have got the goldfields, the pro-Boers have secured a reinforcement which will enable them, with ordinary good management, to treat Jingodom as St. Michael the Archangel treated Lucifer. For it is our new fellow-subjects who will rule South Africa, as our Dutch fellow-subjects in the Colony rule the Cape. And thanks to the passionate sympathy and ardent admiration which the Boers have excited in the most serious, and in the long run the most powerful section of the British public, they can count upon enthusiastic and unstinting support in this country for all the steps which they may take to realise Mr. Rhodes's ideal, by eliminating the Imperial factor from South Africa as completely as it is now eliminated from Canada and Australia. The Boers may save the Empire yet. In the opinion of men as competent and as highly placed as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir E. Barton, the Empire will be shattered to pieces unless a resolute veto is imposed upon the fantastic proposals of our Jingoese. The Boers will help us to supply that veto. The war has at least done one good thing. It has revealed the Boers in such heroic guise that no small number of the British people have conceived for their

nation a far more ardent affection than our people have ever felt for any foreign nationality. With their aid we hope we may make the Empire worthy of its new subjects.

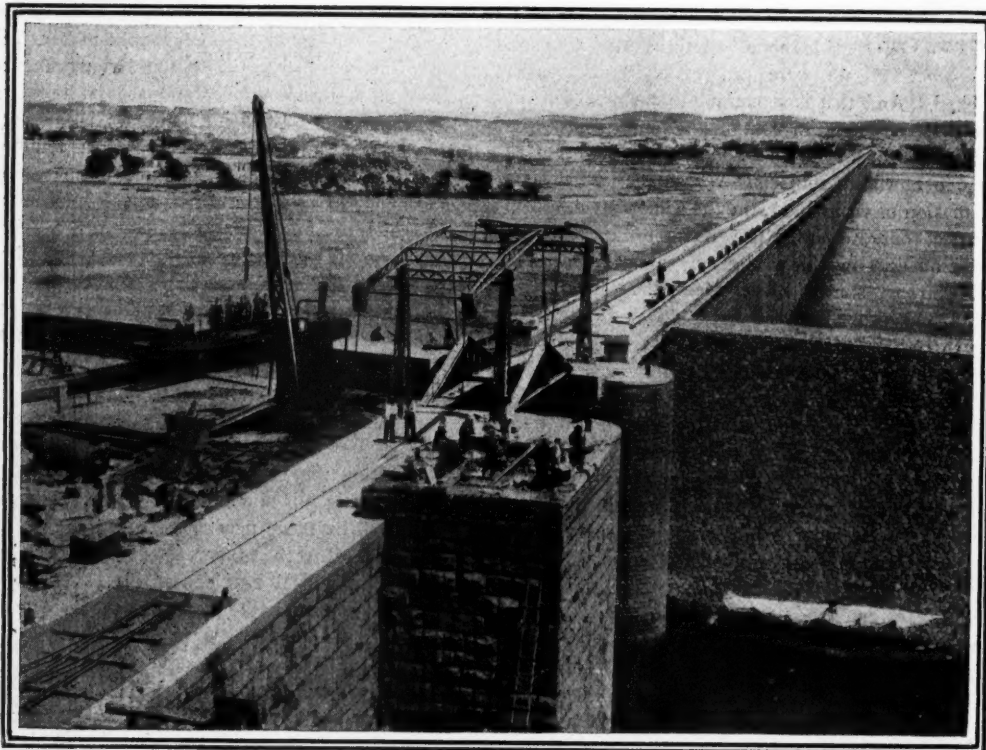
**Progress
at
Home.**

Progress at home has been of two kinds—upwards and downwards. One assists the other. The persistent efforts of Ministers to reverse the great principles upon which British legislation has been based for fifty years has contributed to the reconstitution of Liberal unity. Even the unworthy jealousies and morbid sensitiveness of rival leaders cannot maintain party divisions when Ministers are putting the knife to the throat of Free Trade and reimposing religious tests. We owe many thanks to Ministers for their services in this matter. The men who throw a dam across a stream are merely storing up energy which, undammed, would have been wasted. Of evidence of positive progress on the other side may be noted the gradual waking up of John Bull to a sense of his own shortcomings, the beginning of great national agitations in favour of Old Age Pensions and on the Housing question, and the universal conviction that radical measures of reform must be

employed in order to save the trade of the Thames and to remedy the congestion of London. Further, note as a sign of progress that the Unionists are beginning to realise their failure in Ireland, and that there is a general expectation that the New Year will see a bold attempt to settle the Land Question once for all. The support given by the Irish to the Clerical party on the Education Bill has been a useful reminder to all of us that if we persist in refusing to allow Ireland to manage her own affairs she will very effectively assert her right to manage, or mismanage, the affairs of the United Kingdom.

**The Key
to
Future Progress.**

The key to all steady progress is to be found in the federation of all the forces that make for progress. I confess to a thrill of gratitude when I read the cablegram which reported that the British Labour leaders whom Mr. Moseley has conveyed on a tour of education through the United States had unanimously passed a resolution in favour of establishing in this country an organisation similar to the National Civic Federation which has produced such excellent results in America. For the National Civic Federation is the child of the Civic Federation of



The Great Dam across the Nile at Assouan.

Inaugurated this month by the Duke of Connaught.

Chicago, which dates from the time when Mr. R. M. Easley, now the able and indefatigable secretary of the Federation, but then only a newspaper reporter, interviewed me on my arrival in Chicago about my favourite ideal, the Civic Church. It is, indeed, welcome to find that from the grain of thought sown nine years ago an institution should have sprung up and taken such firm root in the New World. It will be curious if Mr. Moseley's deputation brings back as its most useful contribution to the future industrial peace and prosperity of Great Britain a report of the experimental verification by the Americans of the soundness of the doctrine which they received from the REVIEW OF REVIEWS and its editor nine years ago. The idea of the Civic Federation, like the idea of Democracy, was born here, but not until they both crossed the Atlantic and took root in America did they secure widespread recognition in the Old World.

**The Dam
and
the Durbar.**

The Duke of Connaught has left England to perform two very different functions. This month he will open the great dam which Sir John Aird has thrown across the Nile, one of the most useful monuments of the Imperial engineer in the Victorian Age. From thence he will go to Delhi, to the Coronation Durbar, where

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,

he will sit exalted among the tributary princes who will be assembled to acclaim the accession of his brother Edward VII. It will be a great pageant, but a hollow one. We have not won the love, although we may have compelled the submission, of our Indian fellow-subjects. One of the most significant "pointers," as they call them in America, which has recently attracted my attention was the uneasy misgiving of the Boer officers whom we sent as prisoners to India concerning the stability of our rule. "We are part of the Empire now," said a Commandant the other day, "and India is our concern as much as it is yours. And, to speak honestly, I don't like the prospect of our investments in that quarter." If only the Irish would make India their concern there might be some hope. But until they do the grim realities of famine and plague will be hidden from sight by the bewildering splendour of Coronation Durbars and the like.

**A Tribute
to
Lord Curzon.**

It is only just to say that the central figure at the Durbar will not be the King's brother, but Lord Curzon. The present Viceroy has shown himself keenly alive to the necessity for doing justice



Photograph by

[Lafayette.]

The Duke of Connaught.

between the dominant white caste and the native population. The severity with which he punished the 9th Lancers for allowing natives to be murdered with impunity at the gates of their encampment has been much resented by the friends of the officers, who, it may frankly be admitted, were very hardly dealt with. Collective punishment is never ideally just, and in this case the innocent suffered with the guilty. Nevertheless, there is no doubt but that Lord Curzon erred, if he erred at all, on the right side. There is a constant tendency among men, and perhaps still more among women of a dominant military caste, to forget that each of the dusky myriads of their fellow-subjects is entitled to justice—that his life counts like that of a white man. It is impossible to exorcise this foul fiend, but Lord Curzon does well to spare no effort to keep it in check. When a major is hanged for killing his native servant, or a District Commissioner sent to gaol for leaving his Eurasian offspring unprovided for, more will have been done to justify our rule in India than can be effected by a score of Durbars.



Photograph by)

Lafayette.

Sandringham, where the King entertained the Kaiser.

"Penruddocke."

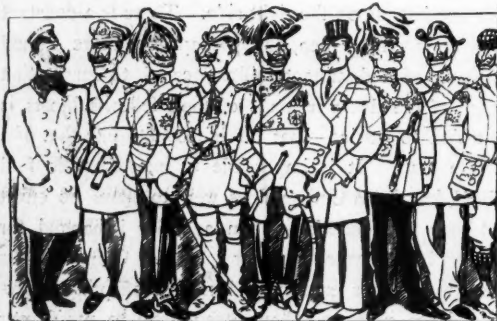
The need for administering justice with an even hand is often forgotten nearer home than in India. Mr. Justice Bigham, fresh from his tour in South Africa, last month added a new and suggestive word to the English language. He tried at the Old Bailey on a charge of cruelty to her child one Mrs. Penruddocke, a person—it is worse to call her a woman than to call her a lady—who moved in good county society in Wiltshire. Her husband was a Justice of the Peace, and the family, besides its ancient traditions, could boast of having a relative in the Cabinet. The cruelty was fully proved—as is almost always the case when the prosecution is set on foot by Mr. Waugh, the guardian angel of

English children. The jury unanimously found the accused guilty, and everyone anticipated a sentence of imprisonment, say, of three months if the judge were lenient, or of nine if he took into consideration the aggravating circumstances of the case—such as the position of the prisoner and the wanton nature of her crime. To the amazement of all, and to the astonishment and indignation of the jury, Mr. Justice Bigham inflicted the merely nominal punishment of a fine of £50—less than the cost of a ball-dress. But it was a cruel kindness; for the popular imagination conceived a subtle and far more terrible punishment than "three months' hard." Henceforth, among the criminal classes, "Penruddocke" will become the cant word for excessive leniency. When Scotch Maggie, at Greenwich, got "one month's hard" for being drunk and disorderly, she hurled at the Court the parting sneer, "Not much Penruddocke about that." So Penruddocke takes its place beside Boycott, Jerrymander, Bowdler, Endicott, and others of that ilk, necessitating in all future dictionaries of the English-speaking world some such entry as this:—

PENRUDDOCKE: used as substantive or verb; once the name of an honourable English family, but now a synonym for judgments where serious offences are treated with unexpected leniency. It originated in the sentence of £50 imposed by Justice Bigham upon Mrs. Penruddocke, a person of good social position, convicted of the crime of cruelly illtreating her little daughter.

Royal Visits.

The chief event in the world of international politics in November was the visit of the Kaiser to the King. People are beginning to take monarchs too seriously nowadays. The Kaiser, it is true, seldom travels without an object, but it is really



Le Rire]

[Paris.

The Kaiser in England as a Multichange Artist.

An instantaneous photograph of Emperor Wilham at the moment of his landing at Dover.

too much when great schemes of partition are talked of in connection with the visit of King Carlos of Portugal to Windsor. Nothing can be better than for Sovereigns to visit each other, especially if, like both Kaiser and King, they leave their Chancellors behind. It is a long time since the Tsar was in London; and as for the Emperor Francis Joseph, despite his effusive declarations to Sir Horace Rumbold, he seems to prefer to love us at a distance. It is true that the Kaiser did see Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Lansdowne at Sandringham, but that fact afforded no justification for the nonsensical stories put about by bat-eyed spectators and parochial *National Review*-ers. Considering the effect of the previous interview between Mr. Chamberlain and the Kaiser, it is surprising that some of these sapient commentators did not announce that the Colonial Secretary had been summoned to Sandringham to receive the Kaiser's apology for the scurvy fashion in which he egged him on to make his Leicester speech and then threw him over.

**The
Prime Minister's
Début.**

Mr. Balfour, when he made his first Ninth of November speech as Prime Minister, administered the *coup de grâce* to the lying legends about the Kaiser's visit. He described them as "the wildest



By special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

"A Purely non-Political Visit."

GAMEKEEPER PUNCH: "Wish you good sport, sir!"

[Several Cabinet Ministers have been invited to meet the German Emperor at Sandringham.]

and the most fantastic inventions which even an inventive Press has ever discovered." He then threw ridicule upon the "imaginary negotiations" and "strange bargains" which form the staple of these



Photograph by

THE KING.

THE GERMAN
EMPEROR.

THE QUEEN.

THE PRINCE OF
WALES.

THE PRINCESS
VICTORIA.

[Lafayette.]

A Royal Group at Sandringham.



By permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."]]

The Lethal Chamber.

RT.-HON. SUPERINTENDENT B.-F.-R.: "In you go, my little beauties!"

fantastic dreams. Mr. Balfour then went on to speak of the prospect of peace. He said:—

I know not that any danger within the ken of human wisdom menaces, in the smallest degree, that peace which it should be our earnest endeavour to preserve. I believe that every great Power in Europe is not only desirous of peace, but is firmly resolved that peace should be maintained.

Nothing can be more satisfactory—so far as assurances go. But if they are all so resolute for peace, why are they, and more particularly why are we, piling up colossal armaments, which threaten to land us all in bankruptcy? Words are all very well; but deeds are more eloquent. If what Mr. Balfour said were really true, why should he not revive the Tsar's "Standstill" proposition even now?

Towards
the
United States
of
Europe.

Mr. Balfour's peroration was a fine appeal for international good-feeling and good manners which Mr. Chamberlain ought to have heard. But the hero of the Long Spoon was absent. He was in town, for he and Mr. Balfour that morning had witnessed the Lord Mayor's procession from the modest elevation of a costermonger's cart; but he was not at the Guildhall at night. So he did not hear his chief's eloquent rebuke:—

I can only say, and it shall be my last word, that there is no desire which I think ought to be more constantly present to the minds of European statesmen, there is no sentiment which they ought more sedulously to cultivate than that spirit of international tolerance, international comprehension, and, if it may be, international friendship and international love, which, if duly encouraged, will have the most powerful effect in the future, whenever dangers menace European peace, in enabling us to continue that great policy of the European concert which, when all is said and done, has been in the past a great instrument for peace, and is destined, in my judgment, in the future to play an even greater part in the progress of civilisation and Christendom than it has during the years that have recently elapsed. That this should happily result from the common union, from the cultivation of affection between European peoples, and from the

mutual understanding of European statesmen, ought to be the most earnest prayer of every man who has at heart the future of civilisation and that peace upon which civilisation is based.

Laborare est orare. While Mr. Balfour piously prays for the cultivation of affection, Mr. Chamberlain works hard in sowing tares among the good seed, with such results as we see in the universal hatred and distrust with which we are regarded by our neighbours.

The Education Bill Rammed Through.

The chief feature of the debates on the Education Bill last month has been—to use a Hibernicism—the suppression of debate by the use of the guillotine-closure by compartments. Mr. Balfour, finding it impossible to get his Bill through before Christmas, moved on November 11th the adoption of a resolution shutting down all discussion on the Education Bill after fixed dates arbitrarily laid down for the termination of the consideration of such clause. The motion was carried by 284 votes to 152, and with the aid of this lethal weapon Mr. Balfour has forced the Bill through Committee. The third reading is moved to-night. Very few alterations have been made in the Bill, and most of those that have been made have been more in the direction of Clericalism than of Nonconformity. The central principle remains intact. The clerical schools are henceforth to be paid for entirely from the public funds, the headmasters and mistresses must all submit to the test of accepting the dogma of the Church to which the school belongs, and no effective control is given to the representatives of the public over the teaching in the school, either secular or religious.

The Kenyon-Slaney Amendment.

The only commotion created by any of the amendments proposed in Committee was raised by an amendment moved by Colonel Kenyon-Slaney. This amendment runs thus (4th sub-section, 7th Clause): "Religious instruction shall be given in a school not provided by the local education authority, in accordance with the tenour of the provisions (if any) of the trust deed relating thereto, and shall be *under the control of the managers.*" It was accepted by the House of Commons by a majority of 211 to 41, everyone, save a handful of "Hughligans"—followers of Lord Hugh Cecil—being satisfied that such a provision was eminently reasonable and just. But as soon as the High Church clergy discovered that they were to have a body of laymen interfering with their high and exclusive prerogative of deciding what particular brand of the assorted lots of dogma which go under the common name of Anglicanism should be served up

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to the children as the only true and genuine Christian religion, they made a great outcry. "Here is Erastianism with a vengeance! Out upon it! Away with the Bill! It is not fit to live!" But at the great meeting at Albert Hall, the Bishop of London spoke softly to the irate clerics, and assured them that the reference in the amendment to the trust deed rendered the proposed control of the managers quite nugatory. For if the trust deeds do not already provide for an appeal to the Bishops whenever the managers differed from the parsons, they could be speedily manufactured. This assurance, given forth on the authority of the law officers of the Crown, warded off a threatened vote of censure, but it left the hearts of the sacerdotalists still sore. So on November 27th they proposed to strike the amendment out altogether. They were defeated by 294 votes against 35. It remains to be seen what the House of Lords will have to say. The highflyers among the clergy detest the Bishops' control almost as much as that of the lay managers. For their ideal seems to be that each man (parson) should be allowed to do exactly what seemeth right in his own eyes, none daring to make him afraid, least of all his Bishop.

Yet Another Surprise.

I had written so far when the situation was again transformed by the reply of the Attorney-General to Mr. Kenyon:—

The only reference to the Bishop on my view of this clause will be on any question as to the nature of the religious teaching. On every other question—as to the management of the religious teaching, how it is to be given, and by whom—the managers will have full control, and no appeal will lie against their decision. If the managers should infringe the terms of the trust as regards the character of the religious instruction, as defined by the deed itself or by the Bishop on reference in terms of the deed, the proper remedy would be, as in the case of any abuse of a charitable trust, by an information in the name of the Attorney-General.

This knocks on the head the Bishop of London's assurance that the clause would leave intact "the normal duty of the clergyman to give and superintend the religious teaching of the school." The famous appeal to the Bishop can only be taken on a question of the orthodoxy of the teaching given by direction of the managers, and even from it there will be an appeal to the Civil Courts. So as we go to press Erastianism is once more triumphant. But what will the clericals do now?

The Swing of the Pendulum.

Despite the set-back at Devonport in October, the by-elections and the Municipal Elections of November show unmistakable tokens of the rise of the Liberal tide and the fall of the Unionist majority. At the Municipal Elections the Education

Bill was made a test question in 230 towns, resulting in a gain of 61 seats by the opponents of the Government. The votes given were—To opponents of the Bill, 354,579; to supporters of the Bill, 280,313—majority for opponents, 74,226. Municipal Elections are, however, often misleading: so many local questions cause cross-voting. The elections for Orkney and Shetland and for Cleveland are much more significant. Mr. Wason, the sitting member for Orkney, went over to the Opposition on the subject of the Education Bill, and, in order to test the question, he resigned his seat and appealed for re-election. He was opposed by a Liberal and a Conservative. He polled 2,402 votes, the Liberal 2,000, making 4,403 votes against the Bill, while the Conservative only polled 740. In Cleveland, the Unionists assailed a Liberal seat held at the last Election by a majority of 1,428. They thought they could pull it down, if they could not actually win the seat. The majority went up to 2,036. At East Toxteth the Unionists kept the seat, but their majority went down from 1,922 to 377. These signs are unmistakable.

Mr. Hofmeyr at Work.

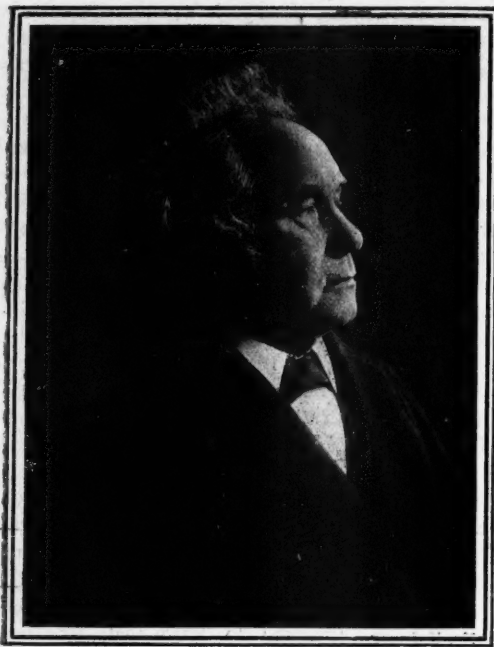
Readers of this REVIEW will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Jan Hofmeyr has lost no time, after his return to South Africa, in giving effect to his views as to the future of the Afrikaner Bond. A Congress of the Bond will shortly be summoned to sanction its transformation from merely a Cape Colony organisation into a great South African union. The constitution of the Bond is to be altered in the following particulars:—

The name of the Bond becomes the South African Party. A new article is inserted declaring that the aim of the party is the realisation of the unity of the different nationalities in British South Africa and the Federation of the South African Colonies, with due regard to their individual interests and the supremacy of the British Crown. Another new article defines the external relationships of such a Federation as similar to those of Canada, and its internal relationships as similar to those existing between the French and the English elements in Canada. A further new article provides that membership is open to anyone born in South Africa or permanently settled therein.

When these changes are formally approved the new organisation will be wide enough to include all good Afrikaners, and it will probably become the governing body in every South African State, excepting Rhodesia, and possibly Natal.

The November Elections in America.

Immense interest was taken this year in the November Elections in the United States. They were regarded on both sides as a crucial test of the extent to which Mr. Roosevelt has succeeded in securing popular support. The result was tolerably decisive. Dr. Albert Shaw, writing in the *American*



Photograph by]

The Late Dr. Parker.

[E. H. Mills.

Review of Reviews, says that the elections will not affect the relative party strength in the Senate, but they reduce the Republican strength in Congress to thirty votes :—

According to normal precedents, a strong reaction was due last month. That the reaction as a whole was only slight, and in some States not visible at all, is regarded by authorities in both parties as due to the confidence of the people in President Roosevelt more than to any other factor. Not a single State was completely carried by the Democrats last month outside of the former slaveholding group, with the sole exception of Nevada, where results never have any outside significance. In addition to carrying all the Northern States except Nevada, the Republicans also prevailed in Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia. Thirty-one States were carried by the Republicans, and fourteen by the Democrats. If the Presidency of the United States were to be determined by last month's voting, it has been estimated that the Republican candidate would have 322 electoral votes, as against 154 for the Democratic candidate, the Republican majority being 168, or considerably larger than McKinley's majority over Bryan. Of the twenty-two governors of States elected on November 4th, all but six are Republicans.

**The
Americanisation
of
Newfoundland.**

It is a curious sequel to the Colonial Conference that Mr. Bond, the Prime Minister of Newfoundland, should have no sooner left London than he went to Washington, where he concluded a treaty of reciprocity with the Government of the United States, which was signed by Mr. Hay and the British Ambassador on November 8th. Under this treaty various products of the fisheries

of Newfoundland will be admitted into the United States free of duty. In return, the fishing vessels of the United States in the waters of Newfoundland obtain the long-coveted privilege of purchasing bait fishes without restriction. Furthermore, many articles of American manufacture are to be admitted to Newfoundland free of duty, and various other specified supplies at merely nominal rates. It is the American market far more than the American Government which is Americanising the world.

The question whether a good man has a right to do himself to death by overwork is one which is raised in an acute form by the death of Hugh Price Hughes last month at the early age of fifty-five, while Dr. Parker lasted till he was seventy-two. The answer is, probably, that it all depends upon circumstances. That it is sometimes not only right, but an imperious duty, to sacrifice one's life for others is obvious. Quintus Curtius, when he leapt into the gulf in the Forum, only did in one heroic moment what Hugh Price Hughes did in instalments. There is always enough sin and sorrow in the world to justify anyone spending his life, either wholesale or retail, in an attempt to improve matters. But the crucial question, which eager and impulsive souls are always apt to ignore, is, whether most improvement can be effected by going slow and lasting long, or by spending all your life in one magnificent, unresting attack upon the foe? Hugh Price Hughes answered the question in one way; Joseph Parker in the other. Perhaps both were right. But the question for us who survive is serious and practical.

**The
Fallen Leaders.**

It is difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that which existed between the sturdy old Northumbrian who for a quarter of a century occupied the City Temple, and the lithe, active, enthusiastic Welshman, to whom is due more than to any other man the revival and renewal of the spirit of Methodism. Both men believed profoundly in their religion, and hardly less devoutly in themselves. Hughes was more of a propagandist, Parker was a preacher *et praterea nihil*. Both were voluminous writers, and both represented to millions who never heard their voices a recognised standard of public and private morality to which it would be well if all men were to conform. Dr. Parker was more of a humorist and much more gifted with the dramatic sense. Hugh Price Hughes was more exuberant in his energy, more incisive in his writings, and, in

short, much more of a Celt than his senior. If Hughes had spared himself he might have lived as long as Parker, but he could never slow up, and his work slew him in the traces. The English-speaking world is poorer by the disappearance of these two doughty Nonconformists, and for a time there will be a void that will be felt in the City Temple and in St. James's Hall. At present no one is visible on the horizon who can fill their place.

**The Death
of
Herr Krupp.**

The death of Krupp brought the Kaiser to the funeral of the iron-master. The deceased was the grandson of the founder of the firm. He succeeded his father when thirty-four, and bore the burden of an immense conglomerate of factories, mines, and shipyards for only fourteen years. By his will he leaves his widow sole heiress, and after her the colossal fortune will pass to her eldest daughter,

who is now a girl of seventeen. The Salic law fortunately does not prevail in the new dynasty of Money Kings. The death of Herr Krupp has been the occasion for a singular encounter between the Kaiser and the editor of the Socialist organ *Vorwärts*. The Socialist editor evidently believed that the deceased was not the ideal philanthropist which he was made out to be in many quarters, and said so with considerable freedom. Whereupon the Kaiser, after attending the funeral, declared that "a deed has been done in German land so base and mean that it made the hearts of all shudder," and then, disregarding all that has been written on the monstrous criminality of boycotting, he called upon all to hold no communion or relationship with the author of this shameful deed—which he declared was nothing less than murder! When an Emperor attempts to organise the boycotting of a newspaper things must have come to a strange pass.



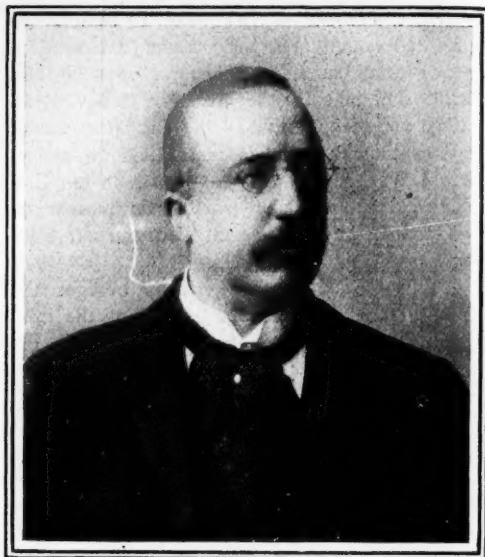
Photograph by

The Late Hugh Price Hughes.

[E. H. Mills.]

**The Progress
of
Arbitration.**

The good cause of Arbitration progresses steadily. Last month M. Asser gave his award in the dispute between the Russian and American Government arising out of the Behring Sea fisheries; and last month also was published the award made in the name of our King which settled the question between Chili and the Argentine Republic, which at one time threatened to lead to war, but which has now led to a cessation of armaments. The American Government has suggested to the other Powers that they should refer to the Hague Tribunal the question whether the Chinese indemnity should be paid in gold or in silver. Affairs in Venezuela seem to be ripening fast for settlement by arbitration or otherwise. A story has gained currency that Mr. Morgan is going to buy up the assets of Venezuela, pay off the claims of England and Germany, and act as Receiver-General for the Venezuelan treasury. It is too good news to be true. Morganisation is preferable to war. Note that at the International Congress of Freemasons, held this year at Geneva, it was unanimously decided that the proposal originally put forth by the late Dr. Selenka should be accepted, and that all Masons throughout the entire world should celebrate the opening of the



The late Herr Krupp

Hague Conference on May 18th, consecrating the day to the ideal of peace and justice among the nations. Of which let the King and the Prince of Wales take due note.

"IN OUR MIDST": THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS ANNUAL FOR 1903.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER, "In Our Midst," or, to speak more correctly, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS ANNUAL for next year, will be published almost simultaneously with this number of the REVIEW. Since "The History of the Mystery," I have not published a topical story till now. But "In Our Midst" is a work of fiction, although, like all REVIEW OF REVIEWS stories, it deals with current events, and has a serious purpose underlying its more or less imaginative form.

The idea of "In Our Midst" was first suggested to me when I was reading Sir Harry Johnston's book on Uganda. As I turned over page after page describing what an English observer thought of the manners, customs, truth and religion of the Central African tribes, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to devote my Annual this year to a series of letters, written by an imaginary Central African who had come to England for the purpose of reporting on our manners, morals, politics and civilisation. That is the plan with which "In Our Midst" was started.

I soon found, however, that it was impossible to conceive of any Central African chief sufficiently intelligent

to make his observations upon England and the English other than grotesque. So as to get a suitable observer I imagined the purely mythical Greek kingdom—or rather queendom—of Xanthia, situated in the heart of Central Africa, whose inhabitants have observed for more than 2,000 years the institution of the Matriarchate. In the kingdom of Xanthia the polity, both of society and of the State, is based upon the subjection of man, as that of Christendom is based upon the subjection of woman. The Xanthians have preserved their institutions from overthrow from without by the summary process of sacrificing every intruder who crosses the frontier before the altar of the great goddess Cybele, the incarnation of the female element in Nature.

An enthusiastic evangelical medical missionary makes his way in, and is about to be sacrificed in the Temple of Cybele, when he is reprieved owing to the illness of Queen Dione. He heals her, and his life is spared, on the pretext that as he can speak Greek—the sacred language of the Xanthians—he must be regarded, not as a stranger, but as one of themselves. For ten years he lives under the protection of the Queen, and, being very

enthusiastic and very evangelical, he succeeds in converting the Xanthians to the ethics of the early Christians. It is twenty years since he left England, and, distance lending enchantment to the view, he imagines that England is a genuinely Christian country, where the Prince of Peace reigns supreme, where drunkenness is unknown, and where, as a direct result of the Pauline doctrine of the subjection of women, womanhood is held in supreme reverence.

Although he achieves many reformatations he chafes against the conservatism of the Xanthian women, and finally provokes antipathy by speaking publicly against the subjection of man. He supports his attack by the assertion that in England, where the subjection of women prevails, reform is rapid, abuses are not permitted to exist, and purity, peace, and sobriety are universal. For this outrage upon the fundamental principle of the Xanthian State the missionary is promptly arrested, and would have been doomed to immediate execution but for the intercession of the Queen, who suggests that if it be true that such a happy state of things prevails in England as the result of the subjection of woman, it would be wise to send Callicrates, her Chief Councillor (he had been taught English by the missionary), to Great Britain, in order that he might report as to how far the facts correspond with the ideal picture of the missionary. Callicrates goes, and until his return the life of the missionary is spared.

"In Our Midst" contains the letters which this envoy from the Matriarchal State of Xanthia sends from England to Queen Dione, describing England and the English as he found them Anno Domini 1902.

It is obvious what scope this gives to the satirist. So far from being expected to sum up with judicial impartiality the good and evil existing in our midst, he sets out merely to represent in the strongest possible light the contrast between our professions and our performances. Callicrates arrived in London on an unfortunate day, for his first introduction to English religion was at the grave of Kensit, whose funeral he attended with an evangelical friend, to whom he had been recommended by the missionary. From such a beginning it can be easily anticipated what impression will be produced upon him by the England in the midst of which we live.

He reports his impressions to the Queen with the utmost frankness. He deals with everything, from the advertisement placards on the walls to services in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. By an exercise of great self-denial on my part, Callicrates says little or nothing about the recent war in South Africa. But he has much to say on the subject of English newspapers, and the national art, music, and drama. He reports upon the condition of the Thames; upon our representative system; on the House of Lords; upon the condition of the poor; upon the drunken customs of the English; and, above all, upon the condition of woman at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The following extract from one of the letters of Callicrates, entitled "Wherein the English do most excel," will afford the reader some idea as to the freedom with which he handles the blots upon our civilisation, and the

uncompromising severity with which, as is natural in a man reared under the Matriarchate, he attributes all our evils to the extent of the subjection of women :—

The English, who excel all other nations in many things, excel most of all in the Art of Labels. To this they attach the most extraordinary importance. They think they can atone for any defects of any institution or commodity by bestowing extra attention upon the label. The sower the wine the sweeter the label.

So, O most gracious and beloved Queen, I have learned to beware of labels; for they label avarice Economy, and fraud Enterprise. They never go to war excepting from their great and exceeding Love of Peace, and whenever they set about some supremely dishonourable enterprise they are satisfied if they can but label it as necessary for the vindication of their National Honour.

But the most curious label of all is that by which they call their Law Courts Courts of Justice. Justice, as we understand it in Xanthia, is just, impartial, incapable of being influenced by fear or favour, independent of class prejudice, absolutely colour-blind as to differences between rich and poor, man or woman. In England I have not found even the first conception of justice in the Xanthian sense. In the Law Courts the Few Who Have are everywhere favoured; the Many Who Have Not may get law, they do not get justice. Even for law they must pay, and if they have not wherewith to pay, their chance is but small. In England they have not even a code of law by reading which the citizens can know what the law is which they must obey. To find out what the law is costs money—always money. It is not paid to the judges, but to the sophists who, if they are well paid, will plead before the judges, and who, if not paid, will not open their mouths. The poor man who cannot pay is helpless. The rich rogue who can pay has everything in his favour.

There is not even a pretence of equality of treatment between rich and poor. Only the other day a rich woman, the wife of one of those who are called Justices, was found guilty of treating her own daughter with great cruelty. If she had been a poor woman she would have been sent to prison for many months. As she was a rich woman, belonging to the same class as the judge, she was let off with a fine so small that even the English cried out against it. The poor man who, to satisfy his hunger, takes a loaf of bread, or who catches a wild bird to feed his children, is severely punished as the worst of criminals. The rich thief, who by cunning devices robs thousands of his fellow-citizens of all their savings, is not even brought up for trial.

Between man and woman, especially when the man is rich, there is no justice in England. To corrupt a girl, to ruin her young life, to fling her upon the streets with her bastard child to perish with shame, or to find bread by vice, is not even regarded as a crime by the law of England. But if the victim of the man be of his own sex, and the man be poor, for such a crime no punishment is considered too severe. Not so long ago they used to hang such offenders; now if they are poor they are sent to prison for many years. But if they are rich it is considered enough to allow them a change of air. They are permitted to go to another country for their health, where they live in freedom and in luxury, none daring to bring them to justice.

At first I was confounded. But after a time, when I had meditated upon the matter, I saw that it could not be otherwise. For the foundation upon which the whole fabric of English society, English law, English institutions are built up is injustice—injustice between man and woman; and from this poisonous tap-root nothing but injustice can spring. Nor will there ever be a change until in the first of all human relations the principle of Justice is introduced to the Home and the worship of the Divine Mother is re-established in the Temple.

It is obvious, long before the letters of Callicrates are finished, that the escape of the missionary is impossible. The story, however, does not close with his execution; but how it does end I leave the reader to find out for himself.

DIARY FOR NOVEMBER.

CHIEF EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

Nov. 1.—A great demonstration takes place at the Alexandra Palace in condemnation of the Government's Education Bill ... The coroner's inquest on the death of Mr. Kensit at Liverpool finds that he died of blood-poisoning brought on by a wound caused by the blow of a file ... General De Wet leaves London for South Africa, and Mr. Schalk Burger arrives at Southampton ... The Cape Parliament votes £20,000 towards the national memorial to Queen Victoria ... China yields to the British demands for the punishment of the six officials responsible for the murder of the two English missionaries at Chen-Chan.

Nov. 3.—A Parliamentary Blue-book is issued containing the proceedings of the Colonial Conference ... The Durban Floating Dock, which left the Tyne on Sept. 13, goes ashore in Mossel Bay, and is likely to prove a total wreck.

Nov. 4.—Mr. W. Redmond on his arrival in Ireland is arrested and taken to Kilmainham Gaol ... Mr. Chamberlain is invited to visit Cape Colony by the Cape Government and cordially accepts the invitation ... Sir Gordon Sprigg is defeated in the Cape Parliament on his plan for reorganising the Cape Colonial forces.

Nov. 5.—A terrible fire breaks out in a cotton mill at Stockport; one man is killed and twenty or thirty badly injured ... Mr. Odell (Republican) is elected Governor of New York State ... There is a great explosion of fireworks at New York; twelve persons are killed and eighty injured ... The Pas-de-Calais coal strike ends; the Nord and the Loire strikes still unsettled.

Nov. 6.—The German Emperor leaves Kiel for England ... All negotiations between the German Government and the Agrarian majority in the Reichstag on the tariff scheme are at an end at present ... The American Elections result in a reduced Republican majority.

Nov. 7.—The Colonial Forces Vote is carried in the Cape Parliament as the result of an appeal by Sir Gordon Sprigg to the Bond Party.

Nov. 8.—The German Emperor arrives in London on a visit to the King; he visits Shorncliffe and inspects the 1st Royal Dragoons ... Lord Kitchener opens the Gordon College at Khartum ... Mr. Sutherland becomes Minister of Public Works in Canada in place of Mr. Tarte.

Nov. 9.—The French miners decline to be bound by the arbitrator's award in the Pas-de-Calais and the Nord.

Nov. 10.—The Lord Mayor's Banquet takes place in the Guildhall, the Prime Minister and other distinguished guests being present ... M. Pelletan issues his Navy Estimates in the French Chamber ... The people of Birmingham vote for the Municipal Tramway Bill by the majority of 6,581 ... The steamer *Elangimite* from Sydney is wrecked on Three Kings' Islands, New Zealand; forty-one persons are saved, ninety-six still missing.

Nov. 11.—Mr. Chamberlain has a private interview with Generals Botha and Delarey ... In the Cape Parliament a resolution is moved urging the necessity for amending the Colonial Forces Act; Mr. Molteno moves the adjournment of the debate, which is carried by 40 to 29 ... The King of Spain entrusts to Señor Sagasta the task of reconstructing the Ministry ... President Roosevelt opens the new building of the New York Chamber of Commerce ... The miners of France appeal to all workers.

Nov. 12.—At the request of China, the United States Government invites the Powers to submit to the Hague Arbitration Tribunal the question as to whether the war indemnity should be paid in gold or silver ... Sir Robert Bond's reciprocity convention signed at Washington constitutes a very important concession for Newfoundland.

Nov. 13.—There is a prolonged debate in the German Reichstag on the advantage of taking votes by ballot instead of by roll-call ... There is trouble in Morocco owing to the rebellion of the Benider Kabyles.

Nov. 14.—A meeting takes place in the Albert Hall to support the Education Bill, the Bishop of London presiding ... A meeting of Bond leaders takes place at Cape Town to revise the Constitution of the Bond ... The new rule to take the votes by ballot instead of by roll-call is passed in the Reichstag ... The Bulgarian Cabinet resigns ... The American Strike Commission begins hearing evidence at Scranton, the miners' side of the case being taken first.

Nov. 15.—The German Emperor leaves Sandringham ... Notice is given of a Bill to be introduced next Session to ensure a Thames steamboat service ... A man fires a revolver at one of the carriages of King Leopold of Belgium's *cortège* when it was returning from a service in memory of the late Queen ... The Khedive opens the new Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in Cairo ... A farewell dinner is given at New York to M. Cambon, the retiring French Ambassador ... Senhor Rodriguez Alves assumes the Presidency of Brazil ... A joint meeting of coalowners and miners takes place at Cardiff.

Nov. 17.—The King of Portugal arrives at Windsor ... Mr. Chamberlain is entertained at a great banquet in Birmingham, on the occasion of his approaching departure to South Africa ... Mr. Keir Hardie is arrested as an anarchist in Brussels but quickly released ... The Bulgarian Cabinet is reconstructed ... Mr. Labouchere wins his case against Mr. Cowen.

Nov. 18.—A Parliamentary paper is issued which contains the text of the decision given by the King of Norway and Sweden regarding the military operations in Samoa in 1899 ... The expedition against the Waziris meets with determined resistance ... An explosion occurs in a magazine at Cairo, by which 18 Egyptians are killed and several injured.

Nov. 19.—Martial law is repealed in the Orange River Colony ... The Natal Parliament is dissolved ... A split takes place among the members of the "Patrie Française League" on account of M. Jules Lemaitre's advocacy of a *plébiscite* for Presidential Elections ... A public meeting is held at King's College, London, in aid of the appeal for the endowment of the college.

Nov. 20.—Lord Tennyson is appointed Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, but in accordance with his wish the appointment is for one year only ... The Rev. M. R. Nelligan is nominated Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand ... Martial law is abolished in the Transvaal ... M. Clémenceau submits to the Senate a proposal for abolishing monopolies at present enjoyed by notaries, process-servers, registrars and appraisers at an estimated cost of 951,000,000 francs ... The New Chilian Cabinet is formed ... Sir Ernest Satow leaves Pekin for England.

Nov. 21.—Lord Lister presides at a meeting in London to inaugurate a memorial fund in honour of Professor Virchow ... The French Chamber votes urgency for a proposal to grant an amnesty to strike offenders and appoint a committee for the consideration of the question.

Nov. 22.—The civil war in Colombia is ended ... M. Etienne sets forth in the French Chamber the conditions on which he would agree to the Siamese treaty ... A general strike begins in Buenos Ayres ... The Progressive party of Cape Colony issues a manifesto.

Nov. 25.—Mr. Chamberlain starts upon his voyage to South Africa ... A great Canadian railway scheme from Ontario to Columbia is announced ... The award pronounced by the King as arbitrator in the boundary question between Argentina and Chile is handed to the Ministers of these countries by Lord Lansdowne ... The Association of Municipal Corporations wait on Mr. Long to protest against the audit of municipal amounts proposed in the Education Bill.

Nov. 26.—The funeral of Herr Krupp takes place at Essen, the Emperor being present ... The members of Mr. Mosely's Labour Commission are received at Washington by President Roosevelt and Mr. Wright, the U.S.A.'s Commissioner of Labour.

Nov. 27.—The Siamese Mint at Bangkok is closed to the free coinage of silver ... The strike of sailors at Marseilles still continues ... The German Government have a Conference with the leaders of Parties in the Reichstag on the Tariff Bill ... An attempt is made to pass the tariff scheme *en bloc*, which is indignantly resisted.

Nov. 28.—British troops receive orders to evacuate Shanghai ... Mr. J. B. Bury, of Trinity College, Dublin, is appointed Regius Professor of History to Cambridge University in succession to the late Lord Acton.

PARLIAMENTARY.

House of Lords.

Nov. 25.—House of Lords meets for formal business.

House of Commons.

Nov. 3.—The consideration of the Education Bill in Committee is resumed. There are several amendments, which are negatived on division. At the evening sitting, when there were only 87 of the Government supporters in the House, the amendment of Sir W. Anson was only carried by a majority of 17.

Nov. 4.—The House goes into Committee on the 10th Clause of the Education Bill. Mr. McKenna moves an amendment which is rejected, the closure is enforced, and the Clause agreed to by a majority of 113. Mr. Balfour alters an amendment proposed by Mr. H. Lewis; Mr. Balfour's alternative is adopted. Mr. Balfour then moves the closure, and the Clause as amended is agreed to ... The Chancellor of the Exchequer moves the House go into Committee of Supply, as it is necessary the Crown should apply for a further supply of £8,000,000 for South Africa. The motion is agreed to without a division ... Afterwards the Education Bill is taken up, the closure applied, and the 11th Clause carried by a majority of 116.

Nov. 5.—The first sub-section of the 12th Clause of the Education Bill is under consideration ... At the evening sitting the vote of £8,000,000 in aid of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony is discussed in Committee of Supply. Speeches by Sir R. Reid, Sir W. Harcourt, and Mr. Chamberlain. The vote is agreed to.

Nov. 6.—The Speaker announces that he has received official information of the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. W. Redmond ... In Committee on the Education Bill, Sir W. Anson moves an amendment to Clause 12, which is carried ... Mr. Griffith moves an amendment, which is rejected by a majority of 108 ... The report of the vote of £8,000,000 is agreed to ... After the Chancellor of the Exchequer brings up the Appropriation Bill, the Education Bill is again discussed, the closure is applied, and the words of the sub-section down to the middle of second line are added to the Bill.

Nov. 7.—The Education Bill at the 12th Clause is resumed ... Mr. H. Hobhouse moves an amendment for the inclusion of women on the Education Committees ... This is supported by Mr. Balfour, Mr. Gray, and Sir John Gorst, and is agreed to without a division ... Mr. Balfour moves the closure on the 3rd, 4th and 5th sub-sections of the Clause, which are passed by 177 votes against 90.

Nov. 10.—Lord G. Hamilton introduces the Indian Budget ... Mr. H. Roberts moves, and Sir Charles Dilke seconds, a resolution declaring that the cost of Parliamentary representatives of the Indian Office should be paid by the United Kingdom by vote of Parliament; the motion is rejected on division by 119 votes against 45 ... Mr. Caine condemns the Excise system; Lord Percy defends it ... Sir M. Bohnaggre desires encouragement for industrial and agricultural occupations. The debate is adjourned.

Nov. 11.—Mr. Balfour moves the resolution of which he had given notice for the closure by compartments of the Committee discussion of the Education Bill. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman condemns the proposal. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's amendment is rejected on a division by 284 votes against 152, and Mr. Balfour's closure scheme is carried by a majority of 119.

Nov. 12.—Discussion on the Education Bill in Committee on

the last sub-section of Clause 12 is resumed. Progress is reported ... The Appropriation Bill passes through Committee.

Nov. 13.—The discussion of the Education Bill is resumed on the 13th Clause. After many divisions and the closure, Clause 17 is added to the Bill.

Nov. 14.—The House considers Clause 18 of the Education Bill. The sitting does not end till three o'clock on Saturday morning, during which time there were twenty-seven divisions ... The Supreme Court of Judicature Bill is read a third time.

Nov. 17.—On the report of the formal resolution authorising the expenditure of public money for the purposes of the Education Bill, Mr. Robson objects to the principle of sectarian endowment; after other speeches the report is agreed to, and the House goes into Committee on the Bill. The clause is read a second time by 182 votes to 75.

Nov. 18.—The discussion on the Education Bill is resumed on the new clause dealing with endowments. Mr. Balfour explains the clause, to which Mr. Bryce and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman dissent. The clause as amended is carried by a majority of 117.

Nov. 19.—The Government brings forward the new clause in the Education Bill for the appointment of foundation managers. Speeches by Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Lloyd-George, Sir E. Grey, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Bryce, and others. The clause is read a second time, after a division, by 203 votes against 110. Progress is reported ... Third reading, Appropriation Bill.

Nov. 20.—The discussion of the new clause continued. Mr. Trevelyan, Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Bryce, Mr. C. Robertson oppose the clause, and Dr. Macnamara protests energetically against its proposals. The schedules are put from the Chair and decided without debate, and the Bill passes through the Committee stage.

Nov. 21.—The adjourned debate on the Indian Budget is resumed ... The Osborne Estate Bill is discussed, and read a second time.

Nov. 24.—Mr. Gerald Balfour moves a resolution approving of the policy embodied in the Brussels Sugar Convention. Sir W. Harcourt opposes the resolution. Speech by Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Balfour moves the closure. The resolution is agreed to.

Nov. 25.—The report stage of the Education Bill is considered. All the Government amendments are carried, after the use of the closure.

Nov. 26.—The consideration of the Education Bill is resumed on the clause which gives the education authority the power of School Boards and control over all secular instruction in denominational schools. All the amendments are negatived.

Nov. 27.—Debate on Clause 7 is resumed. Mr. Cripps moves the omission of the fourth sub-section of the clause, known as the Kenyon-Slaney amendment. Speeches by the Attorney-General, Mr. Asquith, Lord H. Cecil, Sir W. Harcourt. Mr. Cripps' amendment is lost by 294 votes against 35.

Nov. 28.—The report stage of the Education Bill is disposed of. The discussion is resumed at the 18th Clause. After the closure the Bill is read for the third time.

By-Elections.

Nov. 6.—Owing to the retirement of Mr. A. E. Pease, a vacancy occurs in the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire, with the following result.

Mr. Herbert Samuel (L.)	5,834
Mr. G. Drake (U.)	3,798

Liberal Majority 2,036

The Liberal majority is increased by 608. No change.

Nov. 6.—A vacancy occurs in East Toxteth owing to the resignation of Mr. Warr. Polling takes place, with following result.

Mr. Austin Taylor (C.)	3,610
Mr. H. Rathbone (L.)	3,233

Conservative Majority 377

Decrease in the Tory majority of 1895, 1,545. No change.

Nov. 25.—An election takes place in Orkney and Shetland owing to the resignation of his seat by Mr. Wason on his withdrawal from the Unionist Party. The result is as follows:—

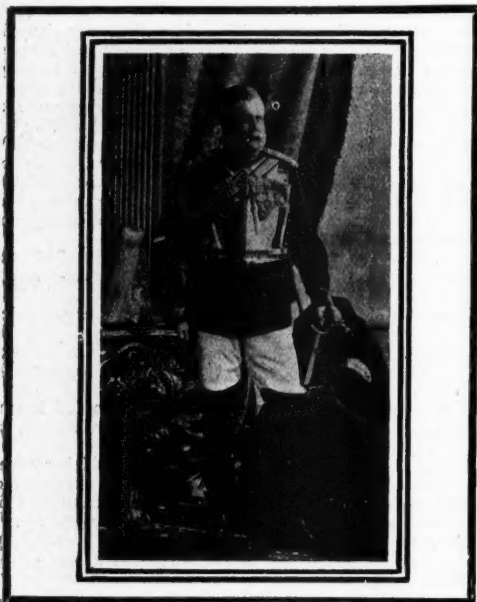
Mr. Wason (I.L.)	2,412
Mr. McKinnon Wood (L.)	2,001
Mr. Angier (U.)	740

Mr. Wason's majority over Mr. Wood 411

The result is a loss of a seat to the Government. In 1900, when Mr. Wason stood as a Unionist, he had 2,057 votes, Sir L. Lyall, Radical, 2,017. Unionist majority, 40.

SPEECHES.

Nov. 1.—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Asquith, at the Alexandra Palace, London, denounce the Education Bill ... Lord Rosebery, at Edinburgh, on his policy, the Liberal Party, and the Education Bill.



Photograph by]

[Lafayette.

The late Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar.

Nov. 4.—The Duke of Devonshire, at Derby, in support of the Education Bill.

Nov. 5.—Mr. Chamberlain, in London, on his school life in University College School and his African tour ... Lord Rosebery, in London, on the future of scientific research.

Nov. 7.—Mr. Brodrick, at Godalming, on Mr. Chamberlain's visit to Africa ... Sir Edward Grey, at Sheffield, on the Education Bill.

Nov. 10.—Mr. Balfour, in London, on South Africa and Mr. Chamberlain's visit to that country.

Nov. 11.—Mr. G. W. Russell, in London, on the half-hearted policy of official and Rosebery Liberalism; he repudiates the "clean slate" ... President Roosevelt, at New York, on the duties of a citizen, founded on first principles, which make for

character ... Mr. White, the retiring United States Ambassador, at Berlin, on the great influence the German spirit has on Americans, especially in education, research, science, literature and art.

Nov. 12.—Mr. Seddon, at Port Chalmers, on reciprocity with Australia.

Nov. 13.—Lord Charles Beresford, at Bristol, on the Navy ... Mr. Asquith, at Bristol, on the Liberal party and the abuse of the closure on the Education Bill.

Nov. 14.—Mr. Asquith, in London, on the Education Bill ... The Bishop of London, in London, on the Education Bill, which he thinks a good Bill, with a few defects which can be mended ... Lord George Hamilton, at Acton, in defence of the Education Bill.

Nov. 15.—Mr. Elihu Root, at New York, on a possible Latin Republic in Europe.

Nov. 17.—Mr. Chamberlain, in Birmingham, on his visit to South Africa.

Nov. 19.—Mr. John Redmond, in Dublin, gives an account of his American Mission and the present political position of Ireland.

Nov. 20.—Mr. Asquith, at Swadlincote, on the revolutionary nature of the Education Bill ... President Roosevelt, at Memphis, U.S.A., on the Philippines ... Mr. Lowden, at Chicago, U.S.A., on the settlement of Labour and Capital.

Nov. 21.—Lord Aberdeen, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, condemns the Education Bill ... Mr. Morley, in London, on the history of the National Education and the present Bill before Parliament ... President Roosevelt, at Philadelphia, on the problems at home and abroad before the United States, and the determination of the people to find their solution.

Nov. 26.—Mr. Ritchie, at Croydon, on the British taxpayer and the War ... Sir John Gorst, in London, on the necessity, after the Cockerton Judgment, to revise national education.

Nov. 28.—Lord Spencer, in London, on Free Trade ... Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman on the Brussels Convention.

OBITUARY.

Nov. 1.—Professor Eugen Hahn ... Very Rev. Dr. Butler, Rector of St. Charles's R.C. College, 66.

Nov. 3.—Herr Heinrich Rickert, 69 ... Jonkheer van Rozenburg (Holland) ... M. Leon D'Aoust (Director of the Brussels Popular Concerts), 47.

Nov. 4.—Sirdar Hashim Khan (at Kashmir).

Nov. 5.—Dr. Anison (Paris), 68.

Nov. 8.—Sir J. Graham-Montgomery, 52 ... Señor Benjamin Paz (President Brazil Supreme Court) ... Mr. Joseph Landon, Vice-Principal of Saltney Training College, 57.

Nov. 10.—Sir Alexander Mackenzie, K.C.I.E., 60 ... Costaki Pasha, Turkish Ambassador to Great Britain, 70.

Nov. 11.—Dr. Lauser (Berlin) ... Professor Segerluck (Copenhagen) ... Mr. T. F. Peacock, F.A.S.

Nov. 12.—Mr. W. H. Barlow, F.R.S. (engineer), 90 ... Major-General Vouden, V.C., C.B., 57.

Nov. 13.—The Marquis de Guilloutet, 83.

Nov. 14.—Jonkheer van der Maesen (at Maastricht), 75.

Nov. 16.—Mr. G. A. Henty, 69 ... Prince Edward of Saxony-Weimar, 79.

Nov. 17.—Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, 55 ... Sir John Stokes, R.E., 79.

Nov. 19.—Abbé Rougeyrom (Paris), 86.

Nov. 20.—General de Colombe (Paris), 79 ... Sir John Woodburn (Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal), 59.

Nov. 22.—Sir William Roberts-Austen, 59. Herr Krupp, 48. Cardinal Masella ... M. Le Fevre du Ruffay (Paris), 70.

Nov. 26.—Colonel Hardy (twenty-six years secretary of the E.C.U.), 70 ... Mr. J. Hakes, M.R.C.S., 80 ... Dr. MacEvilly, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam.

Nov. 28.—Dr. Joseph Parker, 72.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

MR. GOULD continues to maintain his lead among the caricaturists of the world. Circumstances favoured him last month, for in the political arena the two most prominent figures were those whom he is most successful in portraying. Mr. Chamberlain has long been Mr. Gould's masterpiece. But his Archbishop of Canterbury is now running hard the Colonial Secretary. On the following page I reproduce half-a-dozen of the admirable cartoons by which Mr. Gould has illuminated the discussions in Committee. But they by no means exhaust the resources of his pencil in November. The following two cartoons were suggested, the first by the Liberal protest against the sharp practice of which Ministers were guilty in obtaining a majority on the plea that the war was the only question before the electors; and then in using their majority in order to subsidise the voluntary schools.



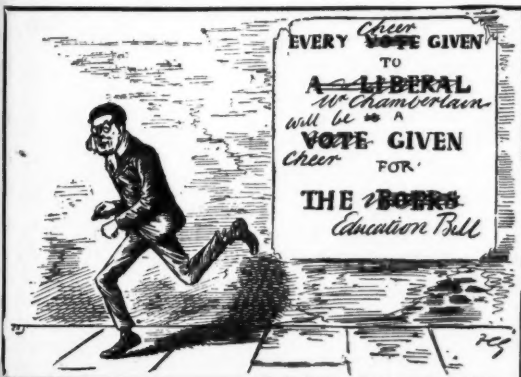
[Westminster Gazette.]

[November 12.]

Episcopal Revision.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: "How do you like the revision?"
THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER: "It's lovely, and it's so true, too—only they didn't know at the time."

The second cartoon was suggested by Mr. Chamberlain's attempt to represent a non-party banquet, given to him at Birmingham on the occasion of his departure for South Africa, as an indication that the Education Bill was popular in the country—a piece of bad taste for which he was smartly rebuked by Mr. Asquith.



[Westminster Gazette.]

[November 13.]

He who writes and runs away
Will live to fight another day.

The visit of the Kaiser and the King of Portugal to England has afforded considerable scope for the Continental cartoonists. The cartoon in *Punch* mildly suggests the suspicion prevalent in many quarters that the Kaiser did not come to Sandringham solely to shoot birds.

A Dutch paper has a very amusing cartoon in which the Kaiser and the King change uniforms.

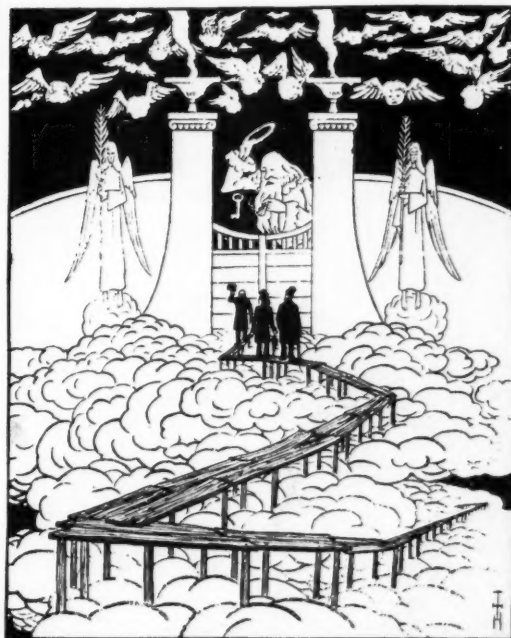


[Nederlandsche Spectator.]

"Suum Cuique." The device of Hohenzollern.

THE UNCLE: "Say, William, will you not make a speech?"
NEPHEW: "Willingly, uncle! What shall I speak about?"
UNCLE: "Hem. Either about Chamberlain, or about the Boers."
NEPHEW: "Can't I speak about both? Just as you like."

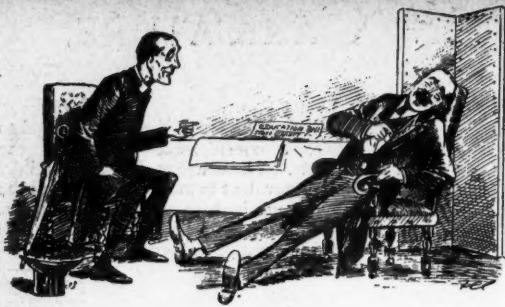
The Berlin incident, which raised so much controversy as to how the Boers should be presented to the Kaiser, suggested to the wicked wits of *Simplicissimus* this somewhat profane but very clever cartoon.



[Simplicissimus.]

The Boer Generals at Heaven's Gate.

"Gentlemen, if you wish to enter here you must permit the English Ambassador to present you."



Another Good Story.

[Nov. 20.]

MR. BALFOUR: "Why, you must have got between £200,000 and £300,000 out of the State to build school-teachers' houses with."
THE BISHOP OF LONDON: "Yes! and now we're going to make the public pay a rent for them!"
MR. BALFOUR: "Ha, ha! that's good!"



[Nov. 11.]

THE DUKE OF D.: "I whistled for a wind, and, by Jove! poor London-derry has got it. I'm glad I cleared out. It's rather too much of a good thing."

["A year ago the Duke of Devonshire was whistling for a wind on the subject of Education, and he did not seem to approve of the breeze now that it had come."—SIR EDWARD GREY on the Education Bill.]

Sir Edward Grey's reference was to a speech made by the Duke of Devonshire at Liverpool, October 26, 1902, in which he said "he did not altogether resent the imputation of whistling to the wind. But no vessel . . . could sail its course unless it had a breeze behind it."



[Nov. 18.]

Cuckoo (Cucullus Ecclesiasticus) to Hedgeparrow.

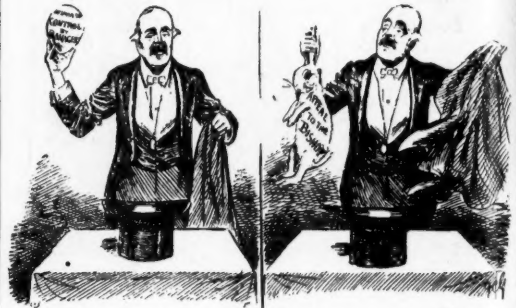
There, you'll have to support it; but it will always be a cuckoo.



[Nov. 3.]

Wilfully Deaf.

After G. Cruikshank's Deaf Postillion.



[Nov. 21.]

A Skilful Trick.

PROFESSOR BALFOUR: "Gentlemen, there is no deception. You see me place this Kenvon-Slaney egg in the hat—I cover it for a moment with a cloth—Hey presto!"

"There you are, my lords! I think you'll be pleased with this transformation."



[Nov. 24.]

Done!

(With apologies to Mr. Orchardson, R.A.)

The visit of the King of Portugal coming immediately after the visit of the Kaiser naturally attracted some attention. King Carlos figures as the sixteenth portrait in *Le Rire's* "Museum of Sovereigns."



Le Rire.

His Majesty Carlos I., King of Portugal.

According to the *Silhouette* caricaturist King Edward is taking advantage of King Carlos' wistful gaze at the English Treasury to steal his colonies from his pocket; at the same time the German Emperor steals Bagdad from the pocket of his uncle.



La Silhouette.

[Nov. 23.]

"Perfect Agreement."



Der Wahre Jacob.

[Nov. 4.]

A Happy King.

Kings fare rather badly in the caricatures this month, and King Leopold fares among the worst. There are several, all more or less harping upon the same string. I select the least objectionable.

The King of Servia, who has failed to secure a reception for his wife at St. Petersburg, and who is thinking of turning to Austria, is the subject of a cartoon in a Swiss comic paper.



Nebispalter.

[Nov. 2.]

DRAGA: "Come, Alexi, if they won't let us in here, it is open over

Mr. Carnegie's remarkable and daring suggestion to the Kaiser has naturally attracted attention in both the Old World and the New.



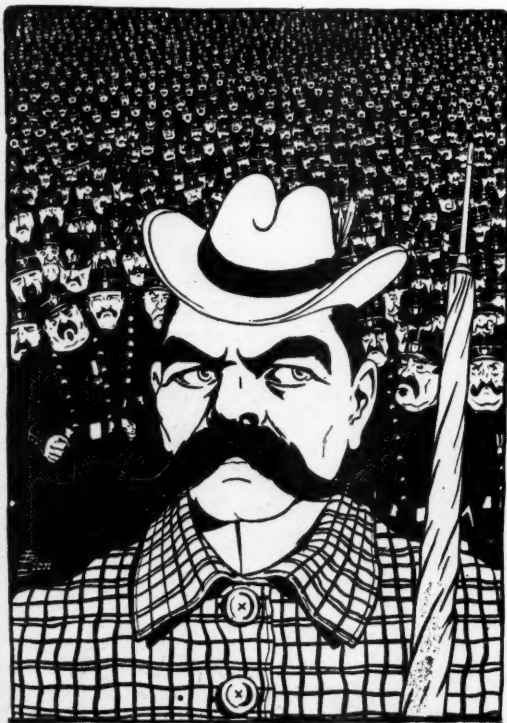
Lustige Blätter.] "Voilà une idée!"

CARNEGIE: "Am I connected with Berlin? Yes? Here's Carnegie. It has just occurred to me: the United States of Europe,—The Peace of the World,—Total Disarmament,—Suppression of Trusts, etc. How will that do?"

When Lord Kitchener visited Paris the precautions taken to protect him by the Administration suggested to *Le Rire* the following pictorial commentary upon the official notification in the newspapers:—

"Lord Kitchener stayed in Paris for several days alone without the least show, not even a staff officer accompanying him. Thus passing unnoticed through the Gare du Nord, no one recognised in this simple traveller the brilliant victor of Khartoum."

The defeat of Colonel Swayne by the Mad Mullah, which was attributed to a stampede of camels, suggests to a Parisian artist a very spiteful cartoon.



Le Rire.

[Paris.]



Minneapolis Journal.

[Oct. 10.]

The Uncle Sam of Europe, as introduced by Professor Carnegie.



La Silhouette.

"In the Transvaal it was mules who scared us, now it is camels: no wonder we are frightened, for we are so much like both of them."

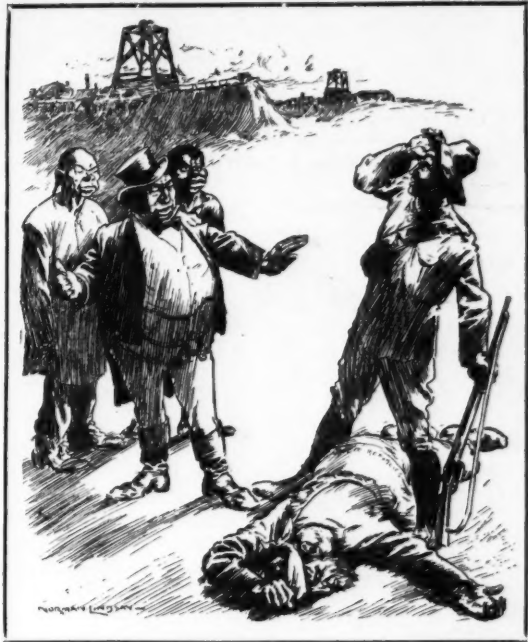
The soldiers who return from South Africa, whether reservists or colonials, have been filling the air with their lamentations.



Morning Leader.

For your credit's sake, Pay, Pay, Pay.

RESERVIST: "Look here, I have done my duty, and want my discharge and my pay, which you have no right to withhold from me."
WAR OFFICE: "Certainly! Kindly pass along and wait in the workhouse while we see that all is correct. Sorry to keep you waiting, but we can't do everything at once."



Sydney Bulletin.

[Sept. 27.]

Not Wanted.

COHEN BULL (to the white soldier): "I see you have finished. Many thanks, you can go home; my friends here can do all that is necessary now."

In Australasia the question is aggravated by the controversy which has risen over the proposed introduction of coloured labour into Queensland. The *Sydney Bulletin* has a very characteristic cartoon in which John Bull wears a very Jewish face.

The question of White Australia is the subject of another cartoon a week later in the same paper.



Sydney Bulletin.

The Queensland Secession Party.

[Oct. 4.]

The approach of the Durbar at Delhi suggests to the *Hindi Punch* a picture of Lord Curzon playing the Coronation tom-tom.

The Premier of Australasia was not received with a very warm welcome by the *Bulletin*. It bitterly resented his consent to increase the naval expenditure of the Commonwealth.



[Bulletin]

[Sydney.]

I reproduce in the Character Sketch the more important of the cartoons, British, Colonial, Irish, and foreign, which have been suggested by Mr. Chamberlain's tour to South Africa.

De Wet's return to South Africa is the subject of a cartoon in the *Nederlandsche Spectator*. *Ulk* has a highly effective cartoon, entitled "English Citizens," representing the three Generals begging through Europe, with the inscription, "Let them beg if they are hungry," which is supposed by the Germans to be the Boers' first taste of the privileges of English citizenship. *Le Rire* has a double-page cartoon entitled "The Modern Belisarius." It represents the three Generals being crowned by Paris, and receiving contributions from sympathetic France for the Boer victims of the war. *Lustige Blätter* publishes a cartoon in which General Botha appears before King Edward VII., at whose right hand Mr. Chamberlain is standing, with a monstrous eyeglass in his right eye. Below the picture is the legend:—

BOTHA: "Our begging tour through Europe has not been without result."

EDWARD: "I am delighted; you can hand it over to me to go towards the expenses of the war."



[Hindi Punch.]

[Oct. 1902.]

The Music of the Day, heard all over India from the Heights of Simla.

There are, as usual, many very excellent cartoons in *Judge*, several of which I have reproduced elsewhere.

In American politics the cleverest cartoon that has appeared for some time is that which represents the Democratic party going forth as Pharaoh's daughter, to seek for a candidate. She finds a basket of bulrushes, in which there are three little Moses—Grover Cleveland, W. J. Bryan, and D. B. Hill.



[Judge.]

[Oct. 23.]

Looking for a Moses.

"Where are you?"
The Hon. G. C.


"W. J. B. } "Here."

"D. B. H. }

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND MR. KRUGER.

I.—JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.



ENGLAND for the next five months must contrive to get along as best she can without the inspiring presence of Mr. Chamberlain. For nearly a month he will be on the high seas, if the narrow seas of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are worthy of that name. Mr. Chamberlain left England on November 25th on the first-class cruiser *Good Hope*, and he will arrive at Durban about Christmas. It is one of the many unexpected paradoxical situations created by events in South Africa that Mr. Chamberlain's visit should be hailed with satisfaction, if not with enthusiasm, by men of all parties. His principal opponents, and especially the Boers, rejoice that he should have an opportunity of seeing the desolation which his policy has created in the Republics which he has annexed. There is no doubt that this feeling is perfectly genuine. The Boers have always maintained that if the British public could but have realised the hell that was let loose in South Africa by the flooding of the Republics with the Imperial troops, with an absolutely unlimited charter to burn, plunder and destroy, the conscience of the nation would have been roused and the infernal work would have been stopped. Mr. Chamberlain, who has hitherto regarded it as a feather in his cap that he broke up the foundations of the great deep and let loose the forces from the nether pit to submerge what had formerly been a peaceful and prosperous land, will, at least, have an opportunity for seeing the work, if not of his hands, at least of those who have been the willing instruments of the policy of rapine.

The representatives of the Republics in this country, in discussing Mr. Chamberlain's tour, maintain that everything depends upon whether the Colonial Secretary will consent to wear Milnerite blinkers. From the moment of his arrival the most strenuous effort will be made to hoodwink him, and to conceal from his view the seamy side of the policy which he has hitherto pursued. They have, however, sufficient confidence in Mr. Chamberlain's desire to be master of the situation to hope that he will avail himself of the offer which has been made by General Botha and his fellow-generals who are to follow him hotfoot to Africa in order to facilitate his investigations, and to bring before him the best representatives of their nation. Mr. Chamberlain long ago, in talking to a friend, bemoaned his evil fate in having to govern a country about which it seemed impossible to ascertain the truth. Mr. Chamberlain, like the hasty Psalmist, often said about South African affairs that all men were liars, and he now goes to see whether he can ascertain the truth for himself. It is a perilous emprise, and one in which he has the good wishes of all of us,

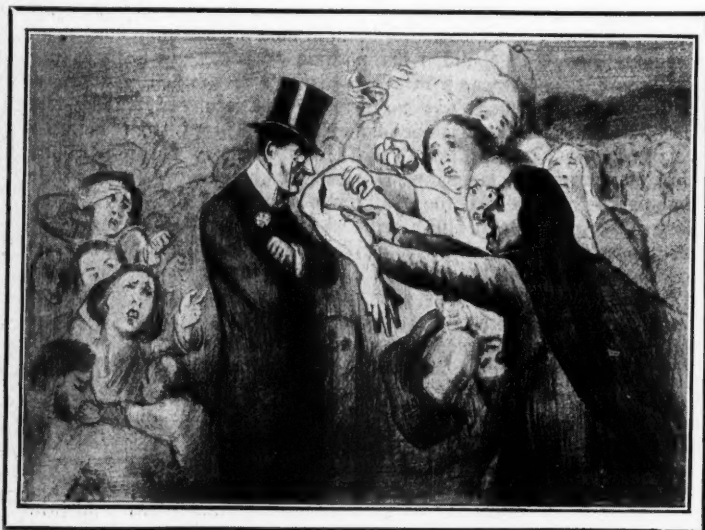
especially of those who have deemed it their duty, or the last four years to offer uncompromising opposition to his policy. Whether his advent will be hailed with unmixed gratification by Lord Milner and the pseudo-loyalists of South Africa is more doubtful. The Boers say, and say truly, that Mr. Chamberlain cannot possibly make matters worse than they are. He may make them better. Every inch of betterment will have to be gained by thwarting the high-flying gentry who have been the bane of South Africa.

Mr. Chamberlain may fairly plead that in South Africa he has never had an opportunity of applying the true principles of Birmingham to the settlement of the great Imperial problem. It has been the curious fate of Mr. Chamberlain to have been the tool, sometimes the unwilling tool, of men who, though not stronger than he, had the advantage of being on the spot. It is to gain that advantage, which he has hitherto lacked, that Mr. Chamberlain is going to South Africa. In the first years of the reign at the Colonial Office he was the tool, or instrument if you like, of Mr. Rhodes. When he came into office he was opposed to the Rhodesian policy, and he met the first demand put before him by the Rhodesian emissaries with a flat refusal. But when the man on the spot, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, who appeared to hold both British and Dutch in the hollow of his hand, summoned him in mournful but imperious tones to abandon his position on penalty of losing South Africa, Mr. Chamberlain's resolution gave way. There was no love lost between Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Chamberlain. The two men were mutually antipathetic. Mr. Chamberlain started with a prejudice against Mr. Rhodes, who had given £10,000 to Mr. Parnell, who was a member of the Afrikaner Bond, and a political ally of Mr. Jan Hofmeyr, the Parnell of South Africa. But, despite the prejudice he felt, the awe of Mr. Rhodes was strong upon him. There was ever at the back of his mind a horrible suspicion that if he thwarted Mr. Rhodes too much that gentleman might at any moment throw himself into the arms of the Dutch, and proclaim the United States of South Africa, with Mr. Rhodes as its first President. It was an entire misconception based upon characteristic ignorance of the nature of the man with whom he was dealing. But it is not without a certain grim satisfaction that we see Mr. Chamberlain haunted by a baseless fear, a phantom born of his own ignorance and Unionist prejudice, and compelled to become bond-slave of the man whom, but for that baseless fear, he would have treated with the insolent disdain which he metes out to all those whom he dislikes and whose weakness he despises. The moment he capitulated to the famous South African



South African Review.]

A Cape Loyalist's View of the Visit.



Nederlandsche Spectator]

Chamberlain in South Africa.

Suggested by Wiertz's Napoleon in Hell.



The Weekly Freeman.]

[Nov. 15.]

His Own Hand work.

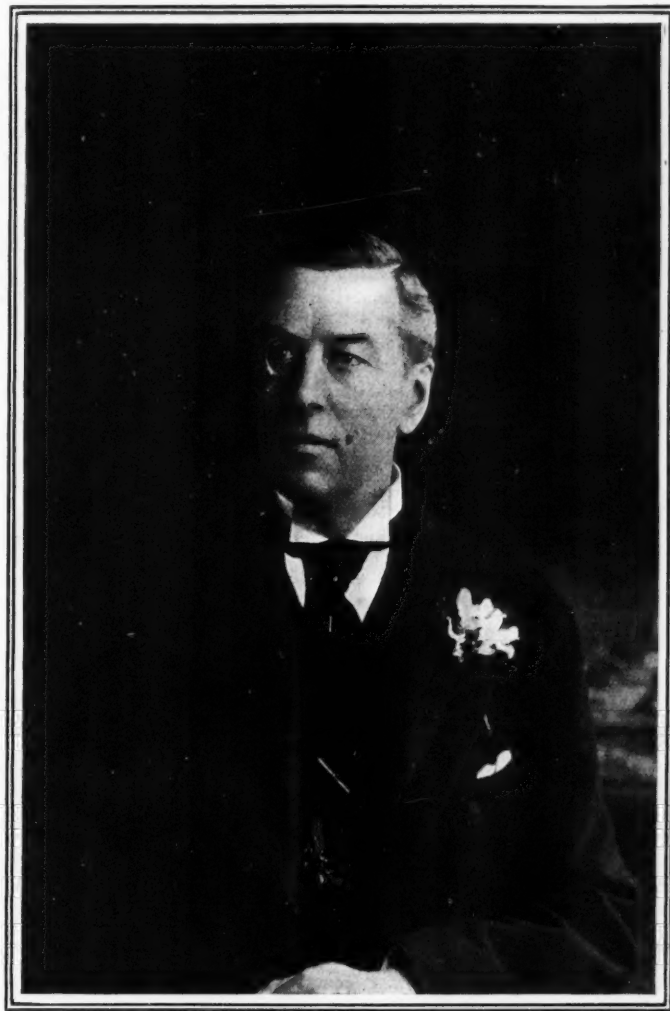
Mr. Chamberlain contemplates the map which he has smeared with blood.

telegrams, which, I suppose, will some day see the light, marked the beginning of his thralldom.

Having become an accomplice of Mr. Rhodes in the conspiracy to overthrow Mr. Kruger, Mr. Chamberlain found himself hopelessly handicapped at every step of his South African policy. Mr. Chamberlain told us at Birmingham that he had no enemies in his own native town; but supposing such a character existed anywhere in this planet, he must often have felt pity at the thought of the position in which Mr. Chamberlain has found himself all these years! For lack of the courage to admit the simple truth, he had year after year to become a living lie, to deny publicly facts the truth of which was perfectly well known to all his fellow-conspirators, any one of whom might at any moment have given him away. More than once the situation was strained almost to breaking point. But the man whom he most distrusted was proof against all the passionate appeals made to him by those who knew the facts to let the truth come out. Mr. Rhodes's attitude never varied. He refused to give away the man who, as he said himself, had tried to do more to help him than any other Colonial Secretary would have done. As for letting out the truth, that, he said, was Mr. Chamberlain's concern. "I will tell no lies," said Mr. Rhodes; "Mr. Chamberlain can do his own lying if he pleases.

That is not my affair." And so the tragic drama went on, Mr. Chamberlain feeling himself in the hideous position of a blackmailed man, while those whom he regarded as possible blackmailers treated him throughout with more consideration than he ventured to expect. But as fear of Mr. Rhodes as the possible dismemberer of the British Empire explained his

surrender to the blended menaces and blandishments of the conspirators of 1895, so an equally unfounded distrust of Mr. Rhodes as a possible blackmailer led him to take a course which convinced Mr. Kruger that he was absolutely in the power of the fallen Colossus, and that therefore the Transvaal had nothing to expect in South Africa except war at the first convenient opportunity. It was this *damnosa hereditas* of the Jameson business which paralysed the efforts which Mr. Chamberlain undoubtedly made to avert war. And here it is well to state, for the information especially of those who will meet him in South Africa for the first time, that the belief that the war was the result of any deliberate



Photograph by]

[Whitlock, Birmingham.

The Latest Portrait of Mr. Chamberlain.

scheming or intriguing on the part of Mr. Chamberlain is entirely mistaken. Mr. Chamberlain never realised the magnitude of the problem with which he was dealing, but so far as he had any wish in the matter he certainly did not wish for war. What he wanted to do was to score off President

Kruger as he loves to score off his political opponents at home. If when he had received Sir Alfred Milner's menacing "helot" telegram from South Africa he had been able to foresee the enterprise upon which that fateful message embarked the Empire, he would have recoiled in horror. Like everyone else, he believed that the stakes were comparatively small, and that he held all the winning cards in his own hand. Therefore he played them with a reckless disregard of prudence, and so brought about a war which he honestly believed would never take place. He assured a friend of mine in July, 1899, that he need not be under any apprehension about leaving England, as there would be no war, in proof of which he, Mr. Chamberlain himself, had made all arrangements for going to Egypt during the recess.

But, it will be said, if Mr. Chamberlain did not want war, why did he not stop it? Here again we come across the second great tragedy in Mr. Chamberlain's career as Colonial Secretary. The first was when he capitulated to Mr. Rhodes, the second was when he made an even more complete capitulation to Lord Milner. While Mr. Chamberlain desired peace, and believed that it was perfectly possible to obtain a sufficient score off Mr. Kruger in South Africa to enable him to pose effectively before the British public at home, his High Commissioner had far different ideas. On his appointment Sir Alfred Milner regarded it as his duty—first, to satisfy himself as to the military position in South Africa, to master the whole question from a military point of view, and then to devote his whole energy to prevent any outbreak of war between the Boers and the British. It was in that faith that we all welcomed his appointment, and for a time things seemed to go well. But, unfortunately, the study of the military position seems to have resulted as lamentably as did his efforts to keep the peace. Instead of becoming the peacemaker of South Africa, he became the frebrand; and instead of being able to warn Ministers against under-estimating their foe, he quarrelled with his Commander-in-Chief, who appears to have been the only man in South Africa who had even an inkling of the real nature of the task to which Mr. Chamberlain was



[Westminster Gazette.]

[Nov. 11.]

A Chamberlain Medal.

summoned by his High Commissioner. Mr. Chamberlain, although he has been continually and correctly assailed, from the constitutional point of view, for the policy which led to the war, in reality was in no sense its initiator. He had not even liberated his neck from the yoke of Mr. Rhodes before he found heavy upon his shoulders the greater burden of the yoke of Lord Milner. It is all very well for critics at home to tell Mr. Chamberlain that he should have overruled his prancing pro-Consul who was heading straight for war in South Africa. But it was not as if Sir Alfred Milner was an ordinary Colonial Governor. He had been acclaimed by both political parties on his departure as the ablest man whom the Empire could produce for the solution of the problems with which he had to deal. Mr. Chamberlain did not distrust him as he had distrusted Mr. Rhodes, but he became nevertheless an even more helpless victim. In both cases it was a cablegram from South Africa to which Mr. Chamberlain succumbed. The "roll up the map of South Africa" cablegram of Mr. Rhodes had its natural sequel in the political helot despatch of Lord Milner. In these early days, unless rumour speaks false, Lord Milner was wont to proclaim very bitterly that he had no support at home, least of all from Mr. Chamberlain. He succeeded, however, in compelling Mr. Chamberlain to carry out his policy, and then Mr. Chamberlain, as his manner is, being a shrewd man of business with a keen eye to the main chance, did his best to exploit on his own account the popularity of the war which he had dreaded and abhorred.

The war, however, broke out, and then Mr. Chamberlain passed for the third time under the yoke of inexorable taskmasters. This time it was the War Office and the military authorities, who took matters into their own hands, and carried out a policy which, to do Mr. Chamberlain justice, he heartily detested. The war would easily have been over in midsummer, 1900, but for the measures taken by Lord Roberts when, in defiance of all the rules of civilised war, he entered upon the policy of farm-burning. Mr. Chamberlain, if his friends may be believed, saw clearly the suicidal insanity of the policy which the Imperial authorities persisted in pursuing. It may fairly be said that Lord



[Westminster Gazette.]

[Nov. 25.]

A Commemorative Medal.

Ending.

Mending.



ROYAL PROGRESS

HIS MOST PUSHFUL MAJESTY THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

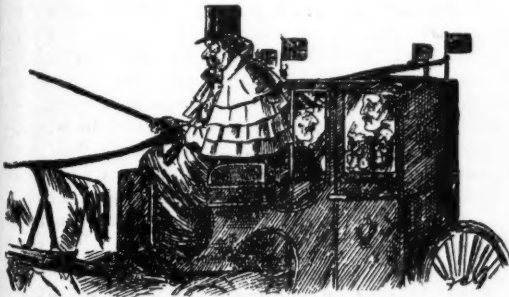
After the procession of Wire-pullers, Brewers, Voluntary School Managers and Helots, accompanied by Bands of Licensed Victuallers and Primrose Leaguers.

Four-Wheeled Cabs drawn by One Horse.

FIRST CAB.

The Prime Minister.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Lord Chancellor.
The War Secretary.



Other One-Horse Cabs bring other Cabinet Ministers.

DRESS CARRIAGE, drawn by four richly caparisoned steeds, containing

The Right Hon. JESSE COLLINGS, M.P.,
The Right Hon. J. POWELL-WILLIAMS, M.P.,
The Right Hon. WILLIAM KENRICK, M.P.

Then follow the Regalia—to wit, the Hour Glass, the Squeezed Sponge, the Crystal and the Social programme. After which comes—
[*Westminster Gazette's*.]

GOLD CAR.

Drawn by the
Notorious Mares of Mafeking,
Led by Maffickers in Gala Costume,
containing

The
Right Hon.
AUSTEN
CHAMBERLAIN.

The Right Hon.
JOSEPH
CHAMBERLAIN.

Mr.
ARTHUR
CHAMBERLAIN.

wearing His Jubilee Medal and Feathers in His Cap.

Bodyguard of New Diplomats (Armed with Long Spoons).

The Poet-Laureate
bearing the Standard.

The Editor
of the
*Birmingham
Daily Post.*
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling,
Just So.



[Nov. 4.]

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA. JOE'S JOURNEY.

RAISE not in prayer thy sacrilegious hand!

Pray not! They keep their word beneath the yoke.

Stand not in terror of that golden land

Which thou hast crushed, nor fear its peasant folk.

Assassin lights no hidden fuses there,

Nor murderer his dagger's edge grinds fine.

And yet, friend Joe, when thither bound, beware!

For in the graves a something still doth shine.

No longer is there smell of blood and steel,

Upon the wall those rusty Mausers swing.

Go, Joe, and on thy journey tranquil feel

That's the most loyal country of thy King.

Clamp thy monacle faster in thine eye,

One foot before the other move with care,

For thou, dear friend, mayst stumble easily

Upon some tombstone lying here or there.

At eve, dear friend, do not walk far away,

But sit thee down in some warm, cosy hall;

And then, at midnight, it were well to play

A little game of poker. But, withal,

Go not alone when sunset colours melt,
And west winds gentle whispers do awake,
Lest out of some wild bushes of the veldt
A shrunken arm its finger at thee shake.

There lies the corpse of noble liberty,
Down in the secret earth, far from the sun;
And mothers, faithful mothers, there do lie—
No more they see their little children run.

There rests the old man, who but lately found
The goal of all his life: now earth's his bed,
And youths who've hardly left the playing-ground
Sleep there in peace, a bullet in their head.

Lest in the death-dance of the bones long dry
A gruesome skeleton approach and say—

“For thee, for thee I've waited aye and aye,
And, brother, thou hast come at last to-day.

The gore-bespattered banners torn with shot,
Before thy varnished boot I spread them now.
They join in, too, who died and shared my lot—
Come, let us dance together—I and thou.”

—*Lustige Blätter.*

Milner was responsible for the first twelve months of the war, but that the responsibility for the eighteen months' warfare which followed lie solely at the door of the military authorities, whose methods of barbarism Mr. Chamberlain found it impossible to control. Publicly, of course, Mr. Chamberlain could not display the irritation which he is said to have expressed very freely in private. But the imperative manner in which he thrust on one side Lord Milner's disgraceful excuses for the murder camps reminded the public that if the occasion arose Mr. Chamberlain could be relied upon to assert himself even against military authorities and High Commissioners combined, provided, of course, that due kudos was forthcoming.

Mr. Chamberlain, after having passed through three servitudes, and having been a more or less unwilling tool—first, of Mr. Rhodes; secondly, of Lord Milner; and, thirdly, of the military authorities—is now at last for the first time in a position to carry out his own ideas. "I am master of the situation," he is said to have asserted just before his departure. If so, it is for the first time that he has been master of the situation. Hitherto, the situation has mastered him. Let us hope that this journey before the close of his political career may afford him an opportunity of undoing some fractional part of the hideous ruin which he has brought upon the land. In looking into the future everything depends upon this question—How far will Mr. Chamberlain realise that it is to his interest to do his duty? The destruction of

private property, carried out as a part of a deliberate policy of devastation, entailed upon Great Britain the obligation to compensate in full the owners of all private property destroyed during the war. Mr. Chamberlain might do worse in the course of his voyage than study the Rules of War to which his Government gave their adhesion at the Hague Conference. He will therein find that from the point of view of the laws of civilised warfare it is his simple duty to provide as many millions as may be necessary to restore to the burghers their farming gear and their stock, to rebuild their houses, and, in short, to indemnify them for all private property destroyed by our denuding columns. As yet he has apparently not the faintest glimmering of the fact that we owe this duty to the Boers. But it is a fact, and in the comparative leisure of the voyage it is to be hoped that the truth will penetrate into the mind of Mr. Chamberlain. Another book which he might do well to take with him as reading on the voyage is Miss Hobhouse's book "The Brunt of the War," in which he will find displayed before his eyes even before he reaches the country a faithful picture of the consequences of the policy of devastation, resort to which he always said he abhorred. When he reaches the country, and comes face to face with the wilderness which, in accordance with the ancient classic custom, he has created and called it peace, he may realise that it would be good policy to pay up. For the sooner the requisite number of millions are forthcoming to set up our new fellow-citizens in the business of agriculture, the more speedily are they likely to beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; or in more modern dialect, to cease thinking of their buried Mausers and to apply themselves to doing their duty as British citizens. A free grant of fifteen millions, or even a loan of that amount at a low rate of interest, would amount to less than the yearly cost of the additional military expenditure in South Africa, which a refusal to grant the money would entail.

II.—PAUL KRUGER.*

Paul Kruger is emerging. For years he has been "snowed under," to use an expressive American phrase, by a storm of calumnies, misrepresentations, and abuse. The British, having been tricked into the war, found it necessary, for the satisfaction of their conscience, to justify the attack upon the Boer Republics by making believe that the President of the Transvaal was the incarnation of all evil. When Cain killed Abel he probably consoled himself by dwelling upon the many shortcomings, ethical and æsthetical, of his victim. One hundred years ago our forefathers braced themselves for twenty years' war with France by painting Napoleon as a cross between a scarecrow and a fiend. After the Restoration the character of Cromwell was subjected to similar treatment, and until last cen-



[Judy.]

[Nov. 5.]

J. B.: "Yes, Joey, it suits you admirably, and fits you perfectly; in fact, I may say you were made for it."

* "The Memoirs of Mr. Kruger, told by Himself." In two volumes, with two portraits. T. Fisher Unwin.

tury, when Carlyle rediscovered our national hero, the memory of Cromwell lay buried beneath the huge dunghheap of Loyalist libels. But as Cromwell and Napoleon have both emerged from the foul and foetid mass of falsehood with which their fame was obscured by interested and malicious enemies, so the memory of Paul Kruger will emerge, nay, has already emerged. It will take its place among the galaxy of the popular heroes who, springing from the people, have been fated by the strength of their characters to become the leaders and rulers of men.

It is the real man who is emerging, with all his faults and failings as vivid as his more heroic qualities. The greatness of Napoleon is not the less recognised because it throws into all the more terrible relief his moral defects. The popular conception created by the newspapers, when they hounded John Bull upon the warpath and filled his heart with the lust of slaughter, was a contemptible creature of absurd delusions and disgusting personal habits. "Old Kroojer" of the man in the street was a compound of fool and knave, a dirty, foolish old man, drivelling into his dotage, in personal appearance repulsive, and in character corrupt. That such a caricature found acceptance for a moment even among those who were endeavouring to manufacture a plea for wholesale murder by imputing all manner of infamies to their victims, was a melancholy illustration of the imbecility of many contemporary Englishmen. For a moment's reflection might have convinced even the journalists, who played the part of blind leaders of the blind, that one of the strongest and most virile of nations could never have been dominated in the supreme hour of its destinies by the objectionable creature, the scarecrow stuffed with all manner of uncleanness, which was labelled "Paul Kruger."

In these Memoirs of his, whatever defects they may have as literature, or even as history, we, at least, are able to rid our minds of all the fantastic rubbish which concealed the real man from the sight of our people.

Almost for the first time it is possible for the ordinary Englishman to understand that, with all his faults, Paul Kruger was a great figure not unworthy to play the part of hero in the great South African Epic which culminated in the war which unified Afrikanerdom and revealed the Dutch South African to the gaze of an admiring world.

Amidst much that is dull, confused, and of no interest to mortal man in the President's "dry as dust" record, of the confused fightings which went on north and south of the Vaal River in the beginning of last century, the figure of the man himself stands out conspicuous before the eye.

We only need to read the first chapter of the book to gain a vivid picture of the man who, for the last quarter of a century, was able to dominate the indomitable race who for two and a half years were able to baffle single-handed the undivided might of the British Empire.

From his youth up Paul Kruger was typical of his race. He lived in primitive surroundings in the midst of the simple conditions of life, from which civilisation has carried us so far, but not so far that our children at least can understand the thrill of exultant joy with which the hunter triumphs over the beasts of the field. Paul Kruger, like Nimrod, was a mighty hunter before the Lord—a hunter of an heroic age, who had something better to do than the chasing of the timid hare or the harrying of the fox. It was no mere

love of adventure that made hunting a passion with the young Boer, but the stern necessity of self-preservation. Long before men fought with each other they had to battle for dear life with the four-footed aborigines of the forest and the veldt. In the Transvaal, when Paul Kruger was a boy, the combat still raged; nor was the victory in these remote African natural fastnesses finally secured for the bipeds when Paul Kruger, then a boy of fourteen, shot his first lion.

The story of these early days will surround the



Kruger as a Young Man.

(From an old daguerrotype.)

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memory of Paul Kruger, even in the eyes of British schoolboys, with a halo of unfading romance. The old hunter, in these Memoirs, recalls complacently the adventures of those stirring times, although it is nearly fifty years since he was present at a big hunt. He can feel the blood still pulsing swiftly in his aged veins as he recalls his many hairbreadth escapes from the wild creatures against whom he went a-gunning in his teens. "As far as I know," he says, "I must have shot at least thirty to forty elephants and five hippopotami, and I know that I have killed five lions by myself." He tells the story of each of these combats with lions, and very good stories they are. The first he shot, as it leapt to seize the horse, in front of which the boy Kruger was crouching with his rifle: "As he rose I fired, and was fortunate enough to kill him outright, so that he nearly fell on top of me. My companions ran to my assistance, but I needed no assistance, for the lion was dead; he was a strong beast." The second lion he shot through the head at a distance of twenty paces. The fifth lion he killed with the aid of his good and faithful dog, who was his constant companion, and with whose aid he used to track the lions through the bushes. For Kruger was swift of foot in those days, swiftest among the nation whose mobility has been the despair of the slow-moving English, and many a time he owed his life to his speed. There is one delightful story telling how he shot his second rhinoceros, which brings out into strange relief the character of the man and of the men among whom he was reared. Together with his brother-in-law he went after rhinoceroses. The two of them made an agreement by which the one of them who behaved recklessly, or allowed wounded game to escape through cowardice, should receive a sound thrashing. Coming upon a herd of a bull and three cows, Paul Kruger killed the bull with a single bullet fired at ten paces distance; he then rode off to assist his brother-in-law, who had wounded one of the cows. "As I rode past him he called out, 'Do not dismount in front of the beast; she is awfully wild, and can run like anything.'" Kruger did not pay much attention to the warning, believing his relative to be over-cautious; he jumped off his horse, and ran past the rhinoceros. Instantly she started in hot pursuit. He allowed her to come within a distance of three or four yards before he fired; to his horror the gun missed fire. There was no time for a second shot; he turned and ran for dear life. His foot caught in a root, and he came down flat on his face. The beast was upon him, the dangerous horn just missed him; she pinned him to the ground with her nose, intending to trample him to death. "But, at that moment, I got the contents of the second barrel full under the shoulder-blade right into her heart. The rhinoceros sprang away, but fell down dead a few yards away. My brother-in-law hurried up, expecting to find me dead, but when he saw me standing up, safe and sound, he took his sjambok, and, according to the contract, commenced to belabour me soundly, because I had, he said, acted recklessly

in disregarding his warning." It was the first time, but not the last, that Paul Kruger was sjambocked; for in the rough school in which he was reared the exploits which would have won an Englishman the Victoria Cross were rewarded by severe punishment. The second occasion upon which he got into trouble by excessive daring was in the Kaffir war, in which Potgieter had been barbarously seized and skinned alive on a hilltop in the presence of his groom. Kruger formed one of the commando despatched to avenge this horrible crime. The Kaffirs took refuge in a cave, where they were closely shut up in order to compel them to surrender by starvation. Although they suffered greatly they refused to come out. Kruger grew impatient, and determined to end the matter. He crept in the dark into the cave where the Kaffirs were hidden.

"I sat down among them, and began to talk to them in their own tongue as if I were one of themselves, and offered to go out to the white men to treat with them. Suddenly an armed Kaffir exclaimed, 'Magoa!' (white man). At the word all the Kaffirs fled deeper into the cave, and I jumped up and ran after them right into the back of the cave. The Kaffirs now began to look for the white man, looking for me in every direction except where I was—in their very midst. When they had quieted down a little I once more addressed them in their own language, and urged them to surrender. Finally I succeeded in bringing 170 to 180 women out of the cave. And it was not until we were outside that they discovered that it was I and not a Kaffir who had been talking to them."

For this exploit, which throws that of Mr. Rhodes at the famous palaver in the Matoppo entirely into the shade, Kruger appears to have been sjambocked by the Commandant-General—the lives of white men being too precious in those early days to be recklessly risked in this fashion. But Kruger was incorrigible; he was ordered away from the caves, but he continued to take part in the siege, and narrowly escaped being killed. Commandant-General Potgieter, brother of the man who was skinned alive, was shot while standing on the edge of a rocky wall, so that his body fell down into the midst of a Kaffir trench. "I saw this happen," says Kruger, "and I rushed down at once to try at least to save the body. The Kaffirs aimed a furious fire at me from the entrenchments, but the burghers answered the fire no less heartily, and I was able to leap over the entrenchments, and leapt back shielded by the smoke of the powder, and brought the body safely back with me. Potgieter was a big, heavy man, and I had to exert all my strength to carry him back to his people."

Soon after Kruger came upon the horrible remains of a cannibal feast, where, in the midst of blood-stained garments of women and children whom they had murdered, he found portions of human bodies that the Kaffirs had roasted on a spit—roasted shoulders, arms, etc. To such fiends the Boers showed no

mercy. Many hundreds of the Kaffirs died of hunger—starved to death in the caves in which they had taken refuge. Very few escaped into the mountains; all who were captured were shot under martial law. This was the beginning of his wars against the savage Canaanites who were still in the land.

Whether hunting big game or fighting Kaffirs, we get a clear vision of Paul Kruger. A man of indomitable courage, gigantic stature, swift of foot in wood and fell, a sure shot with his rifle, and as strong as he was brave, endurant of pain, indifferent to hardship, he towers aloft, a typical hero of the great epical triumph of men over the wilderness.

It is unnecessary at this time of day to describe in detail the way in which this heroic and daring hunter and frontiersman came to be the President of the

repeating the old complaint that after the Boers had recovered from the Government their raided cattle (the English Government insisted upon treating the recaptured stock as war booty, which must be sold in order to defray the expenses of the war), he goes on to explain how it was this created such intense bitterness. He tells us that each Boer when quite young receives as his personal property a couple of sheep, oxen, or horses from his parents, which he tends with special care, and to which his heart becomes attached. Among the stolen beasts recovered from the Kaffirs were those belonging to the children; and when those presents, made sacred by custom, were used for the purpose of the war indemnity much bitterness was caused. So the young Paul and his parents set forth with their hearts burning with a sense of English injustice—left house and home for a wild, unknown country. There were about twenty of them, and they carried with them nearly 30,000 sheep and hundreds of horses and cattle. He declares that the Great Trek, which took place after this early exodus, was carried out without depriving the weak native races in the Free State of a single thing. God's Word constituted their highest law and rule of conduct, and the emigrants resolved, when first constituting their Government, that it was unlawful to take away from the natives by force land or any other of their property, and that no slavery should be permitted. Afterwards, they found themselves face to face with the fierce Moselikatzé and his robber bands, who were wont to kill a few of their own old men and women and throw them out for food whenever "Moselikatzé's children," as the vultures were called, made their appearance. Against Moselikatzé the Boers waged war, with little quarter given or taken on either side. To Kruger and his compatriots these savages were as the Canaanites, and he chronicles the victories in language which might have been borrowed from the Book of Judges. "God was with them," he says on one occasion, "and gave them the victory at Zeerust. They continued to pursue the enemy further, and in the end entered into possession of his territory." In these early years the land which has been swept by the British generals with fire and sword was frequently devastated and plundered by savages with darker skins. In the midst of this fierce warfare with the savage aborigines, biped and quadruped, Paul Kruger was employed to look after the herds on the veldt, and was early entrusted with a gun for their protection against wild beasts. But in the midst of the wilderness the old Boer voortrekkers did not forget the schooling of their children. "Every Boer," says Paul Kruger, "taught his children to read and write, and, above all, instructed them in God's Word. At dinner and supper, as the children sat round the table, they had to read part of the sacred Scriptures, and to repeat from memory or write down now this, now that text. This was done day by day. That is how my father taught me the Bible and instructed me in its teaching during the evenings."



Minneapolis Journal.

The Last Word—"The Pen is Mightier than the Sword."

Transvaal; and still less profitable to follow him through all the windings and turnings of the tortuous negotiations which led up to the war. More interesting is it to read his account of his boyhood, and his brief allusions to his first introduction to the root of the bitterness between the two races. His earliest memory was that of the Great Trek. "My parents," he tells us, "said they emigrated because the English first sold the slaves, and after they had got the money set these slaves free again, and that the money which they wanted in compensation was made payable in England, where it could only be obtained with much trouble and expense; that many preferred to sacrifice what was due to them, so they refused to live under such unjust masters." He gives another touch to the picture of the irritation of the early Dutch settlers against the English Government, which strikes me as new. After

When he was sixteen years of age Paul Kruger went a-courting, and with characteristic impetuosity swam across the Vaal in flood, and visited his betrothed under conditions which, in the opinion of the ferryman, ensured almost certain death. This Leander of the veldt was rewarded by winning the love of his Hero, and he married her when only seventeen years old. Four years later he was left a widower, both wife and child having died. But he was not long comfortless. "God gave me another life companion in Miss Gezina Suzana Frederica Wilhelmina Duplessis." From this marriage sprang nine sons and seven daughters, of whom three sons and five daughters are still living. The result of this early upbringing, by which Paul was nurtured on the Bible in the wilderness, pitted while in his early teens against lions and savages, left an indelible stamp upon his character. Down to the present moment Paul Kruger bears unmistakable traces of the mould in which he was fashioned. The appendix, which contains several of his speeches, proclamations, and despatches during the war, is saturated through and through with the results of his early Biblical-Hebraic training. Paul Kruger was a Nonconformist who all his life was a declared opponent of the State Church of the South African Republic. It is impossible to read his speeches—and especially his utterances during the war—without being reminded at every turn of the speeches and discourses of Oliver Cromwell—not only the phraseology, but the spirit and the indomitable confidence which they display. Truly of Paul Kruger it might be said, as Novalis said of Cromwell: "Hope shone in him as a pillar of fire after it had gone out in other men." At the same time, while he refused to despair of the Republic, even when he was a hunted fugitive and his capital was in the hands of the invader, he always recognised the possibility that for his own sins and those of his people it might be the Divine will that they should go under. "I place myself," he said, in a speech addressed to the Volksraad on May 7th, 1900—"I place myself in the hands of the Lord. Whatever He may have decided for me I shall kiss the rod with which He strikes me, for I, too, am guilty. Let each humble himself before the Lord." In the concluding pages of these Memoirs he says: "During the peace negotiations I had only one answer to all the questions put to me, as to what I thought of peace—namely, that all would happen as God wished; and when peace was concluded I applied to the Generals the text in the Bible, 2 Cor. viii. 3, 'For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power they were willing of themselves.' Nor in so far as I myself am concerned will I consent to lose courage, because the peace is not such as the burghers wished it. I am convinced that God does not forsake His people, even though it may often appear so. Therefore I resign myself to the will of the Lord. I know that He will not allow His afflicted people to perish. He is the

Lord, and all hearts are in His hands, and He turneth them whithersoever He will."

The same strong Puritan element came out in Kruger when he refused to go to battle under General Burgers. "I cannot lead the commando," he said to the then President, "if you come. For with your merry evenings in laager, and your Sunday dances, the enemy will even shoot me behind the wall, for God's blessing will not rest upon your expedition." Mr. Kruger, although in his old age he repeatedly declared that the right of criticism was instituted by the devil in the Garden of Eden, did not hesitate in his early manhood to indulge in the right very freely. Immediately before the annexation he was one who refused to pay a special tax of £5 imposed by President Burgers upon every burgher. This measure, he says, brought the President into violent conflict with himself, for he considered the tax unlawful, as it was imposed without the consent of the Volksraad. Together with his uncompromising assertion of his own rights as a burgher, and the supremacy of conscience even in matters of military discipline, there is a fine vein of humour in him, of which there are many traces in this book. There is a capital story which he tells of a native whom he had sent to his mother's farm one New Year's Day to fetch some raisins. His mother gave the Kaffir some raisins, together with a note to her son saying that she had sent him five or six pounds' weight of fruit. When the Kaffir arrived he had not more than two or three pounds left. Paul Kruger asked him what he meant by trying to cheat him by eating the raisins, "for," said he, "this letter tells me that there were a great many more than you brought me." "Baas," replied the Kaffir, "the letter lies, for how could it have seen me eat raisins, for I put it behind a big rock, under a stone, and then sat down behind the rock to eat the raisins." There is another curious passage relating how he protested against the execution of two burghers who had been convicted of high treason and who were ordered to be hanged as punishment. The bargain had been made between the contending forces that each section should have the right to punish offenders in its own country. Kruger protested against the hanging of the burghers as a violation of this agreement. "When Boshoff," he says, "would not allow this I fetched a Bible, and showed him that the Holy Writ distinguished between punishing and chastising. We may chastise a man with the prospect of death, but we may not kill him in order to punish him." This Biblical law convinced the Free Staters, and the burghers' lives were spared.

Kruger was an intensely human man, given to tempestuous wrath, for the old Adam within him was never quite extinct. On one occasion he mentions that one Koos Venter, a big, strong man, began to rage against President Pretorius, declaring that if he only had him there he would wring his neck for him like a bird's. "At last my blood was up, too," says Kruger, "and I said, 'Let Koos take off his coat, and

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I will take off mine, and we will fight it out. If he is beaten you must submit to our conditions, and if he beats me it will be the other way about." It is not surprising that Koos Venter declined the combat.

There is much that is intensely interesting in Kruger's reminiscences of the early struggle which resulted in the Peace of Majuba, and there is a good deal of grim humour in what he tells us he said to a member of the Upper House, who invited him to pay a visit to Sir Bartle Frere:—

I will come if you can tell me which Sir Bartle Frere it is that wishes to see us; for I know four of them. The first came to us at Kleinfontein and assured us that he had not come with the sword, but as a messenger of peace. But, later on, I read in an English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, the second, therefore, had written to the British Government: "If only I had had enough guns and men I would soon have dispersed the rebels." I made the acquaintance of the third Sir Bartle Frere through his answer to our petition for the repeal of the annexation; he then said that he had informed the British Government that he had met some five thousand of the best Boers at Kleinfontein, and that he recommended their petition to the Government's earnest consideration. Afterwards, I saw in the English Blue Book that, on the same day, a Sir Bartle Frere, obviously a fourth, had informed the British Government that he had met only a handful of rebels. Now these four cannot possibly be one and the same man; if, therefore, you can tell me which of the four Sir Bartles wishes to see us, we will think about it.

But Sir Bartle Frere was, in his opinion, only like the rest of the English. Nothing can exceed the intensity of the conviction with which he expresses his belief that lies, treachery, intrigues, and secret investigations against the Government of the Republic have always been distinguishing marks of English politics in South Africa. Unfortunately, it would be extremely difficult for any Englishman, with our own Blue Books before him, to refute these accusations. In small things, as well as in great, the same intense conviction that Englishman and liar are synonymous terms breaks out again and again—as, for instance, when he refers to the disgraceful telegram which Lord Roberts sent from Bronkhorstspuit saying that he was at the spot where a British force had been decimated by treachery in 1881. Kruger remarks, "This only shows what a genuine Englishman Lord Roberts is." Having this rooted conviction planted in his mind from earliest childhood, it is natural that he regarded the policy of Mr. Chamberlain from the first with considerable distrust. That Mr. Kruger should come to the natural conclusion that Mr. Chamberlain was guilty with Mr. Rhodes in the Jameson business was natural. One does not need to approach the evidence which establishes that fact with a mind warped with long brooding over acts of treachery to come to that conclusion. But it is

worth while noting that Mr. Kruger does emphatically, and again and again, assert his conviction that Mr. Chamberlain was guilty, and, further, that, having failed in upsetting the Republic by the aid of Jameson, Mr. Chamberlain set to work to try whether he could not be more successful on his own account. "With his assistance Jameson's Raid was to be replaced by a gigantic British Raid. As soon as the South African Committee hushed up his guilt, and he had publicly defended Rhodes, because he feared lest the latter, who was his accomplice, should make statements that would be anything but pleasant hearing for Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary began an uninterrupted series of despatches, which continued until the war broke out, and which had no other object than to embitter the British people against the Republic." He lays special stress upon the revival of the claim for suzerainty, the abolition of which, Mr. Kruger declares, was the object of his journey to London in 1883. Mr. Chamberlain, however, he says, persisted in maintaining that the suzerainty existed. "It will be universally admitted," says Mr. Kruger, "that it would be impossible to come to a logical understanding with a man like that."

Lord Milner Mr. Kruger regards as the typical Jingo, "autocratic beyond endurance, and filled with a contempt for all that is not English." He further says that there is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain appointed Lord Milner only with the view of driving matters in South Africa to extremes. I think there is a good deal of doubt upon this subject. It was Milner who drove Chamberlain to extremes much more than the other way about. In speaking of the methods adopted by Lord Milner and Mr. Chamberlain in order to cause the negotiations to fail, and to bring on a war, he says: "I can express myself in no other terms than by calling it a devilish plot. They talked of peace while the decision had already been taken to destroy us."

But there is no need to go into these matters. It is sufficient to note that Mr. Kruger has not yet realised the true inwardness of the relations between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner. The responsibility for the war in South Africa no doubt lies heavy upon all those who were in a position to have prevented Lord Milner forcing matters to an extremity. But the more this question is studied, the more the facts are brought into the clear light of day, the more certain it is that the real responsibility for the forcing on of the war, as well as that of thwarting all efforts which Mr. Chamberlain himself made to avert a breach of the peace, lies upon Lord Milner, and Lord Milner alone.



LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

AN ANGLO-GALLIC ALLIANCE.

A COUNTERBLAST TO PAN-ANGLO-SAXONISM.

THE thesis which I have advocated in more than one quarter—that the time has come when we should pack up our pride and seek in union with the American Republic the only conditions upon which we can continue to exist—has hitherto been regarded, if not as fantastic, at any rate as a good many hundred years before its time. Union, however, is in the air. But what will most people say when they find that union with someone is regarded by an excellent authority as so indispensable to our existence that that excellent authority maintains that we should unite in close bonds with France, whom for a thousand years we have regarded as our deadliest enemy? Nevertheless, such a project is now put forward, supported by serious argument and valid statistics, by as eminent a Frenchman as M. Finot, the *directeur* of *La Revue*.

M. Finot's articles advocating this scheme are published in *La Revue* for the 1st and 15th November. That we must unite with someone, M. Finot clearly sees; but he does not think that the United States are our natural hope and refuge. That is to be found in an alliance with France, an alliance to be marked, firstly, with a treaty of obligatory arbitration, and, finally, by a closer union, which will result in a nucleus being formed for the United States of Europe and of the World.

NATURAL ENEMY A MYTH.

The first section of M. Finot's articles is devoted almost exclusively to showing that the supposed natural enmity between France and England is a myth. Their original history was the same. As in France, so in England, the aborigines were Celts, partially Romanised, and afterwards overrun by Teutons. England owed largely to France its national consciousness, its language, its prosody, and even the fundamental bases of its future civilisation. The debt of France was reciprocal through the centuries, until, finally, the evolution of the eighteenth century, which ended in the great Revolution, was a manifestation of English ideas. What Shakespeare owed to Montaigne, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau owed to English thought. France and England, in short, have been in closer union than any two countries in the world.

EACH COUNTRY THE COMPLEMENT OF THE OTHER.

At the present day what are the conditions? Great Britain merits the name of the richest and most important of the French colonies. A disappearance of English economic power would result for France in incalculable losses. All the French colonies taken together purchase from France only thirty-seven per cent. of the English purchases. England takes thirty per cent. of all French exports. England is abso-

lutely necessary to France; and the economic relations are such that England buys from France products which it would be impossible to sell anywhere else. On the other hand, England profits by having at her doors a country producing goods which English climatic conditions render it impossible to produce at home. Neither country invades the other's home market; each is the complement of the other.

But while France only helps us, the alternative ally, America, threatens us. M. Finot does not see that it is because of the threat that inclusion in the United States appears imperative. That the threat is serious M. Finot has no doubt. The United States, he says, will drive us from South Africa, from China, from Japan, and even from Egypt. In Japan, where our trade has diminished, that of the United States has doubled. And in various continental countries American trade within the last six years has increased from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. The danger, however, only begins here; for, once America has completed her economic conquest of Europe, she will be obliged to interfere in European politics. Under such conditions the necessity of an intimate and pacific union between the peoples of the Old World will become an absolute necessity.

A START FOR THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

But the United States of Europe being just now impracticable, we must be satisfied with creating a union between the most influential of European States. Looked at from this point of view an Anglo-French union would be the precursor of peace and a guarantee of security. Before attempting to realise a European union it is necessary to begin with partial groupings. The Anglo-French union would merely be the starting point. From this origin the idea of the United States of Europe, from being an object of ridicule, would soon become a postulate in the international life of to-morrow. The necessity of closer relations between England and France is shown by the fact that in France most of the Chambers of Commerce have approved unanimously of an arbitration treaty, while in England seventy-eight Chambers of Commerce have given their unanimous support to the project.

THE GAIN TO ENGLAND.

England, M. Finot thinks, would be a great gainer. At present she suffers from the nightmare of universal enmity. Other European nations fear one another. England has to fear them all; and she is, in addition, in danger of a future war with the United States. She is, moreover, entirely dependent upon the United States for food. To meet her danger she has increased her armaments, and cannot increase them much more. She has acquired more territory than she can govern. Everything, in fact, demands her alliance with a friendly nation.

THE KAISER AND ENGLAND.

MR. JOHN L. BASHFORD, a twenty-years' resident in Berlin, contributes to the *Empire Review* an article under this heading. He begins by stating that he has been informed authoritatively that the Kaiser was "disappointed" on hearing of the way in which the *Spectator* had written concerning his hostile designs upon British naval supremacy, and the suggestion that he came to this country in order to stir up ill-blood between England and Russia and France. Mr. Bashford also refers to Sir Horace Rumbold's indiscretion. He maintains that the general condemnation of the Kaiser, which finds strong expression in the *National Review*, is both ungenerous and incorrect. He recalls the fact that the Empress Frederick, in the last year of her life, said:—"My great comfort in the pain I have to endure is due to the consciousness that my son is entirely on the side of my country in this war."

Mr. Bashford examines all the speeches made by the Emperor on the subject of German and English relations, and he asks how can it be believed that Germany is anxious to strike down the naval supremacy of Britain when the Emperor has never lost an opportunity of impressing upon the British the desirability of strengthening the British fleet?

Mr. Bashford adds a curious detail concerning Mr. Rhodes' visit to the Kaiser, which also sheds some light upon the difficulty that arose about the reception of the Boer Generals at Berlin. On March 6th, 1899, the Kaiser told Sir Frank Lascelles: "I am going to receive a distinguished fellow-countryman of yours in a few days." Four days later Sir Frank Lascelles, at Count von Bülow's request, sent a formal letter to the Chancellor asking that his Majesty might be informed of Mr. Rhodes' desire to obtain an audience, and the following day the Kaiser received Mr. Rhodes. Hitherto it was supposed that any request for an audience had been sent through the British Embassy; as a matter of fact the form was subsequently observed after his Majesty had himself arranged that the audience should take place. According to this precedent, therefore, Count von Bülow ought to have written to Sir Frank Lascelles, asking him to inform the Kaiser of the Boer Generals' desire to obtain an audience. But from this it is evident the Kaiser shrank, among other reasons perhaps, because, as Mr. Bashford says, "To dispel a deep distrust of the British nation as to Count von Bülow's designs against England was one of the Kaiser's most ardent wishes." He is quite sure that if a German statesman were asked to express in a terse sentence the policy of the Kaiser towards England, he would say, "His Majesty desires to maintain peace, and to shape the political relations of his country with yours in such a way that a friendly rivalry may exist between them on terms of equality."

THE *Revue Universelle* for November 1st is a special Zola number. It contains several very interesting articles on Zola, and is profusely illustrated.

WHY NOT PENNY-A-WORD CABLEGRAMS?

MR. HENNIKER HEATON has a despotic trick of compelling the public to read whatever he writes on means of transmission. In the *Magazine of Commerce* he insists on the nationalisation of cables. He says:—

People in the United Kingdom who study these tables, know that they annually spend £1,000,000 in cabling to America (including Canada), £412,000 in cabling to Australia, £366,000 in cabling to South Africa, £300,000 in cabling to India, and another £300,000 in cabling to China, Hong Kong, and the East. John Bull, in brief, puts his hand into his capacious pocket to the tune of £6,755 every day of the week, except Sundays, to cable to his customers and clients and consins over seas,

or a total sum every year of £3,278,000. At the same time our mail packet service to America, Australia, India and China costs us only one-and-a-half million, and he thinks that for our nine hundred millions' worth of exports a less costly cable communication is necessary. Mr. Heaton proceeds:—

I assert that we shall have Imperial Federation in a true sense only when we can telegraph from London to New Zealand as cheaply as we now telegraph from London to Ireland. And why not? In Australia we send a word three thousand miles for a penny—the same distance, within five hundred miles, that divides England from India, to which a word now sent costs us, not one penny, as it ought, but thirty-six pennies. All parts of the world, excepting America, can be cable-connected by land, barring one thin blue line of sea; and land-lines cost only one-fifth of submarine cables—in other words, land-lines are laid at an outlay of £40 a mile, and sea-cables of £200 a mile. On the other hand, land-lines carry five times more messages than are carried by cables.

He goes beyond the imperialisation of the cables, and urges that in any question of purchasing the cables the American and British Governments should join hands. He enforces all these contentions by one of his delightful collections of anomalies:—

It costs 6½d. a word to telegraph from London to Fao, the head of the Persian Gulf; it costs 1s. 2d. to Egypt, half the distance. It costs 6s. 3d. a word to telegraph to Lagos, half-way to the Cape, and it costs only 3s. to telegraph to the Cape. But the most striking instance of how the French look after their colonists is afforded by their treatment of the people of Senegal and the Ivory Coast, as compared with our treatment of our people, also on the West Coast of Africa. From Paris to Senegal the French charge is only one franc a word. From London to Lagos (British), 100 miles beyond, the charge is 6s. 5d. a word. In 1899-1900 my friend at Lagos sent his telegrams to London *via* Senegal and Paris. Surely an Imperial postmaster will remedy this state of things!

"It seems that what may be briefly called the Best Man theory is gradually taking the place of the old thick-and-thin adhesion to party." Such is the forecast of the party system of the future by a writer in *Macmillan*, who even dares to look forward to the appearance of "a Ministry composed of Best Men," and without any common doctrine whatsoever!

DR. BARNARDO sends us the December and Christmas number of *Bubbles*, a coloured magazine for boys and girls, which the Father of Nobody's Children issues for the purpose of making other people's children interested in the good work that is carried out in the East End of London. The bound volume, which is published at 3s. 6d. in boards and 5s. in cloth gilt, contains 114 beautiful coloured pictures and any number of short stories and serial tales.

THE PROTEST OF THE BOERS.

By EX-STATE-SECRETARY REITZ.

MR. REITZ is now in America, and he has begun his campaign against the annexation of the two Republics by an article in the *North American Review* for November, in which he maintains that the Peace of Vereeniging cannot be regarded as binding upon the conscience of men who, to save the remnant of their wives and children, signed it with the knife at their throats. A contract made under compulsion is not a binding contract. But even if the articles of peace were binding upon the Boers, he holds that they are released from any moral obligation to observe them because the promise of Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener, that they would do their best to persuade the King to grant a general amnesty for the Cape rebels, has been deliberately and scandalously broken. After signing the ten articles in the Treaty of Peace the Boers handed in a solemn protest against the so-called peace, which the British Ministry has carefully refrained from publishing for obvious reasons. This being the case, it may be well to preserve in this REVIEW, for purposes of reference, the text of the protest. It runs as follows:—

"This meeting of representatives of the people of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State, held at Vereeniging from the 15th of May, 1902, to the 31st of May, 1902, has learnt with regret of the proposal made by His Majesty's Government in regard to the cessation of existing hostilities, and of the intimation that his proposal must be accepted or rejected in an unaltered form.

"The meeting regrets that His Majesty's Government has absolutely refused to negotiate with the Governments of the Republics upon the basis of our independence, or to permit our Governments to enter into communication with our Deputation.

"Our peoples have indeed always thought that, not only on the ground of Right, but also on the ground of the great material and personal sacrifices that they have made for their Independence, they have a just claim to such Independence.

"This meeting has earnestly taken into consideration the condition of Land and People, and has more especially taken into account the following facts:

"1. That the Military tactics pursued by the British Military Authorities have led to the entire ruin of the territory of both the Republics, with burning of farms and towns, destruction of all means of subsistence and exhaustion of all sources necessary for the support of our families, for the maintenance of our forces in the field, and for the continuation of the war.

"2. That the placing of our captured families in the Concentration Camps has led to an unprecedented condition of suffering and disease, so that, within a comparatively short time, about 20,000 of those dear to us have perished there, and the horrible prospect has arisen that by continuing the war our entire race might be exterminated.

"3. That the Kafir tribes within and without the borders of the territories of both Republics are almost all armed and take part in the struggle against us, and by perpetrating murders and committing all kinds of horrors, an impossible state of affairs has been brought about in many districts of both Republics—an instance of which took place lately in the district of Vryheid, where fifty-six Burgers were murdered and mutilated in a shocking manner, at the same time.

"4. That by Proclamations of the enemy, which he has already carried into effect, the Burgers still in the field are threatened

with loss of all their movable and immovable property, and so with total ruin.

"5. That, through the circumstances of the war, it has already long ago become impossible for us to retain the many thousands of prisoners of war taken by our forces, and that we thus could do but comparatively little damage to the British troops, whilst our Burgers captured by the British are sent abroad, and that, after the war has raged for nearly three years, there remains only a small portion of the forces with which we entered into the war.

"6. That this remnant still in the field, which forms but a small minority of our entire people, has to contend against overwhelming odds, and, moreover, has reached a condition virtually amounting to famine and want of the necessary means of subsistence—and that, notwithstanding our utmost endeavour, and the sacrifice of all that we value and hold dear, we cannot reasonably expect a successful issue.

"This meeting is, therefore, of opinion that there is no reasonable ground for thinking that, by continuance of the war, our People will retain the possession of its Independence, and considers that, under the circumstances, the People are not justified in carrying on the war any longer, as that can alone tend to bring about the social and material destruction, not only of ourselves, but also of our descendants.

"Urged by the above-mentioned circumstances and motives, this meeting authorises both Governments to accept the Proposal of His Majesty's Government, and on behalf of the People of both Republics to sign the same.

"This Meeting of Delegates expresses the confident hope that the conditions which have now been called into being by adopting the Proposal of His Majesty's Government may soon be ameliorated in such a way that our Nation may thereby attain the enjoyment of those privileges to which it considers that, not only on account of its past, but also on the ground of its sacrifices in the course of this war, it can justly lay claim.

"This meeting has noted with satisfaction the resolution of His Majesty's Government to grant a large measure of amnesty to those British subjects who took up arms on our side, and to whom we are bound by the ties of blood and honour, and expresses the hope that it may please His Majesty to extend this amnesty still further."

"RELICS OF 'THE MOST HUMANE WAR.'"

THE ruin wrought by our troops in South Africa while engaged in prosecuting "the most humane war on record" is thus described in *Blackwood* by a writer "in the tracks of the war":—

Every farmhouse we passed was in the same condition—roofless, windowless, dams broken, water-furrows choked, and orchards devastated. Our way of making war may be effective as war, but it inflicts terrible wounds upon the land. After a campaign of a dozen bloody fights reconstruction is simple; the groundwork remains for a new edifice. But, though the mortality be relatively small, our late methods have come very near to destroying the foundations of rural life. We have to build again from the beginning.

"Our late methods" in this respect have a suspicious resemblance to the exploits of Genghis Khan. Yet the writer bears astonished witness to the good nature of our long-suffering victims:—

It is probable that the Boers themselves are the last to realise it. The people who crowded to the doors of the ruined farms as we passed were on the whole good-humoured, patient, and uncomplaining. They had set about repairing the branches in their fortunes, crudely but contentedly.

He relates a gruesome feature of Boer piety:—

The Boers, as we heard from many sources, are exhuming the dead from different battlefields, and bringing them, often from great distances, to the graveyards on their own homesteads. An odd sombre task, not without its grandeur.

LORD KITCHENER AS KNOWN TO HIS STAFF.

"A STAFF OFFICER" in *Blackwood* describes "Campaigning with Kitchener." It is a thoroughgoing panegyric, only redeemed from fulsomeness by the frank acknowledgment that his hero is "no drill master."

"ONE OF THE HARDEST OF THINKERS."

Here, for example, is one eulogy:—

Kitchener is one of the hardest and most accurate thinkers I can name; he is always thinking; not meandering aimlessly through a wilderness of casual imaginings, but thinking up and down and round and through his subject; planning every move, foreseeing every counter-move, registering every want, forestalling every demand, so that when he conducts a campaign with that unerring certainty that seems to recall the onward march of destiny, luck has had very little to do with the affair, for K. has arranged that everything shall happen as it does happen, and that particular way and no other.

HIS UNERRING PRESCIENCE.

And this is the fact to substantiate the eulogy:—

Somewhere in the *oublie* of Pall Mall there is a paper with the record of a meeting that took place at the Egyptian War Office before the final campaign. Only Kitchener, Wingate, and another officer were present. In less than two hours K. laid bare the entire plan of subsequent operations, met every inquiry, formulated every want, satisfied every objection. He had worked right through the campaign in his mind, and saw daylight on the farther side of it. Everything was ready: there were so many boats to take so many men and guns and animals at a certain fixed date, depending on the Nile flood, which could be calculated with precision; there were so many weeks' supplies to be at this place and that, and the British contingent—calculated economically to the fraction of a guardsman by the order to leave band-boys behind—was requested to arrive at a given date, to steam and march to a certain point, to fight its usual battle 1,600 miles from the chair in which K. was sitting, and to leave for London the very next day with its work accomplished. And all these things happened precisely as ordained at that meeting, so that one momentarily believed that even the unexpected had been banished from the art of war.

HIS UNBENDING SEVERITY.

Part of his wonderful success is attributed to the "unbending severity" with which he treated all failures. Generous to acknowledge good work well done, "no one was ever more unforgiving of failure, to no matter what cause the failure might be due."

Another explanation is his freedom from the curse of penmanship:—

Kitchener's office stationery consisted of a sheaf of telegraph-forms which he carried in his helmet and a pencil which he carried in his pocket—and that sufficed. Moreover, he seldom read an official letter, and never wrote one.

HIS CHOICE OF TOOLS.

More important is the next consideration:—

Much of K.'s success was no doubt due to his wise choice of the tools he used—they really were tools rather than men; and no finer body of young fellows ever wore sword than those splendid officers who worked and slaved for him, day after day, in those God-forsaken sand-swept wastes. But no one knows, no one perhaps will ever fully know, the extent to which K. was implored, beseeched, cajoled by the highest in the land to employ A. or B. or C. on his staff, or anywhere. K. was adamant to such requests. . . . This happened in hundreds of cases. K. was not then the power he is now, and his implacable disregard of the pets of society argues a strength of character which has always seemed to me one of the greatest proofs of his fearless independence.

NOT "GOOD AT THE BATTLE-SHOUT."

There is real humour in this description of Kitchener's attitude to mere fighting:—

I think he looked on a battle as a necessary but exceedingly vulgar and noisy brawl, and that the intellectual part of him always regretted when he could not strangle or starve the enemy out without a crude appeal to brute force. If he could have been induced to issue an order for the battle, it would have read somewhat as follows if it had come from his heart: "Here you are, O troops! and there is your enemy. I have clothed you, fed you, cared for you, placed you in the most advantageous tactical and strategical position possible, so now please go and fight it out, and let me know when it is all over."

A RADICAL CRITIC OF THE WAR OFFICE.

One trait of the grim general's character is mentioned which has not often had prominence given to it, and it stirs vague hopes of Army reform otherwise unattainable:—

During many an evening in camp or bivouac Kitchener often talked long, openly, and convincingly upon reforms needed in the War Office and the Army. Of his opinions on these points it is too soon to speak, for he may yet have occasion to put them into practice. So I shall only say that many of his ideas were novel and all were radical, and that they are calculated to produce a very considerable fluttering in Pall Mall dovecoats and among the old women of both sexes when Big Ben chimes out K.'s hour of office and responsibility.

OUR FUTURE CHIEF-OF-STAFF?

Of what that office should be, the writer has no doubt. It is not that of Commander-in-Chief, who has too many ceremonial and decorative duties to discharge. He says:—

There is one post to which Kitchener is suited, and which is suited to him—namely, that of Chief-of-the-Staff, carrying with it, call it by what name you will, the sole, solitary, and exclusive duty of preparation for war.

Kitchener's strength lies in his power to create—surely the supremest and grandest faculty of Nature herself.

A Bishop as Butcher.

THE slaughtering of swine is not generally considered a part of episcopal duty, even though the primate among the apostles was once bidden "kill and eat" a menagerie of unclean beasts. But missionary enterprise imposes many unexpected tasks, and the Bishop of New Guinea tells in *Pearson's Magazine* how his sermon on the cruelty of the cannibals' method of killing their pigs led to them asking him to act as slaughterer next day! He complied, and with his own rifle shot fifty of the animals. The aforesaid sermon was enforced by a native teacher in these words:—

"Yes, if you listen to the missionaries, and do as they tell you, when you come to die, you will go off quietly, like a pig which the white men have killed. But if you harden your hearts, you will die like a pig stuck in native fashion, singing out dreadfully!"

The natives, however, missed the squealing of the poor porkers, which had generally added to the zest of their enjoyment of the festival, and besought the missionary to at least let them spear one and hear it sing out. The Bishop, however, dissuaded them. Like most missionaries the Bishop has discovered—

It would be quite useless to limit our training to religious teaching. We have established technical classes.

But the Bishop certainly had not expected to give technical instruction in the art and mystery of transforming live pig into dead pork.

THE MAD MULLAH.

VERY interesting and topical at the present moment is the article concerning the personality of the Mad Mullah, contributed by M. Hugues Le Roux to the *Revue de Paris*. The writer, who entitles his article "The New Mahdi," spent last year in the tract of country which is still giving us such trouble, and he gathered many interesting particulars concerning Abdulla Achur, whose religious crusade in Somaliland has met with such unexpected success, and who will, M. Le Roux declares, end by becoming as formidable an adversary as he who was vanquished at Omdurman.

THE NEW MAHDI.

Some years ago Abdulla Achur was already much discussed among the Mussulman population of Aden and of the surrounding country; the Europeans made light of "the New Mahdi," as he was already styled, and at Aden was first invented for him the foolish and misleading nickname of the Mad Mullah.

Abdulla seems to have first appeared on the horizon five years ago; he had then performed four times the lengthy and difficult pilgrimage to Mecca, and he edified all the Mussulmans with whom he came in contact by his piety and learning. The new Mahdi is some thirty-two years of age; he is a true Somali, tall, vigorous, and with regular features. His past career, like that of all Mahomedan "saints," has been very adventurous; his father was a shepherd in the Somali country, and he was brought up among the herds. There he was met by a Mahomedan missionary, who offered to buy him from his parents and to bring him up to a religious life. His first pilgrimage to Mecca took place when he was twenty, and he produced so great an impression on the Sheik Mahomed Salah, the supreme head of the mysterious confraternity known as Tariqa Mahadia, that the latter kept him with him, and now Abdulla is the favourite disciple of this important religious leader.

HOW THE MULLAH GAINS HIS POWER.

Abdulla, in spite of the fact that he is regarded more or less as a savage by his adversaries, is a man of considerable learning, familiar with every kind of theological subtlety, and quite able to work on the religious fanaticism of his followers. Already the Mad Mullah has obtained extraordinary influence over the inhabitants of Somaliland. He has passed various decrees, of which one makes it illegal to be married by an ordinary Cadi who is subject to the King of England; such marriages, he declares, are null and void. He also freely excommunicates all those who do not follow his peculiar tenets, and in all sorts of ways he recalls, as no other Mahdi has ever done, his great predecessor Mahomet. Up to the present time Abdulla has only met with one important reverse. This was inflicted on him in the spring of 1900 by the soldiers of Menelik; since then the Mullah avoids his northern neighbours.

M. Le Roux pays a high tribute to Colonel Swayne, who, he says, knows Somaliland better than any Englishman alive, and who, he declares, must have known well the determined foe against whom he was pitted with such insufficient forces. The French writer tells the story of the repulse. He evidently considers that the Mad Mullah may develop into a very serious adversary, and he advises the British Government to prepare for a serious campaign in February, which is, he says, the best season of the year for the enterprise. The question is much complicated, because certain loyal tribes, while perfectly willing to live content and happy lives under British rule, are determined to resist every effort made to compel them to fight their co-religionists.

ANOTHER DE WET.

At Aden the new Mahdi is no longer called the Mad Mullah; indeed the local paper spoke of him as "another De Wet," for, like the Boer General, Abdulla seems to have a remarkable power of darting from one point to another. Meanwhile the Emperor Menelik is watching what is to him a most interesting game with intense attention; he also is anti-Mullah, but according to M. Le Roux he is waiting to be asked to lend his powerful aid to Great Britain, for then he will be able to ask in exchange that his new ally should formally recognise the existence of Abyssinia, which his French friend considers should be regarded as an Eastern Switzerland, or No-man's Land.

"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS,"

AS PAINTED BY DOMENICO MORELLI.

IN the December number of the *Art Journal* Professor Alfredo Melani has an interesting article on Domenico Morelli. The famous painting by Morelli, entitled "La Deposizione di Christo dalla Croce," is thus described:—

Among his religious canvases, that which is best known from the point of view which interests us, is one of the embalming of Christ, entitled "Deposizione di Christo dalla Croce." It is a magnificent subject, and one of his finest and most suggestive compositions. By this work a new light seems to be thrown on the death of our Saviour.

Altamura has assured us of the painter's admiration for the Bible, and Morelli himself mentions the fact that he had the inspiration to produce through the study of the Gospel this picture, in which he represented Christ as no one had previously done. All other painters of the descent from the cross have found a motive for showing Christ wasted by His sufferings; Morelli places Christ in the centre of the scene, thus allowing himself to respect tradition, and though not treating the subject in the manner of his humanised religious art, he has gone to nature for form and colour in painting the sad ceremony, and to the Gospel for a general idea of the scene.

Around the Body, enveloped in the shroud, he placed pious women and Apostles, dismayed yet filled with admiration; the rising moon illumines the figure of Christ, and throws beams of light over the scene in which the darkness is more powerful than the light. This, added to the general brown tone, gives an indescribable impression of mystery, one which is not decreased by the realistic and unforeseen envelopment of Christ in the shroud.

THE FOREIGN INVASION OF CANADA.

Two articles have come under my notice this month which illustrate admirably the virtue of vital and natural political movements as opposed to artificial combinations suggested by individual theorists. M. Finot, in his articles in *La Revue*, which I notice elsewhere, maintains the advantages of an Anglo-French union as the nucleus of an united Europe over the idea of Anglo-American union advocated by me in "The Americanisation of the World." On the top of this comes a paper by Mr. Archibald S. Hurd, in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which we find that—let us regard M. Finot's proposition with as much favour as we like—the Americanisation of the British Empire goes on in spite of our wishes and predilections.

THE DECLINE OF THE BRITISH.

Mr. Hurd's paper deals with "The Foreign Invasion of Canada;" but if "The Americanisation of Canada" were not in a sense a bull, it would have been a much better title. Canada, he points out, is, firstly, being de-Anglicised by foreign immigration and by the growth of the French, and, secondly, Americanised by the phenomenal flood of immigrants from across the frontier. The natural growth of the Canadian population is small. The census of 1881 showed an increase in ten years of 19 per cent.; in 1901 the increase had fallen to 11·14 per cent. And it is not the British, but the French, who account for most of this small increase. The French Canadians double in numbers every twenty-five years. Families of eighteen and twenty children are not infrequent; and in Quebec the birth-rate is 36·86 per thousand. The French Canadians, Mr. Hurd insists, are not well affected to England, and they enjoy their liberties as sops given by the British nation in the hope of keeping them quiet. Meantime immigration from the European continent has increased, while the number of British- and Irish-born settlers is 100,000 less than it was thirty years ago.

THE AMERICAN WAVE.

The British element in Canada is therefore relatively falling off. Settlers from the United States are flooding the country. Last year only 25 per cent. of the immigrants came from the United Kingdom, while 35 per cent. came across the frontier. In 1901, there were 17,987 immigrants from the United States, and only 9,401 from England and Wales, 1,476 from Scotland, and 933 from Ireland. In the present year, down to the beginning of October, 27,000 Americans have entered Canada. The immigrants bring considerable capital with them, and become permanent settlers. Of the 127,891 who had settled in Canada by last Christmas, 84,493 have already been naturalised.

THE AMERICANISATION OF CANADA.

Canada is, in fact, becoming Americanised. British emigration is becoming every day less important. Mr. Hurd explains this largely by the erroneous ideas which are so widespread in England as to the severity of the Canadian climate. Mr. Kipling's description

of Canada as "My Lady of the Snows" has been itself sufficient to throw back the development of the colony by Englishmen a whole decade. Mr. Hurd, however, says that the immigration of Americans, who thoroughly know the Canadian climate, shows that the climate is a good one. As the result of it all, we witness the development of a Canadian policy which if not anti-British is not pro-British. The Canadian immigration officials regard the problem solely from a Canadian point of view, and welcome the wealthy and enterprising American who crosses their frontier. Mr. Hurd thinks that this threatening movement can be checked by spreading juster knowledge among Britishers in regard to the Canadian climate. But in view of the increasing disinclination of Englishmen for country life, it seems more probable that the Americanisation of the British Empire has definitely begun in Canada.

CANADA'S AMERICANISED PRESS.

In an article in the *Monthly Review* on "Canada and Imperial Ignorance," Mr. W. Beach Thomas also lays stress on the Americanisation of the country:—

American ideas, if not America, are taking the country-captive. The Americans have no insidious intentions, no *arrière pensée*—an American seldom has. He is generally candid, if not honest, to a degree. He goes where he goes to make money, and makes no pretence of ulterior objects; he neither simulates nor dissimulates. But power goes with the making of money as an inseparable accident; and the American is apt to win other prizes than millions. It is no small achievement that the Press is completely captured. It has been done merely in the way of business; but so effectively that in the last ten years English magazines have been practically banished. Private people and the clubs still take in this or that weekly paper, but it may be said that there is practically no public sale at all; no agents who take English papers, no public which demands them. Some of the shells may be seen, but an inspection of the contents reveals the American edition, in which articles especially designed to suit American tastes have been substituted in New York for the more typical English material.

Mr. Thomas argues that we are losing our hold on Canada owing to the ignorance of that Colony which is so common in England, an ignorance which leads some Englishmen to address their letters, "Ottawa, Canada, the United States." He thinks that it would be more profitable to expend the £12,000,000 a year now spent on maintaining paupers in making immigration easy.

THE *Cornhill Magazine* for December has in it plenty of interest. It is dignified by the singular power of its opening poem by Mrs. Woods. Mr. Sidney Low's study of Kossuth ends with a lament for the extreme political optimism of the men of '48, who expected the millennium when their reforms were achieved, but no millennium has yet arrived. Mr. W. J. Fletcher draws an effective contrast between the condition of the seas before and after they were policed by the British Navy. A writer on the prospect for the Army as a profession boldly prophesies that the country will insist on getting higher efficiency in the Imperial Army, be the cost what it may. The Rev. W. H. Hutton, writing on Bishop Stubbs and the Roll Series, dares to say that Dr. Stubbs must remain one of the greatest names in the record of English letters.

THE NILE DAM AND ITS RESULTS.

In the December *Idler* Mr. Frank Fayant writes upon the great work of "Capturing the Nile's Golden Floods," which will be completed before the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Mr. Fayant says:—

Without the Nile Egypt would be as barren as the Great Desert. With the great river, fertile Egypt is but an elongated oasis, a thin green line on either side of the stream from Alexandria up into the heart of Central Africa. This thin green line in the days of the ancients made Egypt the garden and granary of the world. And for thirty centuries men have struggled to widen this line. But all the mighty undertakings of the past—the building of dykes to bind the floods, the raising of great walls to hold them back, the digging of canals and basins to lead the water to the parched fields—have been but pigmy efforts compared to this last work, which, at a single stroke, increases the national wealth by £80,000,000.

He tells very vividly of the labours of Sir Benjamin Baker, Sir Ernest Cassel, and, lastly, of Sir John Aird,

begin excavating as soon as the Nile subsided. In closing a channel we first threw ton after ton of granite blocks into the cataract, and then we pitched in trainloads of rock, trucks and all. Gradually the rubble mound rose above the surface of the water. After the flood had subsided we banked this rock wall with many thousand bags of sand. What a task we had to get those bags! We used eight millions, and we had to search all Europe for them. When the floods rose again we anxiously watched the excavation ditch protected by these walls of rock and sand bags. We had a score of great pumps ready to draw out the water should it rush in, but so well had our suds been constructed that two pumps were as many as we needed.

In addition to his descriptions of the work of the dam, Mr. Fayant points out the probability of the erection of cotton mills in Egypt to spin the Egyptian cotton. "It is cotton that makes modern Egypt a living land, for Egyptian cotton is known over the world as the best cotton grown." He wonders what will be the effect upon the Lancashire mills when to the growth of spinning in the southern American



Reproduced from the "*Idler*."

The Nile Dam at Assouan.

in the building of the Assouan dam, which Lord Cromer roughly estimates will increase the agricultural earning power of Egypt by £2,600,000 every year. When we recollect that the dam only cost some £2,500,000 to build, the enormous value of the work can be more easily realised.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE TASK.

Mr. Fayant gives some interesting conversations which he had with Sir Ernest Cassel and Sir Benjamin Baker. The letter, describing the natural difficulties to be overcome, says:—

We had no idea of the difficulties we were to meet. We were greatly hampered in the work at the beginning because of the uncertainties of the river bed. We had to crush one turbulent channel after another to enable our thousands of workmen to go down into the bed of the river to excavate for the foundations. This work had to be done at High Nile to enable us to

States is added the establishment of an Egyptian spinning industry. A great feature of the article is a series of excellent pictures, one of which we reproduce.

THERE is a great deal to catch the eye and take the fancy in the *Temple Magazine* for December. "The fascination of fast motion" is set forth by Wm. J. Lampton with a profusion of illustrations, including looping the loop on a bicycle, motoring, horse-racing, express trains, torpedo-catchers, spiral incline, yachting, tobogganing, skating, etc. A similar *omnium gatherum* of taking things is provided by W. G. Robinson in his "Diversions of Some Millionaires." The mystery how fashions are set is explained, with much elaborately dressed and half-dressed portraiture, by Miss Nancy Woodrow.

A NEW NAVY LEAGUE PROPAGANDA.

THE NEED FOR PRECAUTIONS AGAINST GERMANY.

IN the *National Review* for December there is an article by "Enquirer" on "The British Admiralty and the German Navy," which is characteristic of the Germanophobe campaign now being waged by that review. "Enquirer's" article is nominally a scheme of naval defence against German ambitions; but as the writer informs us his article was submitted to the Executive Committee of the Navy League, who unanimously approved of it, it may be regarded as a new pronouncement of that somewhat irresponsible body. Whether the Navy League does wisely in identifying itself with Jingo movements against particular nations is very doubtful.

"Enquirer's" article, however, is interesting. He thinks that there is danger from Germany, and he is sure we are not equipped to meet it. Our weakness in the North Sea is Germany's strength. We are weak for several reasons. Our ships draw too much water for the waters of the shallow Baltic. The coasts of Germany are not easy of approach, and while no German battleship draws more than 25 feet, no British modern battleship draws less than 26'6". The German coast defences are so strong and well organised that no attack upon them would have the smallest chance of success. The shooting of the German ships is excellent. Last summer the Kaiser fired eight rounds from the six-inch gun, and every shot hit the target. In coaling the Germans hold the world's record; their officers are younger and in some respects better than ours:—

The great principle followed and attained is the direction of the fleet in war by men who have been trained specially for that object in peace; the ruthless elimination of those who fall below the highest standard of energy and capacity, and the strict enforcement of responsibility throughout the force.

THE DANGER OF INVASION.

In less than forty-eight hours the whole German fleet can be at sea. Supposing the Mediterranean Fleet at Gibraltar, three or four days must pass before it appears in the Channel. At certain times of the year we might be left with nothing but the Reserve Squadron to defend us:—

Numerically it is equal to the German squadron, supposing Germany employs her best ships alone in the attack; in speed, armament, gunnery and general efficiency the German force is superior, because it is much newer and more carefully exercised. Granted the Reserve fleet destroyed, for two to three days the enemy would be the master of the North Sea, and the situation which Napoleon sought to produce in 1805 would have come into existence. There would be no difficulty in the transport of an army of one, two, or three army corps to Harwich, though there would be a deterrent in the certainty that the powerful British squadrons from the south would appear in the North Sea in at least a week from the date of war.

But "Enquirer" maintains that the worst that could happen to a German expeditionary force would be capture, whereas the Germans believe that, even if cut off from home, they could strike such a blow as would bring England to her knees.

JAPANESE FORMOSA.

IN the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* the Rev. W. Campbell pays well-deserved praise to the results of Japanese colonisation in Formosa. His descriptions of the reforms and improvements introduced are of great value, in that they show to the ignorant that the Japanese are thoroughly convinced of the necessity of intelligence and common sense in such work. Mr. Campbell visited the Taichu Prison, and says of it:—

The whole thing was intensely interesting to me, because on every hand one could see the operation of high intelligence, firmness, and even of mercy in grappling with evils which are found amongst people of every land. Before coming away the Governor remarked to me that the entire group of buildings, including the surrounding wall, was the outcome of convict labour; and it did, indeed, seem to be a feature of the system here that no prisoner was allowed to shirk duty who was really able to work. Nor can anyone question the soundness of this principle, for the healthful appearance of the large companies I saw engaged in the manufacture of straw mattresses, and as brick-makers, builders, carpenters, and coolies, was in favour of it; while statistics given me regarding the after-career of those who had served their terms of confinement also showed that prison-life in Taichu was both bearable and distinctly reformatory in its tendency.

JAPAN AND THE OPIUM TRADE.

Dealing with the question of the opium traffic, which in Formosa is one of the Government monopolies, Mr. Campbell writes:—

As to the attitude of Japan in regard to the opium trade, it may be said that the Government at Tokyo has never wavered in its opposition to opium as an article of commerce; and this opposition, coupled with a general knowledge throughout Japan of the origin and consequences of the trade elsewhere, has led to the Japanese having kept themselves wholly clean from the enervating effects of the opium curse.

WHAT JAPAN HAS ACCOMPLISHED.

Mr. Campbell sums up what has been done in Formosa as follows:—

At the outset it should be remembered that, when they arrived in 1895, instead of being allowed to take quiet possession, they found the people everywhere up in arms against them, and had literally to fight their way from north to south before anything like settled government could be established. . . . Immediately after some measure of peace had been restored, the executive sent out qualified experts to engage in survey work and to report on the resources of their newly ceded territory.

A complete census of the population was taken in 1897. 800 miles of roads were made, and a tramway line laid down from Takow to Sin-tek. This was followed by construction of the main line of railway from Kelung to Takow, about one-half of which has already been opened for goods and passenger traffic. Three cables were also laid down, connecting Formosa with Japan, Foochow, and the Pescadores, and over the existing 1,500 miles of telegraph and telephone wires immediate communication has been made possible with every important inland centre. The post-offices recently opened in Formosa number over a hundred, and letters can now be sent to any part of the empire for two cents each. Up till the close of 1899 one hundred and twenty-two Government educational institutions had been established, only nine of those being for Japanese, and one hundred and thirteen for natives. There are at present ten principal Government hospitals in the island, at which about 60,000 patients are treated gratuitously every year, while sanitary precautions and free vaccination have become so general that the danger from visitations like smallpox and plague has been very much reduced.

OUR INDUSTRIAL RIVAL IN THE EAST.

In the *Quarterly Review* there is an interesting paper on "The Commerce and Industry of Japan," from which much of value may be learnt, although the article does not approach in importance the earlier article on "The Growth of Japan." The writer says:—

The object of the present article is to show that Japan's commercial and industrial progress has been no less marked than her military and political development; and that, starting from equally unpromising beginnings, it has already advanced to a stage, not only of substantial importance in the present, but, if the experience of the past is a trustworthy guide, of the fairest promise for the future.

After a fairly exact review of the present industrial and commercial position of Japan, the writer solemnly warns British manufacturers to "wake up" if they would not lose their trade with Japan to America and their trade with China to Japan. In the enormous growth of the population of Japan the writer sees a promise of much increased industrial activity, since the rural districts are as thickly inhabited as is possible for profitable cultivation.

When, however, he deals with the advantages of cheap labour hitherto enjoyed by Japanese manufacturers, and announces that this advantage is rapidly diminishing, he seems to overstep the proofs available.

Speaking of the alleged dishonesty of the Japanese merchants the writer is very bitter, and altogether overlooks the unfortunate fact that whereas there was a very sufficient excuse for the Japanese merchants, there has been none for those foreigners, and even foreign nations, who have had no compunction in taking advantage of the ignorance of a country newly emerged from feudal darkness.

In closing, the writer pays a justly deserved meed of praise to Baron Shibusawa, who by his integrity, wonderful capacity, and business ability has raised the calling of merchant to an equality with any in the land. It is of interest, therefore, to quote Baron Shibusawa's views upon the future of the commerce of the East:—

I think we can supply the Oriental markets even now better than other nations can, although the trade is necessarily mostly in the form of an exchange of products. . . . The trade of the Oriental countries will come to be regarded as Japan's natural share, and she is already well capable of supplying it.—"Japan; Our New Ally," p. 73.

A Tribute to George Meredith.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for October Harriet W. Preston writes an article upon the last three novels of Mr. Meredith, under the title of "A Knightly Pen." She dwells upon the continuous and accumulative interest of Mr. Meredith's latest romances, "One of our Conquerors," "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," and the "Amazing Marriage." Taken collectively they comprise the searching discussion of a very serious theme, and reveal Mr. Meredith as the gallant champion of woman. But the emancipation which Mr. Meredith claims is in no sense an intellectual one, neither is it economic; it is barely moral, and can be achieved only through the moral regeneration of the women's natural masters. Mr. Meredith's ideal is that of the thirteenth century rescued from disrepute and ridicule so far as may be, and added to the uses of the present day.

THE ORIGINAL FRANCISCANS.

THE re-discovery of the original St. Francis promises to be attended with results similar, though necessarily infinitely smaller, to the effects in a larger sphere of the re-discovery of the original Man of Nazareth. The Salvation Army on the one side, and the Social Settlements on the other, have been described as a modern revival of primitive Franciscanism. The interest in the Saint of Assisi certainly grows and deepens. The gross Mammonism of modern life impels deeper natures to a longing after the Franciscan passion for poverty. The *Church Quarterly Review* bears witness to the current feeling by an article on the Third Order of St. Francis. It announces as one of the assured results of critical research that the old stories of the three orders founded in succession by St. Francis—first of monks, second of nuns, and third of men and women in the world but not of it—must be given up:—

The fact is that, instead of being an afterthought, the Third Order was the starting-point. As the non-collegiate student was the original university man, so is the member of the Third Order the original Franciscan. For St. Francis did not really intend to found a religious order at all, and most of the sadness of his later years was caused by the events incidental to the foundation of the Order which bears his name. So far as he desired to found anything, it was a great religious fraternity which should be able to embrace "all Christians, monks, clerks, or laymen, whether men or women, yea, all who dwell in the whole world."

The reviewer quotes the actual evidence of an eye-witness, Jacques de Vitry, a French scholar and ecclesiastic, who visited Italy in July, 1216. He says:—

Nevertheless, I found one ground for consolation in those parts; for many people of both sexes, rich and high in station, forsake the world, leaving all for the love of Christ. They are called the Brothers Minor. . . . They live after the manner of the primitive Church, of which it is written: "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul." During the day they go into the towns and villages to win souls and to work. At night they resort to hermitages or lonely places, to give themselves up to contemplation. The women live together near cities, in divers convents, accept nothing, but are maintained by the work of their hands.

In conclusion the reviewer says:—

After all, the Franciscan spirit is larger than any single Franciscan type. That spirit has proved itself full of vitality, and it never showed more abundant signs of promise than it does today. And St. Francis was more than the most complete exemplification of his work. As we look back, after the lapse of nearly seven centuries, we find in him a man who is very near akin to ourselves, but who is in some ways even more like his Master and ours. A Jewish writer has said, disparagingly, that, after all, our Latin Nazarete was but a pale reflection of the Semitic. The words may be accepted as true, though in a rather different sense from that in which they were intended. St. Francis was a living *Imitatio Christi*.

THE *Young Woman* publishes an interview with Mrs. Campbell Praed under the title of "An Australian in the Old Land." Mrs. Praed was born and reared in Queensland, but she came to England when she was twenty-three, and has remained here ever since. She began writing short stories before she was fifteen years of age, but they were mere drivel. It was not until she was thirty that she published her first novel.

THE JEWS IN ROUMANIA.

(1) THE ROUMANIAN POINT OF VIEW.

M. A. D. XÉNOPOL, Professor of Jassy University, contributes a long article to the *Renaissance Latine*, in which he sets out the grievances of the Roumanians against the Jews in their country. Briefly described, M. Xénopol may be said to bring the same accusations against the Roumanian Jews as are brought by the Russians against the Russian Jews. They are the exploiters of the people, and they control the whole economic machinery of the kingdom.

M. Xénopol denies that there is any such thing as persecution of the Roumanian Jews. There is no prohibition against the Jews becoming naturalised Roumanian subjects. The difficulty, he declares, lies in the fact that the Jews demand naturalisation *en masse*; that is, that a single law shall declare all Jews born in the country of parents residing there to be Roumanian subjects. Such a measure, M. Xénopol maintains, would be ruinous for the country, as the Jews, without becoming assimilated Roumanians, would control everything. At present the Jews are in no sense Roumanian. They refuse to speak the language, they contribute nothing to its literature, which they cannot even read, they boycott Roumanian artistes of all kinds, and they shrink from the obligations of patriotism. As proof of which M. Xénopol cites the Russo-Turkish war, in which the 2000 Jews who served lost only one man killed, owing to their pretending to be ill, and otherwise evading active fighting.

The Jews are the drink-shop keepers and usurers, who suck out the blood of the Roumanian people, says M. Xénopol. They control the grain trade of the country and have seized upon all industries. Thus, for instance, when European customs first made their way into the country they captured the tailoring trade, the native tailors being unable to cut clothes in the European style. Jewish farmers, especially in Moldavia, have replaced the natives everywhere. The Jews form two-thirds of the population of Jassy, and they have actually increased in numbers, while the Christian population has fallen. Their birth-rate is higher and their death-rate is lower than that of the Moldavians. According to M. Xénopol, this result has been attained owing to economic causes and to the great prosperity of the Jews. Whenever the Christians undertake any industry or trade the Jews succeed in underselling them and ruining their enterprises. And so on.

The success of the Jews, M. Xénopol admits, is largely due to their superior moral and intellectual qualities. They are more sober, more industrious, and more ingenious than the Christians. But he will not admit that they have rendered services to Roumania by thus succeeding. On the contrary, he declares that their chief successes are due, not to their work, but to their capacity for exploiting the work of Christians. The facts which he cites as to Jewish industry, however, do not support this view; and his

paper may be summed up by saying that it embodies the jealousy felt in all countries when one section of the population increases in prosperity and the other section falls behind.

(2) FROM THE JEWISH STANDPOINT.

The account of the position of the Jews in Roumania, contributed to the *North American Review* for November by the Rev. M. Gaster, throws a light upon the question very different from the Roumanian defence. Mr. Gaster ought to be an authority upon the subject, for he himself was obliged to leave Roumania owing to his having incurred the displeasure of the Anti-Semites by his advocacy of the cause of his brethren. Mr. Gaster's account is lamentable. The anti-Jewish laws are nominally directed against "aliens"; and the Roumanian Jews, by a masterpiece of political fiction, are declared to be "aliens not subject to an alien Power." They are thus deprived of protection from without as well as from within. The Jews in Roumania have been driven out of the villages and rural districts and compelled to live in artificial Ghetti in the towns. They are aliens always when it is a question of rights, but natives when it is a question of duties. They must serve in the army, but cannot be promoted; they pay all taxes without being allowed to benefit from the advantages derived therefrom. Though they form the majority of the merchants they are not allowed to vote for the Chambers of Commerce. They cannot participate in any public work; and a law was submitted to Parliament in December, 1901, which will prevent them selling groceries, keeping coffee-houses or bakeries. The Roumanian peasants are friendly to them, and have even resisted by force their expulsion from the villages. Jewish communities have no legal status and cannot hold property; and in some cases Jewish common property has been confiscated owing to no one being recognised as the legal owner. The Jews are quite willing to work as peasants if allowed; but they are not allowed.

Altogether Mr. Gaster makes out a good case against the Roumanian Government. Mr. Gaster puts down much of the evil to the account of Austria, which, when Roumania became independent, immediately declared sixteen thousand of her Jewish *protégés* to be no longer under her protection.

THE YELLOW TIBER, according to Professor Nispi-Landi, as reported by Hayden Church in *Pearson's Magazine*, is a veritable Pactolus—a stream with a bed of gold. He bases his belief on the fact that whenever and wherever the Tiber was searched in the work of bridge-building or of work on the embankments, ancient and valuable things always came to light. Generally, they were valuable enough to pay the entire cost of the operations. He expects to find at the bottom of the Tiber untold wealth in the shape of money and jewellery, statues in gold and silver and bronze, weapons and armour, and, above all, the golden candlestick from the Jewish temple. Already the sum of £60,000 has been guaranteed for the work of systematic exploration.

RELIGION IN ITALY TO-DAY.

THE religious condition of Italy is the subject of a painstaking and fair-minded paper in the *Church Quarterly Review*. The writer has lived for several years in Italy, and acknowledges the generous friendship of not a few of the most learned and most devout clergy as the source of almost all his information. He states that among the younger and more enlightened clergy there is a large and growing section which would endorse the words of one of them:—"The Temporal Power is impossible; thank God, it is impossible." The tension between the Papacy and the Monarchy is, he thinks, injurious to religion, excluding, as it tends to do, devout Catholics from Parliament, and forcing the Monarchy to favour anti-clerical movements. The confiscation of monastic property has thrown out of cultivation the land formerly tilled by the monks, and has done great temporal injury to the poor, for whom there is no legal provision.

THE WORSHIP OF THE VILLAGES.

The writer gives his general impression:—

With all allowance for a considerable minority who have rejected Christianity, there can be no doubt that by far the greater part of the Italian people profess and practise the Catholic religion. The churches are numerous, and generally well attended. . . . There is something beautiful and touching in the unanimity of an Italian village in matters of religion. The English visitor may be moved to a righteous envy when he observes the whole population flocking together to the house of God, and compares with this pleasant scene some village at home, where a great part of the population spends the Sunday morning in bed, and the rest of the day in the public-house or at the street-corner; where those who worship worship in hostile church and chapel; where most of those who worship in church think they have fulfilled the obligations of Sunday by listening to Matins, and where only a tiny minority offer the Lord's Service on the Lord's day.

The writer laments the apparent indifference of Italians during the most solemn act of worship, yet hazards the opinion that "Italians realise more than we do the privilege and the duty of prayer. Yet prayer is often regarded as a charm rather than an intelligent devotion." Of prayer to the blessed Lord, he says we find very little; of prayer to the Eternal Father, hardly a trace. The Madonna is the principal object of worship. He says that devotion to our Lord is maintained in Italy chiefly by reverence to the Blessed Sacrament.

THE ITALIANS' LOVE OF ORATORY.

Unlike what might have been expected from a Ritualistic people—

the Italians are great lovers of oratory, and a sermon seldom fails to attract a congregation, the rather, perhaps, because it is not a regular part of Divine Service. The ordinary sermon of a parish priest is often admirable—a simple inculcation in plain and affectionate language, and with much of the grace which is characteristic of the nation, of some homely duty.

The great and increasing need of definite religious instruction is urged. The writer gathers

that in the majority of communal schools there is a certain amount of religious instruction, but that in many places it does not go beyond the recitation of a prayer, and perhaps a slight

amount of teaching of Gospel history from a manual. In the Government schools of a higher grade, the *Ginnasio* and the *Liceo*, there is no religious teaching at all, so that it is possible for a lad to be trained for one of the learned professions without ever learning a word of the Christian faith.

THE MORALITY OF THE CLERGY.

As to the moral character of the clergy, witnesses who can hardly be charged with clerical prejudices give, on the whole, a favourable account of the Northern priesthood:—

We cannot speak with equal assurance of the South. An eminent Roman priest lent us a pamphlet by a German pastor in Naples, which gives a horrible account of clerical immorality. We returned the pamphlet to him with the remark that it was the work of an enemy. "Yes," he replied, "but of an enemy who speaks the truth." The worst statement in this book is the assertion that people are not shocked by clerical immorality, but regard it as natural and inevitable. It is to be feared that the standard of sexual morality is not high. An Anglican friend tells us that a prelate lamented to him that a certain cardinal was not elected at the last conclave. "But," our friend replied, "he is a man of conspicuous immorality." "No doubt," was the answer; "but you Anglicans seem to think there is no virtue but chastity. The cardinal has not that, but he is an honest man."

Nevertheless, the writer regards clerical marriage as outside the limits of practical reform. He says, "We have never come across an authenticated case of the misuse of the confessional for the service of vice." Not profligacy, but sloth is the besetting sin of the Italian priest. The writer adds that he cannot "welcome the movement which bears the name of Christian Democracy," and laments the lack of the intelligent study of theology. He sees few signs of Protestant progress, and dissuades from proselytism. He reports that Italians seem no more oppressed by the dogma of Papal infallibility than Englishmen are by the dictum that "the King can do no wrong."

RAILWAYS IN CLOUDLAND.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* M. Desmarest gives a curious account of those railway lines which lead very literally to cloudland—that is, which make their way up the sides of steep mountains. The most remarkable of these roads are in America; in the Andes is one line, that of Oroya, close on fifteen thousand feet above the sea. This railway, one hundred and thirty-eight miles in length, cost two hundred millions of francs to make! In Europe the record belongs to the Zermatt-Gornergrat line, which has only been opened four years, and which is worked by electricity, some ten thousand feet above sea level; soon this line will be continued to the Jungfrau. When this work is completed it will be worth going to Switzerland simply to take a journey on this extraordinary railway, literally cut out of the living rock. The work goes on in winter as well as in summer, and a regular industrial village has been grouped together on the mountain-side, some six thousand feet above the plain. In France there are two cloudland railways; the one is the Dauphiné, and the other, traversing some of the loveliest mountain scenery in Europe, joins Fayet and Chamonix.

THE NEW REFORMATION, AND WHY IT CONFINES ITSELF TO REVIEW WRITING.

"CATHOLICISM *versus* ULTRAMONTANISM"—this is the issue in the new Catholic revolt, as defined by the writers (or writer) who sign themselves "Voces Catholicæ" in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*. The article is a very long and elaborate one, and deals in detail with all the grievances which the Rev. Arthur Galton, in a recent article, declared were driving 150 English secular priests into open rebellion against the Roman Curia. Why that revolt has come to nothing the writers explain by admitting that the evils of a public protest seem to them greater than the blessings of silent endurance.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

Learned and earnest Catholics are quite powerless to check the process of degeneration which is now rapidly undermining the Catholic Church. The root of the evil is that under Leo XIII. the work of building a perishable edifice upon the eternal rock has been organised with such ingenuity and pushed forward with such energy and fearlessness of by-results, that a vast revolution in matters relating to faith, morals, and ecclesiastical government is in full swing. Ultramontanism, which is the work of spiritually weak-minded men egged on by a strong worldly spirit, is usurping the rôle which should by right devolve upon the religion revealed by God Himself. The educated Catholic complains of the divorce between religion and science in the upper classes, and the intimate union between superstition and piety among the lower orders.

The Catholic Church is in the throes of a crisis which seems destined, if not drastically dealt with, to modify profoundly not merely the *personnel* of the community, but likewise its spiritual power for good. Church government is becoming more and more centralised, the organisation of the Society of Jesus serving as a model; the authority of the Bishops is to be gradually transferred to congregations under the Pope's orders, and the individual Catholic is to be trained to implicit obedience to Rome in every sphere of thought and action.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

Superstition has eaten up the Catholic Church. It has taken the place of religion, and set off credulity against remissness in ethical conduct, and established theocracy in politics:—

According to our theologians, the devil is constantly working in our midst, not merely as the symbol of sin and crime, but in flesh and blood, or at any rate in the form of men and animals, seducing frail women, tempting gross-minded men, entrapping unwary Catholics and dragging God's creatures into the bottomless pit. He makes bargains with Christians for their souls, has the stipulations written with blood, and often takes bodily possession of the sinner, from whose body he can only be driven by exorcism. But he is in mortal dread of scapulars, rosaries, medals, holy water and other things which are, so to say, invested with magical virtue.

The warfare against science is continuous. In a work published by a Catholic professor, and approved by his Bishop, we are informed that hell is below the crust of the earth, and that the volcanoes are its apertures. "From the scientific point of view," proceeds this treatise, "the fire of hell is produced by the perpetual round of certain chemical processes, whereby, in virtue of a divine arrangement, certain subterranean matters combine chemically with oxygen and other gases, and then disappear again." The devil can produce the phenomena of light, heat, and sound, bring about the birth of living beings, and send fire from heaven:—

He fashions out of suitable materials for himself or for other purposes, bodies which resemble those of men or beasts, and by the employment of mechanical forces he imparts to them corresponding outward qualities such as weight, hardness, warmth, colour.

ERROR AND SIN.

This is only one of numerous instances cited by "Voces Catholicæ." Meantime real science is banned by the Church. "Error," as it is defined clerically, is the only unpardonable sin. The following passages are cited from a French clerical organ:—

"A man who lives in notorious concubinage, who blasphemes, who steals, even who assassinates, outrages the Decalogue, but not the Symbol. He may vitiate the will; his action does not cause the intellect to rot; disorders springing from passion, after all accidental, transitory, and repairable, but not disorders of ideas." "The personal intolerance which I preach does not regard therefore, in any way, crimes or secret vices, private sinners." "In order to form good Christians let us adopt the divine method, teaching, the only evangelical and efficacious one. Let us aim at the intellect: the rest will follow over and above."

THE REVOLT AND ITS WEAKNESS.

Catholics, we are told, will never consent to return in this way to the Middle Ages, with their demonology and theocratic principles. All over Europe, and in parts of the United States, the signs and symptoms which point to a gradual elimination of the intellectual elements from the Catholic Church are increasing and multiplying. Conservative Catholicism is becoming more and more the religion of farmers and petty *bourgeoisie* and assuming the form of a new Paganism. But why has the revolt made so little visible progress? "Voces Catholicæ" sees the cause in the persecution with which the Church pursues those who revolt against its tyranny and superstitions. The discontented must either live as hypocrites or else brave a lot which would terrify the most courageous:—

The methods employed by the Ultramontane press against any Catholic who openly assents to the reform movement are, on the Continent at least, positively infamous. The indiscretions of his youth are trumpeted abroad, his good faith is called in question, his morals are impugned, his sanity is denied, and when the facts and even appearances which should support these attacks are lacking, fancies are freely allowed to take their place.

THE destiny of the Philippines, according to Mr. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G., writing in *Macmillan*, is not autonomy; they must, he argues, be "ruled by a paternal government for their own good."

NEW TRANSCRIPTS OF OLD DOCTRINES.

THE Basis of Christian Doctrine is very suggestively treated in the *Hibbert Journal* by Professor Percy Gardiner. He is convinced that the spiritual nature of men will be the primary subject of religious doctrine in the twentieth century. It is our business, he says, "in the broader, wider light which floods the twentieth century, clearly to discern and methodically to arrange the elements of life which by our ancestors were rather felt than known, but which often lie very deep, near the very roots of our being."

RELIC WORSHIP AND MR. RHODES!

Strangely enough, he precludes his more serious endeavours by an allusion to Mr. Rhodes and relic worship!

Few of the superstitions of the Middle Ages seem to us more degrading, few more indefensible, than those connected with the earnest desire to possess the actual bodies of saints and martyrs. Undoubtedly this desire has led to deeds which cannot but be condemned, and to gross materialism in religion. Yet quite recently, when the body of Mr. Rhodes was laid to rest among the rocks of the Matoppos hills, in the midst of the land which he saved for Britain, none could fail to feel that the interment, though of a dead and decaying body, had real meaning, and that the dead hand of the great statesman would guard the Matoppos hills more securely than thousands of soldiers. For no view of human nature could be more faulty or more shallow than the view which regards it as swayed only by material advantages, and moving only on the lines of reason.

THE FACT OF CONVERSION.

Passing to consider soteriology, or the doctrine of salvation as based on fact, and referring with eulogy to the efforts of Mr. Granger, Mr. Starbuck and Professor William James to compare and classify the well-attested facts of religious experience, he says:—

The great and essential realities which lie at the roots of all Soteriologic doctrines are three: First, that man has a natural sense of sin, which may be in individuals stronger or weaker, but which tends to be very keen in those who are most alive to spiritual realities. Second, that the load of sin can only be removed by a change of heart, the change which by Christians is commonly called conversion, but which may be either sudden or gradual. Third, that no man by his own strivings can bring about this change, but that it is wrought in him, not in defiance of his own will, but by a kind of absorption of it by a higher Power.

PREDESTINATION.

The writer restates the doctrine of election:—

Though its pedigree is Jewish, it has parallels among all peoples. The notion of divine predestination plays a very important part in the theology of Islam. Belief in fate in Greece sometimes quite overshadowed the belief in the gods. And very many of the men who have made the greatest name in the world—Cæsar, Napoleon, Cromwell; or to come to our own times, Napoleon III., Bismarck, Gordon, Rhodes—have accepted in some form the doctrine of destiny or predestination. . . . At bottom it is based upon experience and reality. This doctrine, in varied forms, is an attempt or a series of attempts to explain, what is a fact of vast import and sublime majesty, that the destinies of men are arranged and swayed by a Power, mighty beyond our dreams, and wise beyond our imagination, who does place them as chessmen are placed on a board, and makes it impossible for them to move save in certain directions.

The complementary doctrine, that of reprobation, I take to be the result of applying logic where logic is powerless. . . . We may still believe that to every man at birth there is assigned

a task, that every life has an ideal aspect interpenetrating its visible manifestations. . . . After all it is not we that can attain the ideal, but the ideal which works itself out in us, shining in our darkness, strengthening our feeble wills and heating our languid desires.

NATURE: "A SOCIAL REALM OF SENTIENT BEINGS."

"MIND AND NATURE" is the subject of a most suggestive study by Mr. A. E. Taylor in the *International Journal of Ethics*. It is a brilliant, philosophic defence of the poet's sense of sympathy in Nature against the view of Nature as a mere unconscious mechanism. The writer develops Berkeley's position of the immateriality of Nature, and argues:—

Nature, too, if its independent existence is to be anything more than a mere word, must be in reality a society of percipient and conative subjects. Either this, or a mere assemblage of "ideas in my head"; there is no third possibility which can so much as be stated in intelligible language.

We only know, he argues, the existence of our fellow human beings through the kinship of purpose, which intimates a community of mind. He says: "The reality of the purposes of my fellows is guaranteed by the very same experience which assures me of the reality of my own purpose." He extends this same principle to our knowledge of Nature, which he regards as "a society of intelligences." It is thus that he philosophically undertakes to justify Wordsworth:—

Few of us can have gone through life without some experience of those special moods in which the aspects of external Nature are found to correspond marvellously with our own moral being. Whatever pedants may say to the contrary, it is a certain fact that there are aspects of Nature which have an inexplicable sympathy with all that is purest, kindest, and most strenuous in our own human nature. If you doubt it, try the effect of a morning alone in a pine wood in early summer, and you will find that Wordsworth's lines about the moral effects of an impulse from a vernal wood are no mere idle fancy. You may not, strictly speaking, learn any new proposition in the moral sciences from a morning spent with the Mother in one of these moods, but indisputably you come away with all that makes for goodness and truth in you strengthened by the encounter. Yet there are other, if rarer, aspects of Nature in which she seems to have precisely the same mysterious power to call out and invigorate what is worst in us. She is an ally of God often, of Satan at least now and then. Now it is easy to dismiss facts like these as the effects of imagination; but the problem they present is not to be got rid of in any such summary way.

Mr. Taylor concludes:—

Nature itself may be most truly thought of as a social realm of sentient beings, and if we are, as I have tried to suggest, not entirely cut off from all communion with the non-human social beings around us, but can at least at moments catch something of the general spirit of the whole, our relations with Nature will themselves, in so far as they have an ethical character, be of a social type, and so our problem, though not abolished, will at any rate be made less acute and difficult by our Philosophy of Nature.

With physicists proving all matter to be alive, with philosophers talking of "atom souls," and metaphysicians proving Nature to be a "social realm of sentient beings," we are surely nearer a firmer faith in Teufelsdrück's confession that "this universe is no longer dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house filled with spectres, but God-like and my Father's."

THE JAPANESE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE *Anglo-Japanese Gazette* for November 15th publishes an interesting illustrated paper, by Mr. Alfred Stead, describing the result of the recent General Election. The Election, which took place this autumn, is the first that has been held under the new electoral law of 1900, which extended the suffrage and redistributed the constituencies, and introduced voting by ballot. It would seem, from the reports that have reached this country, that the new law has been very successful in preventing bribery, corruption, and intimidation. The system of voting by ballot is very like that which prevails in our own country. It is difficult to explain the result precisely of the vote, because in Japan no party Government exists. The Lower House consists of 376 members, of whom 170 are followers of Marquis Ito. The Progressives secure about 120 seats, and the remainder, between 80 and 90, are split up in various groups. Marquis Ito, although his followers constitute much the largest section of the Chamber, has no intention at present of taking office. The Katsura Cabinet will continue in office as long as they acknowledge the confidence of the Emperor. The article contains a copy of the address, in which Marquis Ito pledges himself to encourage and promote education and to foster the personal character of the people, to strengthen the economic basis of national life by encouraging agricultural and industrial enterprises, by promoting navigation and commerce, and by completing the various means of communication. He also pledges himself to complete the defences of the country, and cultivate good relations with the Treaty Powers, and generally to improve the administration, and to guard against any return to the old evils and abuses. His formula in his manifesto, issued on the eve of the elections, takes as its watchword "Peace with honour abroad, progress with honour at home."

The Origin of Railway Signalling.

ADAM SMITH has immortalised the idle boy whose desire to play with his fellows instead of minding his engine led to the discovery of the eccentric rod. A parallel to this is adduced by Miss Gertrude Bacon in one of her valuable papers on the Servants of the Public in the *Leisure Hour*. She traces the origin of our present system of railway signalling from the candle burning in the station window on the Stockton and Darlington line onwards:—

It is said that the idea of working semaphores from a distance first originated in the contrivance of a lazy or, perhaps, over-worked Irish porter on the London and North-Western, who, having two signals at some distance apart under his charge, conceived the happy notion of counter-weighting the handle of one and so connecting it with a clothes-line that he could manage to work it from the other. An inspector, seeing the ingenious device and noting its possibilities, took the matter up and enlarged upon it, with a result that signal-cabins and levers contained therein were presently established throughout all the lines.

ARE THE AMERICANS DYING OUT?

MR. WESTON, writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the weak spot in the American Republic, calls attention to the fact that the native born citizens of the United States are ceasing to breed, and that the result of the diminished birthrate is only concealed by the influx of foreign immigrants who are coming more and more from Southern and Eastern Europe. Many of the figures which he gives are very striking. The first generation of Americans after the colonisation of New England had families of ten to twelve, the second, the third and fourth generations had families of six and seven, the fifth families of four and five, the sixth families of three and less. The result is that 275 years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers the stronghold of Puritanism is not upheld by the ever declining American, but by the Irish, German and French Canadians. If the birth-rate had kept up at its earlier rate, and there had been no foreign immigration at all, there would have been 100,000,000 people in the United States to-day; there are only 76,000,000 even when all the negroes and foreign immigrants are included. Of these 76,000,000, 10½ millions are foreigners, 13½ millions are born of foreign parents. But Mr. Weston fears this process will go on; its result will become all the more conspicuous by the fact that the foreign immigrants are now coming from Italy, Austro-Hungary and Russia. The following table of statistics of emigrants brings out this fact in very striking form:—

Year	British Isles.	Germany.	Scandinavia.	Italy.	Russia.	Austria-Hungary.	Roumania.
1881	153,718	210,485	73,597	15,401	10,655	27,735	—
1886	112,584	84,403	48,005	21,315	21,739	28,680	—
1891	122,085	52,247	41,002	51,799	43,880	56,190	517
1896	64,827	31,185	30,062	68,060	45,828	65,103	785
1901	48,237	18,507	28,225	100,135	90,789	114,847	6,459
1902	45,273	28,304	48,378	178,372	107,347	171,989	7,196

Add to this the fact that for the first time in the history of the United States their own people are emigrating. An increasing number of Americans every year are migrating northward and settling in the Canadian dominion. The tide of Canadian migration into the United States seems to have dried up. Mr. Weston thinks that what the United States was to Great Britain in the nineteenth century, Canada will be in the twentieth.

Sale of Second-hand Books.

ANY person wishing to purchase second-hand books, either for private use or for the founding of village or other libraries, will find those we now have on sale exceptionally suitable for the purpose, and very much reduced in price. All are well bound and in good condition. It is requested that lists, which will be sent on application, be returned. Please address the SECRETARY, REVIEW OF REVIEWS CIRCULATING LIBRARY, Temple House, Temple Avenue, E.C.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE MAKING OF MAN.

BY MR. H. G. WELLS.

THE third article in the series on "Mankind in the Making," which Mr. Wells has contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*, is less startling than the most of Mr. Wells's speculations. But although his paper contains little or nothing to startle or to daze the ordinary reader, it contains a great deal of good sense. In his second essay Mr. Wells dismissed as hopeless, in the present state of our knowledge, any attempt to improve by heredity the breed of mankind. In this paper he confines himself to the question whether, after the babies are born, we cannot take adequate means for preventing them being done to death in their early infancy, or hinder their being badly handicapped throughout life by the lack of adequate nourishment, warmth, and clothing. He discards as hopeless the notion that children can be brought up better in institutions than by their mothers.

THE DUTY OF PARENTS.

He would leave the child with its mother, but he would make it increasingly disagreeable and dangerous for people to have children if they were not prepared to provide them with a minimum of comfort. In the new republic he would make the parent the debtor to society on account of the child for adequate food, nourishment, and care for at least the first twelve or thirteen years of its life; and, in the event of parental default, invest the local authority with exceptional powers of recovery in this matter. He thinks it would be quite easy to set up a minimum standard of health, clothing, and education, and provide that, if that standard was not maintained, the child should at once be removed from the parental care, and the parents charged with the cost of a suitable maintenance. If the parents failed in the payments he would make them slaves for life. Such, at least, seems to be the practical meaning of the following sentences:—"If the parents failed in their duty they could be put into celibate labour establishments, and they would not be released until their debt was fully discharged." This, he thinks, would certainly invest parentage with a quite unprecedented gravity for the reckless, and it would enormously reduce births of the least desirable sort. That this would be so, he thinks, is proved by the fact that in the last fifty years the average number of illegitimate children born in England has fallen by very nearly one-half.

The number of illegitimate births in the four years ending 1850 was 2.2 per 1,000; in the four years ending 1900 it was 1.2 per 1,000. While the numbers of bastards have diminished, the number of bishops' children have increased. The last thirty years of the eighteenth century the average bishop's family was 3.94; in the last thirty years of the nineteenth century it had risen to 5.47.

SANITARY HOUSES NECESSARY.

By way of increasing the pressure by which he hopes to reduce the birth of undesirable citizens to a minimum, he gives a leading place to his proposal that there be a minimum of soundness and sanitary convenience in houses, below which standard it shall be illegal to inhabit a house, till, he believes, in time, that it will be possible so to level up the minimum standard as to secure a properly equipped bathroom for every tenant in town and country. He would have a standard specifying the number of inhabitants permitted to inhabit any tenement, and it would be a drastic law to secure space and air for young children. The minimum permissible tenement for the maximum of two adults and a very young child is one properly ventilated room capable of being heated, with close and easy access to sanitary convenience, a constant supply of water, and easy means of getting warm water. It should also be punishable on the part of a mother to leave children below a certain age alone for longer than a certain interval. He would supplement these provisions by steadily working to bring about a realisation of the ideal of a minimum wage. Our raised standards of housing, our persecution of overcrowding, and our obstruction of employment below the minimum wage would sweep out the rookeries and hiding-places of these people of the Abyss. They would exist, but they would not multiply, and that is our supreme end. An increasing section of the Abyss will contrive to live, but a childless wastrel is a terminating evil, and it may be a picturesque evil. Finally, Mr. Wells, I am glad to see, makes use of one of my favourite suggestions. Speaking of those who maintain that what is wanted is not so much practical reforms affecting the birth-rate as the raising of ideals, he says:—

Here I will mention only one, and that is, unhappily, only an Ideal Argument. I wish I could get together all these people who are so scornful of materialistic things out of the excessively comfortable houses they inhabit, and I wish I could concentrate them in a good typical East London slum—five or six together in each room, one lodging with another—and I wish I could leave them there to demonstrate the superiority of high ideals to purely material considerations for the rest of their earthly career . . . while we others went on with our sordid work unencumbered by their ideality.

Sir Henry Irving on Shakespeare Reading Circles.

"THE Study of Shakespeare in Small Communities" is the title of a paper Sir Henry Irving has contributed to the Christmas number of the *Windsor Magazine*. He thinks that the practice of reading Shakespeare aloud at small or moderate-sized gatherings is in every way to be commended. He thinks that no better books than Shakespeare and the Bible can be used in this way for maintaining the excellency of our common tongue. He remarks on the need of training oneself in pronunciation, punctuation, pause and haste, accent and inflection, suggestions of passion or pathos, and of growing concern, and, finally, in those powers of impersonation which are inherent in our nature and are common to all. He adds, "The late Henry Ward Beecher's reading, to my mind, realised to the full the intense humanity of parts of the New Testament."

OLD AGE INSURANCE.

M. GRANDMAISON contributes to the second November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* an excellent article on insurance against old age and incapacity to work. In a very striking passage he pictures the panting multitude of workers, crushed by toil, eternally struggling for their daily bread. These poor people implore help, and hitherto they have been met with merely the dry statement that the problem is insoluble.

PHILANTHROPY HELPLESS.

M. Grandmaison declares that it is no use waiting for a perfect system, but we must join with the working classes to find some fairly practicable solution. Of course, in every civilised country the number of persons who are annually laid on the shelf, either by sickness or old age, added to the number of those depending on them, has passed far beyond the power of private charity to relieve. The efforts of philanthropic societies and the alms of the charitable are the merest palliatives. In each country the State has been obliged to do more or less to meet the problem.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN GERMANY.

It is needless to follow M. Grandmaison through his interesting sketch of what has been attempted in France, because it is much more instructive to note what has been done in Germany. In that country, where the form of government so well deserves the epithet of "paternal," the law embraces in its scope practically every person who works for wages or salary, provided that the remuneration in each case does not exceed £100 a year. This rule incidentally brings under the law some twelve million souls. The difficulties which arise in applying the law are dealt with by the Federal Council; and it is to be noted that foreigners are excluded from the benefit of the insurance, although their employers are obliged to contribute just as much as if the said foreigners were Germans. In return for his or her contributions the worker is guaranteed (1) a pension in case of incapacity to go on working; (2) an old age pension, to begin at seventy; (3) medical attendance; (4) in certain cases the repayment of the contributions paid in.

THE OLD AGE PENSION.

It will be observed that what might seem to be the long postponement of the old age pension is mitigated by the fact that in almost every case the worker begins to draw the pension for incapacity to go on working before attaining the age of seventy. No one can draw the old age pension who has not attained the age of seventy, and has not paid his contributions for 1,200 weeks. The old age pension is composed of two parts: (1) of an annual sum of £2 10s., being the amount of the State subvention; and (2) of the sum which is the result of the worker's insurance itself. This sum depends on the worker's wages, and

for this purpose the workers are divided into five classes:—

CLASS.	ANNUAL WAGE.	PENSION.
I.	£17 10s.	£3.
II.	£17 10s. to £27 10s.	£4 10s.
III.	£27 10s. to £42 10s.	£6.
IV.	£42 10s. to £57 10s.	£7 10s.
V.	Above £57 10s.	£9.

THE PENSION FOR INCAPACITY.

The pension for incapacity to go on working is only granted at the end of twenty-seven weeks of sickness, and then only if all hope of a quick cure seems to be gone. The worker must have paid his contribution for at least two hundred weeks if the insurance is compulsory, and for five hundred weeks if it is optional. The pension is withdrawn if the worker's incapacity arises from any crime or misdemeanour or voluntary mutilation. The pension for incapacity is divided into two parts—one of them fixed, and the other varying according to the classes of workers. The minimum is £7 5s., and the maximum is £32 15s. Pensions are paid at post-offices on orders issued by the insurance offices. These pensions are protected from seizure by creditors and cannot be alienated.

HOW THE SYSTEM IS WORKED.

One of the most original provisions of the law is the right which it gives to the insurance offices to watch over the health of the insured, and to impose upon them medical treatment. This medical treatment is in some cases preventive, and is thought to have had a certain effect in checking the progress of tuberculosis in Germany. Of course a great deal depends in the practical working of the scheme on the relative proportions of these three contributions, and it is notable that since the inauguration of this German system in 1889 a good many modifications in points of detail have had to be made as the result of experience. The German system is largely worked in its details by means of cards, on which the worker or his employer places certain special stamps which are bought at the post-offices, and these cards, when they have reached a sufficient face value, are transmitted by the police to the insurance offices to be placed to the credit of the workers whose names they bear. Curiously enough this system is not very popular in Germany.

WHY Railway Dividends have Fallen is the question which Mr. William J. Stevens essays to answer in the *Magazine of Commerce*. 1900 has been a record year for gross revenue, and it has been one of the worst on record for dividends. The reason for this paradox is found in the growth in the cost of coal, wages, materials, rates and taxes. In eight years the wages paid by fifteen railways have leaped from eighteen millions to twenty-five millions. Rates and taxes in ten years have risen from two millions two hundred thousand to four millions two hundred thousand. Another explanation suggested is the expensive additions made to third-class travelling on the Northern lines, and the policy of charging unproductive outlays to the capital account.

THE RUSSIAN TEMPERANCE COMMITTEES.

LAST month I noticed at some length an article in the *Nineteenth Century* describing the movement in favour of People's Theatres in Russia. That movement has developed largely under the stimulus of the so-called "Temperance Committees" instituted by M. de Witte for the purpose of organising counter-attractions to drink. In the December *Contemporary Review* there is an extremely interesting article by Miss Edith Sellers, dealing with these committees, both with their theatrical and other activities. Miss Sellers is inclined to take a more favourable view of the Russian Spirit Monopoly than is generally taken in Russia, but her account of the counter-attraction side of the monopoly is very instructive and very interesting.

HOW THE COMMITTEES WORK.

Every Russian town and every Russian province has now a Temperance Committee, and every district has a Temperance Guardian. These committees have several functions, the chief of which is to create counter-attractions to drink. The committees are mainly composed of officials. Their campaign against drink is based largely upon the principle that the lack of good food and rational amusement are the chief causes of the evil. The committees have carried on their campaign in such a way that Miss Sellers thinks that the working classes of Moscow and St. Petersburg are to be envied by the same class in England in the provision which is made both for their mental and bodily needs. In one of the Rowton Houses outside Moscow men are decently lodged for 1½d. a night, and boarded and lodged for 6d. a day. A People's House, as understood in Moscow, is a working man's restaurant, club, library, and much besides. The restaurants are fine large rooms, well lighted and well ventilated and beautifully clean; soap, water and towels are supplied gratis to the visitors. They are open from early morning till late at night, breakfasts, dinners and suppers being supplied. The food supplied is both good and cheap, and only the bare cost is charged, the other expenses being paid out of the Government subsidy. In one of the People's Houses there is a Labour Bureau, and others have reading-rooms where visitors may pass their whole day if they desire.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

The St. Petersburg Committee's People's House is exactly what our People's Palace was intended to be and is not. It is a pleasure resort for the poor, a place where they may betake themselves whenever on enjoyment bent. The building, which is the old Nijni-Novgorod Exhibition building renovated, is situated close to the Neva in a beautiful park, with great trees around it, and flower-beds dotted here and there. The building is divided into five parts—a great entrance hall, a restaurant, a concert hall, a theatre and a reading-room—into all of which admission costs only 2½d. The average price paid for dinner is only

2½d. "The restaurant is a perfect model of what such a place should be." In the theatre there is room for 2,000 spectators. Of her visit to this theatre Miss Sellers says:—

Evidently the play appealed in a quite special degree to the audience, for even the roughest among them followed it with close attention. Some of them, indeed, were quite transformed as they listened; there was real distress in their faces when the hero's plans seemed going agley, and their eyes glowed with excitement when he finally put his foes to rout. They sat as if spell-bound so long as each scene lasted, and then shook the very building with their applause. Never have I seen a more appreciative audience, or one more enthusiastic. When the play was over they turned to one another eagerly comparing notes and discussing its bearing. Evidently the theatre serves its purpose admirably if that purpose be to put new ideas into the heads of those who frequent it and give them something to think about.

THE QUESTION OF FINANCE.

How are all these amenities given to the people for nothing? The answer is that the Government subsidises them out of the profits of the Spirit Monopoly. The provincial committees receive 50,000 roubles a year, and the St. Petersburg and Moscow committees get annual subsidies of 500,000 roubles and 300,000 roubles. In addition the St. Petersburg Committee was granted 1,000,000 roubles for the purpose of building the People's Palace. Altogether M. de Witte handed over to the committees in 1900 nearly 4,000,000 roubles, and the amount was increased when the monopoly system embraced the whole country. As the profit from the monopoly in 1897 was 20,375,000 roubles he could well afford to do so.

"A WORK OF REAL CHARITY."

Miss Sellers gives high praise to the energy and capacity of the officials who are entrusted with the task of carrying on the work of the committees. They have gone on the principle of gaining the confidence of the working-classes. The result is that if

Russian Temperance Committees are not ideal institutions; they have their faults, of course; still they are undoubtedly doing much useful work, work which will make its influence felt more and more from year to year. For they are not only fighting against intemperance, but they are fighting for civilisation, for a higher standard of life among the workers, for their social and intellectual development. They are striving too, so far as in them lies, to introduce purple patches into dull, grey existences, and thus render this world of ours a pleasanter place than it is. And this in itself is a work of real charity. It is a great thing for a nation to have, as Russia has, thousands of men and women bonded together for the express purpose of giving a helping hand to the poor, of removing stones from the path of the weak, and rendering life all round better worth living. As I went about among the Moscow workers, and saw them in their great dining-halls, with their well-cooked dinners before them, I often wished that English workers were as well catered for as these Russians are. I often wished too, when in St. Petersburg, that London had, as that city has, its pleasure resorts for the poor, its people's theatres, nay, even its variety shows, with performing Chinamen and ditty-singing negroes.

But why should we not have them?

MUNICIPAL SUNDAY CONCERTS.

The revival of interest in the question of recreation for the people is witnessed by an article by Mr. B. W. Findon in the *New Liberal Review* on "Municipal

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Concerts for the Poor." Mr. Findon deals chiefly with Sunday concerts, and he maintains that the success of the concerts given by the National Sunday League all over London proves the extent of the need. For proof that the poor appreciate the best chamber music one has only to go to South Place, where on any Sunday night there is admitted without payment an audience of a thousand persons belonging to the working classes. The average cost of these concerts is only £10; twenty concerts a year would cost only £200, and if they were held in twenty town halls, the total cost would be only £4,000, an insignificant sum when spread over the whole of the rateable area of London. As for the question of Sunday labour, Mr. Findon says that at present the town halls are let for money on Sundays for religious purposes, and no more labour is entailed in the giving of a concert than in the preaching of a sermon.

HAVE ANT AND BEE MORE SENSE THAN WE?

LORD AVEBURY contributes one of his charming studies in animal intelligence to the Christmas number of the *London*. It is headed "Can Insects Reason?" The question really considered is the extent of sense perception possessed by insects. Could they distinguish colours? He tested bees by putting honey on different coloured slips of paper, and after each visit of the bee he shifted the slips from one place to another. The bee that had first filled itself with honey from the blue slip, on its return sought out the same blue slip, though changed in place. By another similar experiment he discovered the preference of the bees for the several colours. He found that the bees had a marked preference for blue, then white, then successively yellow, green, red, and orange.

THEIR TASTE IN COLOURS.

Yet more interesting was his experiment with ants:—

I tried to ascertain whether ants were capable of distinguishing colours. . . . It occurred to me to avail myself of the dislike which ants, when in their nests, have of light. Of course, they have no such dread when they are out in search of food; but if light is let in upon a nest they at once hurry up and down in search of dark shelter, where, no doubt, they think they are again in safety. For facility of observation I used to keep my ants in nests consisting of two plates of glass about ten inches square, and just so far apart as to leave the ants room to move about without touching the upper plate. I then fastened the glasses in a wooden frame, filled up the space with common garden earth, and left a door at one corner. The ants then entered, and excavated chambers and galleries for themselves. I kept them covered up, as they like being in the dark, but by uncovering them at any moment I could see exactly what was passing in the nest. If, for instance, I uncovered any of my nests excepting one part, the ants soon collected there. I then procured some slips of glass of different colours and placed them over the nest, so that the ants could go under red, green, yellow or violet glass. I transposed the glasses from time to time, and then counted the ants under each colour. They avoided the violet in the most marked manner. For instance, in one series of twelve observations there were 800 ants under the red glass and only five under the violet, though to our eyes the violet looked as dark or darker than the red. Evidently the colours affected them differently.

THEIR PERCEPTION OF ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS.

Not content with this conclusion he wished to ascertain whether ants perceived or felt the rays of light which run beyond our ken—the ultra-violet rays, as they are called. The late Mr. Paul Bert had asserted that animals saw only the same rays as we, no more and no less. This was Lord Avebury's experiment:—

There are some liquids which, though they are transparent to the visible rays of light, are opaque to those which are beyond the violet—the ultra-violet—rays as they are called. Bichromate of potash, for instance, a yellow liquid, is one of them. Again, bisulphide of carbon is to our eyes entirely transparent and colourless. It looks just like water, only a trifle oily, but it has the remarkable property of stopping all ultra-violet rays. I then placed flat bottles containing different coloured fluids over the ants, and in this way I could contract them with another containing bisulphide of carbon. I must not, of course, occupy your time with the details of all the experiments; I will only allude to one illustration. I uncovered a nest, and over one part I put a layer of water, over another a layer of bisulphide of carbon, and over a third a layer of violet liquid (ammonio-sulphate of copper). To our eyes, the ants under the violet liquid were pretty well hidden. On the contrary, the water and the bisulphide of carbon were both quite transparent, and, to our eyes, identical. The ants we know would desire to get under the darkest part, and yet under such circumstances they always went under the layer of bisulphide of carbon. Evidently, then, though it seemed perfectly transparent to us it was not so to them. These experiments, then, clearly demonstrated that they were able to see the ultra-violet rays, which are quite invisible to us.

He tried similar experiments with the daphnias, and with similar results. He concludes that these considerations raise the reflection how different the world may appear to other animals from what it does to us. Between the 40,000 vibrations per second of the air at which sound ceases to be audible, and the 400 millions of millions of vibrations at which light begins to be visible to our retina, we have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression, yet between these two any number of sensations may exist.

A Christmas Gift of Friendship.

At Christmastide there will be hundreds of educated people, scattered over the world's surface, who (1) are friendless, (2) lack intellectual interest in their lives, (3) have lost touch with old England, (4) seek to correspond in various languages, or (5) have become stranded in isolation from their fellows. To all such, as a Christmas and New Year's Gift, a year's membership of the Correspondence Club is offered for half a guinea, thus deducting the 10s. 6d. entrance fee. This offer is open till January 15th, 1903, the date of publication of *Round-About*, the monthly post-bag of the members, and those abroad are invited to send remittance when writing for particulars, to save time. Such membership will enable the correspondent to at once write letters to hundreds of ladies and gentlemen who speak and write English, French, German, Russian, who are interested in literature, art, science, music, photography, the topics of the day, sports and pastimes, etc., and who invite letters from those living at home and abroad on mutually interesting subjects. On receipt of postcard the Conductor, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C., will send all particulars.

A COLONY OF MERCY IN SURREY.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET contributes to the *North American Review* for November a very interesting description of her Colony for the Cure of Dipso-maniacs in the Surrey hills. Lady Henry took the idea of her colony from the book, "A Colony of Mercy," which describes the work carried on by Pastor von Bodelschwingh among the epileptics of Germany; and reading of their village homes, she came to the conclusion that alcoholism might be treated in the same way. The principles upon which the Colony was founded were new—the village system, out-of-door work, and individual treatment for each case being the most important.

THE VILLAGE PRINCIPLE.

Lady Henry's Colony is not a big barracks institution. It is a pretty village of cottages simply furnished with everything a respectable house should possess; clean and dainty, with each cottage presided over by a nurse-sister, who knows the women individually, and watches over them with personal care. The inmates are employed almost entirely out-of doors. Not only moral but physical antidotes are used in combating alcoholism. The patients work on the lawns, in the flower-beds, in the vegetable-garden, and in the forcing-houses; and women who have come utter wrecks have been in the institution so changed as to be unrecognisable. The work is varied as much as possible, and some of it has been profitable as well as interesting.

THE EVIDENCE OF SUCCESS.

The result of the experiment undoubtedly proves its value. Sixty-five per cent. of the cases have been cured, a far larger proportion than is attained under any other system. One case is of particular interest. "The Terror of Holloway," who had been imprisoned nearly three hundred times, was sent to Lady Henry as a test. She came ragged, shattered in health, and prematurely old; and though her health could not be restored, she remained for her year of residence, docile and affectionate, and during the six months which elapsed between her return to ordinary life and her death, she remained proof against all temptations.

The great object in forming the village was to make it as much like an ordinary village as possible. The children playing about have helped to dissipate the idea of institutional or penal life; and it is part of the women's life to help to entertain children. Children come down from the London slums, and are sent back after what must often be the happiest time of their lives. If our young criminals were dealt with in this fashion, Lady Henry thinks, we would have a much larger proportion of reformed cases than is possible under the system now in vogue. Unfortunately, Lady Henry cannot reform all the world in this humane and efficacious way. Three thousand cases had to be refused in one year simply for want of room.

OUR WASTREL WAR OFFICE.

THE SCANDAL OF THE MEAT CONTRACTS.

MR. ERNEST E. WILLIAMS, author of "Made in Germany," begins in the Christmas number of the *Windsor Magazine* a series of articles on the waste of public money involved in "the methods of unbusiness-like officialdom." This waste was, he says, winked at in the days of large surpluses and continually reduced taxation. Now the increased expenditure needed for the Army and Navy and education, and for social purposes like Old Age Pensions, makes scrutiny and economy necessary. Mr. Williams inveighs against the Government for refusing to make tenders and contracts public. But the main point of attack is the waste of money on meat during the South African war. He quotes Mr. Whitley to the effect that "the country has received only fifty millions of value out of the one hundred millions spent on supplies for the army in South Africa, the other fifty millions having gone into the pockets of the contractors." Under the first contract, which lasted for a year and a half, the Government paid 10d. to 11d. per pound for meat. The second contract ran at 7d. per pound, and when meat was easily procurable at 3d. to 3½d. per pound. The Government took no notice of the tenders from the New Zealand Government, which named a price about one-half of the second contract:—

In January last the Agent-General for New South Wales complained that he had been unable to obtain from the War Office any information as to tenders for the new contract, the War Office not even replying to his letters, though his Government had requested him to place two tenders before the War Office, one of which offered to supply 3,000 tons of frozen beef and mutton per month at 4½d. per pound, the other offering to supply them at 3½d. per pound.

EXORBITANT PROFITS.

Meantime, the company in question is alleged to have made four and a half millions profit under the first contract, and one and a half millions under the second—even as their contract ran, at 5½d. per pound for frozen meat. This price included distribution, whereas the 4d. per pound from New Zealand was for delivery to port only. Mr. Williams argues that 1½d. per pound was an extravagant price to pay for distribution.

The Government seems to have been very generous to its contractors:—

As if the contract price for meat were not high enough, the Government put even more money into the pockets of the contractors by its arrangement for selling captured cattle in South Africa to the contractors, who resold it to the troops at an exceedingly handsome profit, the price paid by the contractors being 8d. per pound, and that charged by them when they resold to the Army being 11d. per pound.

Mr. Williams concludes that—

the War Office has acted throughout in the most unbusinesslike way, has proceeded upon methods which would have landed any private firm in bankruptcy, and has wasted millions of public money at a time when the country was being heavily taxed to support almost unparalleled war charges.

IMPERIAL PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(1) THE ROMAN AIMS OF JOSEPHUS AFRICANUS.

THE Imperial Progress of Mr. Chamberlain through his loyal dominions, which began in the luxury of a "Royal train," and will culminate in the squalor of a Transvaal Concentration Camp, is naturally taken very seriously by his trusty subjects. If "Diplomaticus," who occupies the first place in the new *Fortnightly Review*, were a humorous writer, he might possibly have made his disquisitions on this subject more enlightening; as it is, he is overwhelmingly serious, and, to tell the truth, a little dull. Three years ago, when the South African War broke out, "Diplomaticus" summed up the matter by telling us that, though our case was an excellent one, Mr. Chamberlain had muddled it atrociously, and put us altogether in the wrong. "Diplomaticus" has changed his mind. He is now convinced that while Mr. Chamberlain has failed in many of his Imperial schemes, the reason is that the circumstances were difficult for him, though his handling of them was perfect.

"Diplomaticus" believes in Mr. Chamberlain now. He is the "Mahdi of the Pan-Britannic gospel"; his aims are Roman. If he failed in his Colonial Conference, that is not his fault; and his attempts constitute an unfinished monument of splendid audacity. "Diplomaticus," however, insists that Mr. Chamberlain's great opportunity has now come. It lies in South Africa, and he is equal to it. He will bring to the solution of the question lofty ideals, indomitable courage, a spirit of scrupulous fairness, and an unrivalled talent for administration. That he will succeed may, in spite of "Diplomaticus," be doubted, for "Diplomaticus" goes on to inform us that circumstances now, as ever, are fighting against Mr. Chamberlain:—

His aim in South Africa was, I believe, worthy of him and of the best inspirations of his statesmanship. His reward has been of the cruellest. He neither sought nor expected war, and if he hoped to realise Lord Carnarvon's project of South African unity, he did not imagine that he would have to build on the foundation of a devastated, distracted, and disaffected country.

(2) THE DISLOYALTY OF "LOYALISTS."

The *Cornhill Magazine* for December publishes an appeal for the Cape loyalists by Miss Anna Howarth, who writes under the date October 13th. It appears that "actually the rebels are in a better position than the loyalists." Englishmen who fought for their Empire are ruined, while many Dutchmen who went on commando returned to property safely kept for them by their friends. The lady declares that she has had no opportunity of observing the alleged race-hatred. The temper of the loyalists may be inferred from the exclamation that "the behaviour of Englishmen at home appears to be generosity gone mad." "The motto of England is 'Equal rights for all,' but just now and just here it seems to be 'More rights for rebels than for loyal men.'"

ROTTEN MOROCCO.

IN *La Revue* for November 15th Mr. A. J. Dawson writes a very interesting paper entitled "The Unfortunate Subjects of a Sultan." Morocco, according to Mr. Dawson, is entirely rotten. From the occupant of the throne down to the poorest beggar everyone sells what ought not to be sold, and everyone deceives at every step. The police are called *assasins*, and seem to be assassins in verity; the administration of the law is merely a great system of thieving. When a culprit or an innocent man is sentenced to imprisonment the term of his incarceration is never stated, it depending entirely upon the monetary satisfaction he can give to his persecutors. Unless it is shown that the prisoner has absolutely no friends, the authorities allow him no food. A rich man, whatever his reputation for goodness, is sooner or later sure to be thrown into prison.

No concealment whatever is made of the sale and purchase of justice. Mr. Dawson cites one case which he can vouch for of a Moor of Tangier, named Mahomet, complaining against another Moor, named Kassim. When Mahomet's case came on he openly deposited a present before the magistrate. Kassim made no reply to his enemy's complaint, and was sent off to prison to receive two hundred blows. Shortly afterwards Kassim's uncle arrived and handed the judge fifty francs. The accused was brought into court for fresh trial. "Why," began the magistrate, "did you not tell me that you had not struck Mahomet?" "Why should I have explained about such a brute?" began the prisoner; "the correction I inflicted upon him . . ." Whereupon the judge refused to listen and dismissed the case. When the complainant came forward he was sent out of court with a threat of flogging.

Bad as things are in Morocco, Mr. Dawson does not think that the natives would appreciate European justice. They are intensely anti-Christian, and "The knife for the Jew, the hook for the Christian" seems to express better than anything else the sentiments of the whole people.

THROUGH and beneath all the happy bustle and gaiety of the Christmas time there is sounding a deep low note of menace and woe. Soft and low, but with ever increasing volume, is rising the cry "Work—give us work ere we starve! Give us work ere our wives and children sicken and die through want! Give us work ere we madden with despair!" Hundreds of men and women and children must meet the cold of winter, the glad Christmas-tide with starvation staring them in the face. Work is not to be had, though men seek it diligently, and in the great "Cities of the Poor" in London are an appalling number of homes where, for lack of work, fire, food and clothing cannot be obtained. The Browning Settlement would like to light up one of these "Cities of the Poor" (in Walworth) this Christmas with the Christmas message of goodwill and joy. Coals and Christmas dinners, garments, toys, money to help over this terrible stress of unemployment—all will be gladly received by F. HERBERT STEAD, Warden, Browning Settlement, York Street, Walworth, S.E.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

ONE of the most famous women in the United States died on the 26th October this year, when Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton passed away at the age of eighty-seven. Ida H. Harper contributes to the *American Review of Reviews* for December a character sketch, in which she pays a glowing tribute to the life and labours of her deceased friend. Mrs. Stanton has, for the last half century, stood in the forefront of the women's movement in America. She was born a rebel and reformer, and dedicated her life to a struggle for the liberty of her sex. She was fortunate in her marriage, and, although she had a large family, she never was so absorbed in domestic affairs that she was unable to take a leading share in public work. Her appearance was pleasing, her voice rich and musical, and she wielded a ready pen down to almost the last moment of her life. The month in which she died she published in the *New York Journal* a contribution to the Symposium that was published in that paper for the reform of the divorce laws.

BIRTH OF THE "WOMEN'S RIGHTS' CONVENTION."

In 1840, when she was twenty-five years of age, she attended, together with her husband, the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London, and the scandalous treatment accorded to Lucretia Mott and other women delegates brought home to her very vividly the abject position to which women had been reduced. In 1848, eight years afterwards, when in a very tempest-tossed condition of mind, she received an invitation from Lucretia Mott to meet some Quakers who were attending the yearly meeting in Waterloo. To them she poured out the torrent of her long accumulated discontent with such vehemence that she stirred the little company to do and dare anything. They decided to summon a "Women's Rights Convention." The Women's Rights Convention, which met in Seneca Falls in July, 1848, formulated the entire programme of the women's movement, to the promotion of which Mrs. Stanton dedicated the rest of her life. She often said afterwards that with all her courage, if she could have had the slightest premonition of the storm of ridicule and denunciation, she never would have dared commence.

HER CHIEF COMRADE.

Three years later she met Susan B. Anthony, five years younger than herself, who was electric with the spirit of reform, and free to go and come at will. Before a year was passed they had formed a working partnership, which lasted till the end. "Mrs. Stanton," says Miss Anthony, "had no intellectual superior among women, few among men, but she reared seven children to maturity, she was a devoted mother and splendid housekeeper." Miss Anthony was not a writer, but as a worker, a planner, a campaigner she never has been equalled by any woman. Miss Anthony exercised over Mrs.

Stanton an extraordinary ascendancy, and from 1870 to 1885 both women were almost continuously on the platform.

EFFECTS—IN LAW—

The effect of their work has been to secure a gradual reformation of the law relating to women in many States of the Union. In three-quarters of the American States a wife is now allowed to order and control her separate property, and in nearly all she may dispose of it at will. In the great majority she may make contracts, bring and amend suits, act as administrator, and testify in the Courts. In nine of the States mothers have now an equal guardianship of their children with the fathers. In all but eight of the States divorce is permitted on the grounds of habitual drunkenness.

—AND IN EDUCATION.

In 1848 all colleges were closed against women in America, and there was not even a high school open to girls. To-day they are admitted to every college in the United States and to every State University except three—those of Virginia, Georgia and Louisiana. In the United States there are three and three-quarter millions of women now engaged in employments outside all domestic labours. In securing these reforms Mrs. Stanton took a leading part. Indeed, the story of her life is largely the story of the progress of women in the United States.

The Price of Papal Independence.

MR. R. E. DELL, writing in the *Monthly Review* on "Democracy and Temporal Power," puts the case as follows:—

The price to be paid for independence is the abandonment of worldly ambitions and political entanglements, a whole-hearted reliance on spiritual and moral claims, and a frank appeal to the soul and conscience of mankind. That price is, I fear, one which the Roman character will not consent to pay. The consideration to which this inevitably leads is whether, in view of the actual absorption of all authority in the Church by the Papal Curia, the catholicisation of that central governing body would not in practice be found the best guarantee for the independence of the Pope and the natural corrective of the obvious weaknesses of the Roman character.

Mr. Dell mentions the "instructions" issued against the Italian Christian Democrats as an instance of the failure of the Papacy to come to terms with modern civilisation.

THE fact that the British and Foreign Bible Society expends £43,324 in order to sell £6,028 worth of Scriptures in fourteen countries continues to agitate the mind of the contributors to the *Temple Magazine*. In the December number Mr. Herbert Darlow, Secretary to the Society, explains that experience is dead against the practice of promiscuous free distribution, and that the colporteurs employed by the Society are religious men who, in selling their books, speak to their customers. There are rejoinders which insist on the value and duty of free distribution.

THE KING AT HOME.

HOW EDWARD VII. SPENDS HIS DAY.

IN the *Pall Mall Magazine* for December Mr. Ernest M. Jessop writes the best article I have ever seen on the subject of the King's life at Sandringham. It has been written by special permission, it is copiously illustrated by photographs, and it may be regarded as an authentic picture of King Edward as seen by himself in his best moments. The writer gives the following account of the way in which the King spends his day.

HIS MORNING.

The King and the Queen each breakfast alone and early. Immediately afterwards his Majesty attends to the business of State which is brought before him in ship-shape form by his secretary, Lord Knollys. After the affairs of State are disposed of he attends to the business of the various departments of the Sandringham estate, which is 10,000 acres in extent, and of this the King farms 2,000 acres. Of all the hundreds employed on the estate, Mr. Jessop says the King knows every face and everyone's business. A martinet as regards order and duty, he is yet always ready to listen to any case of distress or hardship and to the woes of the lowliest labourer. When he is through with Sir Dighton Probyn or Mr. Beck, the agent of the estate, he usually joins the children for a stroll round the stables.

HIS AFTERNOON.

At half-past-one the King and Queen join their guests at luncheon. If there is a shooting party it starts at ten and ends at four, and hot luncheon is served at one, in a tent, where the shooting party is joined by the Queen, the Princesses and their lady guests. At these shooting luncheons Irish stew is a standard dish for hosts and retainers. The King seldom rides his shooting-pony, he walks with the guns the whole day, which, as Mr. Jessop says, is no light feat for anyone of the King's age, who weighs well over 15 stone. After luncheon the Queen and the other ladies usually follow the guns for the remaining two hours. The King does not care much for big drives—he likes better to stroll through coverts with only a retriever and a couple of attendants than to take part in a great massacre of pheasants.

HIS EVENING.

In the evening dinner is served at eight, and usually takes two hours to finish, an allowance which must include at least an hour spent after dinner over the walnuts and the wine. Mr. Jessop gives a very pleasant account of the way in which the King lives and moves among his tenants and servants on the estate. The isolation hospital was set apart during the war for the accommodation of Colonial officers who were invalided from South Africa. Canadians who were at Bagnally appear to have had a right royal time, with as much reading, driving, golfing and fishing as they pleased.

AS SQUIRE.

On the Sandringham estate boys and girls are educated together. There are no fees and no grants; the school is maintained by the King. Not a girl leaves the school without thorough training to suit her for domestic life. Mr. Jessop is rather given to the use of superlatives, as may be seen from the following notations. His Majesty has probably done more than any other man by precept, example, and experiment to improve the position of the British agriculturist. His workmen are better paid and live in better homes than those of any gentleman farmer. His stock is of the best and the most productive. The surroundings are immaculate. The King is the hardest working man in his dominions. At the Coronation 140 of the old servants of the estate were taken to Buckingham Palace by special train from Wolverton to see the procession.

AS SPORTSMAN.

The King has from one hundred to one hundred and eighty Shire horses. Mr. Jessop is enthusiastic over the clubs which the King has founded for the workmen on the estate, where one pint of beer per day only is supplied to any one person; no wine or spirits may be drunk on the premises, but smoking is allowed at all times and everywhere. All the game shot on the estate is given away, hospitals sharing first, and then the King's personal friends, followed by the tenants, railway officials, police, and the labourers. The Queen takes great interest in pet bantams, of which she has a great variety; some of these, the white-tail Japanese bantams, require their tails specially combed before they are sent to be exhibited. The King owns sixty racing pigeons, and the Prince of Wales forty. The two Derby winners, Diamond Jubilee and Persimmon, are expected to earn £200,000 before they die. In the kennels there are from sixty to seventy dogs of widely different breeds, but there never seems to be one of a surly or dangerous disposition. At the back of the kennels are neat little tombstones to the memory of departed dogs. Of dogs not kept in the house the King prides himself most on the smooth-haired bassets and the liver-and-white spaniels. A new wing is being built on to Sandringham for the accommodation of servants; the place is fitted with gas, with the exception of the Queen's own suite of rooms, which the King fitted up with electric light.

IN *McClure's Magazine* for November Miss Ida M. Tarbell begins the history of the growth of the Standard Oil Company. The first instalment describes the beginnings of the oil industry in America, when the oil region was full of buoyant hope. The article concludes as follows:—"Suddenly, at the very heyday of this conference, a big hand reached out from nobody knew where, to steal their conquest and throttle their future. The suddenness and the blackness of the assault on their business stirred to the bottom their manhood and their sense of fair play, and the whole region arose in a revolt which is scarcely paralleled in the commercial history of the United States." From which it may be inferred that Mr. Rockefeller is going to catch it hot. The rest of the magazine, with the exception of Mr. Smalley's literary gossip, is fiction and advertisements.

MR. BRYCE ON THE POWERS OF THE CROWN.

THE Christmas number of the *Windsor Magazine* contains a disquisition by Mr. James Bryce, M.P., on the powers of the Crown in England as exercised down to the beginning of the present reign. He regards Queen Victoria's reign as the time in which the principles of the Constitution first became firmly settled in practice and definitely accepted by all sections and parties in the State. After tracing the gradual transformation of the Royal power from almost absolute authority to the Reform Act of 1832, Mr. Bryce observes that the power which at Queen Victoria's accession remained in the hands of the Sovereign, considered as an individual person, may to-day be described as being of the nature rather of influence than of legal power. He points out that the personal preferences of the Crown may count in the choice of the particular person who is first invited to become Prime Minister at a Ministerial crisis, and in the choice between two possible holders of subordinate Ministerial offices. There are two questions raised by Mr. Bryce. He says:—

There are some students of the Constitution who have argued that when the Crown is convinced that Ministers do not possess the confidence of the nation (which, of course, implies that the House of Commons, in continuing to support them, does not possess that confidence), it may of its own motion dismiss its Ministers and commission some statesman to form a new Administration. It would, of course, be necessary that in taking such a course the Crown should have first of all requested Ministers to dissolve Parliament, and that it should feel sure that a man could be found who would be able to form a strong Administration.

Mr. Bryce observes—

that the power (if still existing) has not been exercised for a very long time; and that it would be imprudent for the Crown to exercise it unless in a very exceptional case, where it was perfectly clear that the House of Commons had ceased to represent the real sentiment of the people, and that Ministers were, in fact, disregarding the popular will. This is a highly improbable contingency.

The second question which he puts is:—

Is it consistent with the established use and practice of the Government of England for the Crown to refuse to its Ministers permission to dissolve Parliament when they ask for such permission? Suppose that a Ministry which has been defeated in the House of Commons believes that a General Election would give it a majority. Ought the Crown, as a matter of course, to assent to a dissolution?

He answers that "nothing but the subsequent approval of a considerable majority of the nation could justify what would be, *primâ facie*, an unusual stretching of the functions of the Crown as they have been understood for many years past." Mr. Bryce thinks that the monarch may be especially useful as an adviser in foreign affairs through his family connections with other crowned heads. As regards the appointment to posts in the public service, he says the Army and Navy are by long tradition a little more closely connected with the Crown than is the Civil Service, and the Crown has a large share in the selection of bishops.

HOW NAPOLEON OBTAINED OFFICERS.

In the *Revue de Paris* M. Conard gives a most curious account of how the great Napoleon obtained what he himself significantly styled food for cannon. It is a strange fact that whereas, thanks in a great measure to the conscription which he himself made obligatory, the all-conquering army was always growing in size as regards soldiers, Napoleon found great difficulty in obtaining officers. In vain he reduced their number as far as possible, in vain also he gave commissions to any likely-looking lad who could prove himself capable of reading and writing; there still remained a dearth of officers.

Napoleon, following in this the example of Frederick the Great, created a new military caste; it was his dream to create, as it were, military families, in which every male child should be brought up to be a soldier, every girl to marry into the military world.

Napoleon himself, literally in the midst of war's alarms, found time to entirely organise the great military college of St. Cyr, and also to found a Cavalry School more or less reserved to members of the old aristocracy, where, according to his own quaintly-worded order, "If well born, the candidates should be examined with indulgence as regards knowledge of arithmetic and geometry."

OFFICERS AGAINST THEIR WILL!

In many cases he actually seized youths of good family and sent them by force to St. Cyr, where they were made French officers against their will! Meanwhile, he enrolled young Frenchmen of good birth and wealth and sent them to rejoin those regiments stationed in distant countries.

This strange way of recruiting officers answered far better than might have been expected; some of the youths thus compelled to adopt a military vocation turned out very brilliantly. This was specially true of those young men who belonged to the old French nobility, and who had a fighting strain in their blood. Occasionally the Emperor, not content with seizing the boys of a family, arranged marriages for the girls, and many a wealthy heiress was actually compelled to become the wife of a poverty-stricken but deserving officer; here again the fact remains that many of these strangely-assorted couples got on exceedingly well, and became the parents of men and women who in time showed themselves enthusiastic adherents of the Second Empire.

MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD contributes an inimitable "Christmas with the Celebrities," written as well as illustrated by himself, to the *Young Man*. He describes how he secures an interview with Santa Claus, and drives with him in a motor-car, which, for appearance' sake, had a stuffed reindeer put in front of it. The pair visit some of the chief statesmen of the time, turned into boys for the occasion, with suitable gifts. The visit to Highbury is inevitable, and the motto for Mr. Seddon is "Expansion is the reward of virtue."

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE begins his series of papers in the *Pall Mall Gazette* under the title of "Master Workers." His first subject is the Bishop of London. Mr. Begbie spreads himself considerably in discoursing concerning the eminent varieties of the episcopal hero. We read it with fear and trembling, hardly daring to look at the obituary column of the next morning's paper, for if Dr. Ingram is all that Mr. Begbie says, he may be dematerialised at any moment, like Elijah or Enoch, who were the saints and worthies of old time who, being too good for this world, mysteriously disappeared into the sky.

A—VERY—MODERN SAINT.

Mr. Begbie says that the Bishop is universally popular, he is a force, he is an energy, he is a power, he is a genuine worker, he is a man in the midst of the battle ever where the blows fall thickest, never a spectator to the world of London. He is a true man fighting for righteousness, for justice and truth. Mr. Begbie even goes as far as to say that few will question his extraordinary influence on the development of the world. This is not surprising, for as Mr. Begbie says, the Bishop has come to stand as a figure typical of the religious reformer, a sort of Christian Labourite.

At the back of it all there is a faith superbly simple that never wavers, never fails, never is cast down. It is the faith of the little child, so beautiful and tender that it can touch no life, however jaded, however cynical, without imparting something of the glow and fervour which won Christianity its first battlefields. He is so real, his God is so real, that one thinks of him only as one of life's big realities; he is own brother to St. Francis.

HIS CHIEF CHARACTERISTICS.

The note of his character is a glowing joyousness. He once said, "I enjoy every minute." He has eternal youth, he is early Christian cheerfulness incarnate, his gospel of labour is a gospel of "worth while," everything to him is worth while. He plays at lawn tennis for half-an-hour's exercise, and according to Mr. Begbie is a very skilful player. According to one who knows him well he is a most annoying man to play with. He has no really deadly stroke, but the ball always comes back. Even the problem of pain does not grieve him, for when he once realised that there is a purpose as well as a problem of pain, and when his mind found God's attitude towards creation in the words "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver"—all the paralysis of depression forsook him. The only thing that really distresses him is the dissension among churchmen themselves.

A FULL DAY.

The Bishop is beloved by the whole East End, from which it may be inferred that Mr. Begbie, to use vulgar parlance, lays it on somewhat thickly. The following narrative does something to justify part of what he says. "Among the duties that he loves, the

Bishop numbers the visits that he pays to his parish priests. Slowly he is making the round of his huge diocese, standing side by side with the parson on the little piece of London for which he is personally responsible. Rising at half-past seven in the morning, the Bishop, after prayers, sets about his letters, then receives visitors who come for advice or help, then perhaps attends one of his innumerable boards; and after lunch, when he has stolen half-an-hour for physical exercise, away he flies to London House for interviews, afterwards to preside over a meeting, then, perhaps, to attend at the House of Lords, and after a hasty dinner his carriage whirls him away to a service in some outlying parish, which is followed by a reception. It is here that he meets the vicar and his wife, chats with the parish workers, and preaches his little gospel of 'worth while.' It is a common occurrence for this man of enduring nerves to leave Fulham at eleven in the morning, and to return again at eleven in the evening. And he enjoys every minute of his work."

A Chat About Chamberlain.

SOME traits of Mr. Chamberlain are described in *Pearson's* by Miss Marris. She tells us that he built Highbury in 1880, and that it was named after his old home in London. She notes that his custom of wearing an orchid is not invariable. Twice he wore another flower; once when he explained in the House his reason for leaving Mr. Gladstone's ministry, and on the occasion when he married Miss Endicott. On both occasions he wore a bunch of violets. On the second, the flowers were given him by his bride. Two orchids reach London every day from Highbury while Mr. Chamberlain is in town. We learn, too, that Thackeray is, perhaps, his favourite novelist, though he is also an admirer of Dickens. Social Democrats will be interested to know that as a young man the works of the Continental philosophers and Socialists—Rousseau, Comte, Karl Marx—were much studied by him. "In his young days the Colonial Secretary was a great dancer, and was much in request as an amateur actor, sometimes taking a part in small pieces of his own." Miss Marris objects to the idea that her hero takes no exercise and no recreation, "though he has no taste for games, he has very distinct recreations and relaxations. He is a frequent visitor to the theatre when time will allow of it."

This is one way in which he keeps Christmas :—

For many years Mr. Chamberlain added at Christmas time to his servants' savings as much as they laid by during the year. He has, as his efforts in the direction of old-age pensions show, a strong desire to encourage thrift. And each Christmas he still adds a bonus to the savings of both indoor and outdoor servants.

We hear that Mr. Austen Chamberlain's hobby is a small dairy farm, which supplies not only Highbury, but many of the people of Moseley.

The other son, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, is chiefly occupied with business in Birmingham, but takes interest in the commercial faculty of the Birmingham University.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, writing on his favourite novelist and his best book, gives the palm to Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth."

THE FRENCH HAVELock-GORDON.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for December contains the third and last instalment of E. Perronet Thompson's sketch of General de Sonis. It tells of his heroic struggle against the disablement caused by his wounds. He maintained his reputation as a first-class cavalry officer though he had lost one leg and had broken the other, and had to be lifted into his saddle, wooden leg and all. He suffered intensely from these disablements, but submitted himself to the will of God. He went on a pious pilgrimage to Lourdes, and, as the writer observes, if ever a man ought to have been faith-healed, it was he. He felt almost sure he should be cured. He did not receive the cure, but attained "a perfect and blissful submission to the adorable Will."

HIS GREAT RENUNCIATION.

But his chief trial came when a Secularist Government succeeded Marshal MacMahon in 1879. The notorious "Ferry Decrees" for the expulsion of religious orders were being carried out all over the country. After a brilliant display of his powers in the autumn manoeuvres, De Sonis learned that his troops had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness for the execution of these "Satanic" decrees. Perceiving the inevitable, De Sonis resigned his commission. "I have counted the cost," he said, "and I am ready to appear before a court martial." He had sacrificed his career; he had given up his livelihood. He went home to tell his wife and children that henceforth they must "espouse holy poverty." He explained to his like-minded comrades "when a soldier receives an order to act contrary to God's will, he must reply, 'Relieve me from my command, for I cannot disobey God. Disgrace me, slay me if you will, but I cannot do otherwise.' That moment came for me." His troops had meantime been used to break open the doors of the Redemptorist Fathers. To save him from starvation of his old naval friend, now a Benedictine, sent him a donation.

A LIFE OF "HONOUR AND SACRIFICE."

Two years later he was appointed as cavalry inspector general, and in 1883 he retired on full pension. In his last illness he insisted on being carried to the death-bed of two fellow-generals, neither of whom was a pious character, to prepare them for the end. He died in August, 1887. General de Charette said, "All his life can be summed up in two words, Honour and Sacrifice." The writer concludes:—

Setting miracle apart, it is marvel enough that a French officer of the Second Empire should have talked and written so like a Captain Hedley Vickers (that Evangelical worthy of Crimean days); that this same man should have interchanged and combined the *roles* of active fighter and passive sufferer; that, himself a physical wreck, he should have borne his part in the restoration of a wrecked army; and that he, a layman—a soldier living on his pay, without personal ambition, without political influence, without even the *décalog* of a striking conversion (Sonis is one of the few saints who have absolutely no past), should, by his sanc-

tity alone, have set on foot a great religious movement. Who, asks an English Roman Catholic magazine, ever saw a Sacred Heart or a Lourdes image before 1870? . . . So say we, let every creed and no creed study, either in the original, dedicated to Messieurs the French officers, or in the translation dedicated to General Lord Ralph Kerr and his English military co-religionists, this happy compound of "hussar gaiety and Carmelite fervour, brilliant horsemanship and monastic asceticism, firmness in command, and suavity in daily intercourse," and all this, modifying into, or blending with, the character of the patient sufferer, who "could not be irritated, save by an insult to his God."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN,

THE MAHDI OF PAN-BRITONISM.

"DIPLOMATICUS" contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* an article on Mr. Chamberlain under the title of "The Greatest Colonial Minister." "Diplomaticus" says that Mr. Chamberlain is the first Colonial Minister who has ever had a chance to be great, and his demonstration has been characterised by a great failure. He has been seven years in the Colonial Office, and he has failed to realise the great ambition of his life, which was to establish an Imperial Federation by means of commercial union. "Diplomaticus" says that in 1895 Mr. Chamberlain believed that the hour of synthetic Imperialism had struck, and that the circumstances justified him in thinking that he was the appointed Mahdi of the Pan-Britannic gospel. His grandiose plan has failed; the Imperial Federation by means of commercial union seems further off to-day than when it was only talked of as a pious aspiration. The first blow to Mr. Chamberlain was the result of the inquiry which he instituted into the state of trade between the United Kingdom and the Colonies; it turned out that our loss of trade in the Colonies was not due to causes that could be remedied by a Customs Union. On the top of this blow came the second, which proved, in the failure of the Canadian Preferential Tariff, to divert the Canadian trade to British channels. The third blow was the report given in 1899, when the Treasury reported that any attempt to give tariff preferences to the Colonies would be dangerous to the Empire, and produce disastrous consequences at home. Thus it is that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme came to nothing. But "Diplomaticus" consoles him by saying that though he has not scaled the heavens, in his effort to do so he has hit the tops of very lofty trees. His Colonial administration has been essentially Roman, and he has largely worked with roads and railways. Even "Diplomaticus," however, shrinks from applauding his Sugar Bounty policy, by which the British consumers must pay eight millions a year more for sugar in order that the West India planter may profit to the extent of £175,000 a year. "Diplomaticus" concludes his article by expressing the hope that Mr. Chamberlain may be spared to crown his well-filled life with the gift to the Empire he loves of a prosperous, contented South Africa.

THE BALZAC OF JOURNALISM.

THE EXPLOITS OF SIR EDWARD RUSSELL.

MR. JOHN MACLEAY contributes a very interesting interview with Sir Edward Russell to the *Young Man*. Like everybody else who knows the editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, the writer falls under the spell of his genial interlocutor. Sir Edward has edited the *Post* for over thirty years, and has been associated with it since 1860. He well remembers the time when all American news came by boat. He remarks that after the Crimean War the Press, like the country, became markedly less moralistic than from 1840 to 1856. But the most interesting portions of the articles are the autobiographical. Sir Edward says that his average output nowadays is between eight and twelve columns in a week. For four years when he was on the *Morning Post* he made £1,100 a year, rarely more than a guinea a column. The interviewer reckons that this works out at about three columns a day, or thirty thousand words a week. The ordinary modern novel contains about sixty thousand words. Sir Edward Russell is computed to have written about eighty novels.

A CURIOUS SIDELIGHT ON M. ARNOLD'S DEATH.

A curious reminiscence links the death of Matthew Arnold with one of his greatest feats of speed:—

One of the quickest bits of work I have done was when Matthew Arnold died. We were staying at Southport at the time, and my wife had just undergone an operation, and I knew she would be anxious if I did not return that night, and the latest train back was at about nine. It was Sunday, and there was no telegraph. I reached Liverpool about six o'clock, and on arriving at the office was at once told by the sub-editor that Mr. Cropper, Matthew Arnold's brother-in-law, wished most particularly to see me at the North Western Hotel. I went up there, and Mrs. Cropper told me that her brother was dead, and that it would be in accordance with her and her husband's wishes if I had the intelligence exclusively for the *Post*, as Matthew Arnold, an idol of mine, had been very kind to me. I hurried back to the office, and while I was waiting for the arrival of my secretary, I made jottings of a number of books I should require, and looked up an article I had written on Matthew Arnold some time before. When my secretary arrived, I sent him to my house for the books, and, while he was gone, I continued the work of setting my material in order and began to write. It was not until about half-past seven that I got fairly to work, but, by dint of dictating to my secretary and writing myself, I got through a biographical article of a column and a half in length and a leader of two columns, and caught my train back to Southport a few minutes after nine. Before leaving the office I put my work into the hands of the sub-editor with strict injunctions that nothing was to be said of it and that it was not to be given out to the compositors till half-past twelve, when there was no chance of the news getting abroad.

That the sister of Matthew Arnold could have thought of giving one paper exclusive information of her brother's death on the day on which it occurred is a strange incident in sudden bereavement.

Sir Edward thinks that the University may have a spell, but rests his faith on the School Board type of education. "It gives the pupil a good grounding, and in the higher stages offers a finish of general culture which is almost essential nowadays." He holds modern history to be the most useful study for the young journalist

SOME MODERN MEN OF LETTERS.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY contributes to *McClure's Magazine* for November one of his gossip papers concerning modern men of letters whom he has met. They include Robert Browning, John Morley, Russell Lowell, Matthew Arnold, Anthony Hope, Mr. Swinburne, Alfred Austin, W. D. Howells and Henry James. Speaking of Matthew Arnold, he says that the late George Smith loved Arnold, who was often his guest. "You know," said Mr. Smith to me one day at dinner when Arnold had been expected but detained, "I gain one thing by his absence. When he comes, I give him my best wine, and he likes the wine; but he likes me to drink it with him, and I do. The result is I have an attack of gout next day. But I had rather have the gout than not have Arnold." Browning also liked Mr. Smith's wines; he loved port above all others, but apparently he was not a very good judge, and preferred what George Smith considered the inferior vintage of 1851 to the better vintages of '20, '34, and '47. The late Lord Houghton said that the only two lines he understood in "Sordello" were the first and last: "Who will may hear Sordello's story told," and "Who would hath heard Sordello's story told"—and both were false. Of Mr. Morley he says: "He cannot rid himself of the moral notions which have become imbedded in his nature. On that side of him he is austere, unbending, uncompromising, at times narrow, and at all times a fanatic. And yet on the personal side he has a sweetness of nature and a sweet reasonableness in talk which I can only call lovable. A Conservative, unlike him in all respects, I got on so well with him that a bystander remarked upon it, 'If all Radicals were like Morley they would be easy to get on with; and then,' he added, 'perhaps there would be fewer Conservatives.'" Mr. Morley looks like a Puritan and talks like a philosopher. He is a man who cares for men and for humanity. His "Life of Gladstone" will be a unique piece of biography, a biography of a believer by an unbeliever, of the real adroit professional politician of his times by a political amateur, of an Imperialist by a Little Englander. He cares for books, not as books, but as literature, and he wrote his editorials in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in the tone of a Cabinet Minister's speech. The rest of the article is very slight—more gossip—with a few anecdotes.

THE Christmas number of the *Strand* is more serious than usual. Its most attractive feature is Mr. Rudolph de Cordova's description, with admirable reproductions, of the panels in Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's hall. Mr. Harry de Windt's plea for the political exiles in Siberia claims separate notice. Mr. E. T. Cook, out of his exhaustless stores of information about Ruskin and his books, publishes an interesting interview with Mr. George Allen, explaining how, suddenly and abruptly, Mr. Ruskin transformed Mr. Allen, engraver, into the publisher of his works.

NIGHT THOUGHTS IN THE ABBEY.

It is a noble poem with which Mrs. Woods opens the *Cornhill Magazine* for December under the title "The Builders ; A Nocturne in Westminster Abbey." After the jingle of more or less metrical Jingoism and the doggerel done into lengths of official rhymesters, it is refreshing to come on a real voice of the soul of England. The poetess begins :—

On what dost thou dream, solitary all the night long.
Immense, dark, alone, shrine of a world? . . .

And thou hearest
Sweep around thy silent shores for ever
The dim roar of London.

She contrasts the calm moonlight that looks down on the ruins of the ancient East with "the fiery cloud, the intense atmosphere of ardent life," which shadows the Abbey by night. Those who have loitered after evensong in the winter time will recognise the truth of this description of the "grey isle of God." Daringly the poetess addresses the blind ghosts of the builders, and comforts them for the vanished—

Silver Thames broadening among green meadows
And gardens green—

and—
Sudden shimmer of streams,
And the clear, mild blue hills,

by assuring them that ever the Abbey stands so high—

The whole earth under
Spreads boundless and the illimitable sea.

The poetess glances at the vast stretches of the Empire that look to the Abbey as home. Then the passing footfall of a watcher in the shrine diverts her thought from the Abbey builders to the Empire builders who lie buried below—the explorers, the tapers of wilderness and of wilder peoples, the conquerors of sea and shore—

And I in a vision beheld how mightier sleepers,
The famous English dead, stirred in their sleep,
The Makers of old, the men who greatly builded,
Who made things to be, who builded empire.

Then she hears a rumour of feet, the feet of sons of fate, the denizens of our world empire met in the historic fane to crown their latest king.

Whence came the pilgrim feet?
Over salt seas, through fire and the shadow of death,
Loosely marching, brown in their battle-worn dress,
The pilgrims passed through the languid August town,
Came with new vows, with offerings unforeknown
Of young eventful time, by roads how new
Drawn to the ancient doors, the ancestral shrine.

The splendid Future is theirs, but they are not content,
They have said to the glorious past, 'Thou, too, shalt be ours.'

So linking past and future the prophetess exclaims :—

The dead are sleeping.
They have fought the good fight, they have finished
their course,
To us the inheritance, to us the labour,
To us the heroic, perilous, hard essay,
New thoughts, new regions, unattempted things.

Not in the footsteps of old generations
Our feet may tread ; but high compelling spirits,
Ineluctable laws point the untrodden way
Precipitous, draw to the uncharted sea.

Among the many bards whose lyres have been touched by the awe of our Christian Valhalla it may be questioned whether any have uttered the silent music of the ancient pile as it is sounded in these closing lines :—

Thou, in the one communion of thy bosom
Gatherest the centuries, their brooding silence
Informs thy dark, a live incessant voice,
London about thee clamorous ephemeral things.
And thou listenest to hear
Its hidden undertone, thou art ever listening
To the deep tides of the world under all the seas
Drawing to thee, and the slow feet of fate.

AN ARCTIC PRISON-VILLAGE.

MR. HARRY DE WINDT, who reported so favourably on the prisons in Western Siberia, and who has always maintained that, were he sentenced to a term of penal servitude, he would infinitely sooner serve it in Siberia than in England, writes in the *Strand* on darkest Siberia and its political exiles. He describes a colony of such exiles at Sredni-Kolymsk away in the remote North-East. He states that physical brutality is a thing of the past. A convict who shot a police-officer for cruelty to a comrade will, he expects, be acquitted. But the physical privations in respect to food and warmth are portrayed in lurid colours. Yet this is the worst count in his indictment :—

The most pitiable peculiarity about Sredni-Kolymsk is, perhaps, the morbid influence of the place and its surroundings on the mental powers. The first thing noticeable amongst those who had passed some years here was the utter vacancy of mind, even of men who, in Europe, had shone in the various professions. Indeed, I can safely state that, with three exceptions, there was not a perfectly sane man or woman amongst all the exiles I saw here. "A couple of years usually makes them shaky," said an official, "and the strongest-minded generally become childish when they have been here for five or six." "But why is it?" I asked. My friend walked to the window and pointed to the mournful, desolate street, the dismal drab hovels, and frozen, pine-fringed river darkening in the dusk. "That," he said, "and the awful silence—day after day, year after year, not a sound."

Mr. de Windt concludes with the hope that the—
ciency of a wise and merciful ruler may yet be extended towards the unhappy outcasts in that Siberian hell of famine, cold, and darkness, scarcely less terrible in its ghastly loneliness than those frozen realms of eternal silence which enshrine the mystery of the world.

THE Christmas number of the *Girls Realm* is partly printed in colours ; most of it is seasonable literature, fiction, short stories, and suggestions for Christmas time. Among the more serious articles are Miss Frances Low's paper in a series upon "How I can Earn a Living." She suggests that girls might do worse than take up the occupation of being nurses to children. She recommends nine months' training in the Norland Institute. There is a copiously illustrated paper on Girl-Student life in Glasgow School of Art, and an interesting article telling the story of the actual life of the characters in Louisa M. Alcott's well-known story "Little Women."

A FRENCH VIEW OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

To the second November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* M. Filon contributes an article which is evidently intended to be a smashing blow at what he would no doubt himself describe as the Cromwell legend. This little country gentleman overturned a dynasty, refused a crown, and went near to creating a dynasty of his own. Yet M. Filon says that Cromwell after his death had an even stranger fortune than in his lifetime. He had hardly been buried when a waxen image of him was set up at Somerset House. It was dressed in purple, and held a sceptre in its hand, representing Oliver on the day of his second enthronement as Lord Protector; but, in addition, the figure bore upon its head that Royal crown which Cromwell himself had never dared to put there. For several weeks this strange figure received the homage of the multitude, who passed in single file before it. Less than two years afterwards the body of the Protector, snatched from that tomb in which it had slept in the midst of kings, was hung ignominiously from a gibbet, after which the head, separated from the trunk by the axe of the executioner, was stuck up above the door of Parliament. For two centuries the memory of Cromwell continued to be both venerated and accursed, and what astonishes M. Filon is to see this strong man who despised Parliaments, this destroyer of liberty, being accorded the special veneration of those who have the strongest faith in Parliaments and in liberty. M. Filon is dissatisfied with Mr. Morley's study of Cromwell. Every page, he says, declares that Oliver was sincere, and yet every page proves that he lied; every page assures us that he was a man of genius, and at the same time proves to us that he lacked intelligence, and yet Oliver "was an Englishman all over." Cromwell represented the Puritanism which seemed to vanish after it had failed in its endeavour to establish a theocratic society; but M. Filon considers that it did not really vanish, but that only the name has been changed. The whole nation is descended from those Puritans, with the difference that "the people of God" has become "the superior race," which issues its orders no longer in the name of Christ, but in that of Darwin. M. Filon even denies Cromwell the epithet "great," and though he allows him personal bravery, he prefers to attribute his military successes rather to the mistakes of his adversaries than to any strategic or tactical ability of his own. As for his diplomacy, M. Filon declares that England, at the moment when Cromwell undertook the direction of her foreign policy, had two great interests—the first of which would have led her to check the ambition of France, and the second to destroy the seapower of the Dutch. What Cromwell did was to make peace with Holland, and to make an alliance with France against Spain. In fact, M. Filon regards Cromwell as the precursor of the Imperialist movement, and absolutely as an obstacle in the path of progress—a man to be numbered among those whom Comte considered to have "put back the clock" of humanity.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE FROM A FORTRESS.

To the second November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* General Zurlinden, whose name will be remembered as an ex-Minister of War, contributes some interesting reminiscences of his captivity in that fatal year of 1870. He was a captain in the Artillery when the capitulation of October 28th was announced to the army of Metz. Captain Zurlinden and his brother officers were sent the following day to Nancy, where they had the inexpressible mortification of being insulted by their own countrymen and countrywomen, who threw stones at them. General de Berckheim, one of the best officers in the French Army, narrowly escaped serious injury. Ultimately Captain Zurlinden was sent to Wiesbaden with General de Berckheim, whose *aide-de-camp* he was.

As time went on and news came of his relations and friends in the field, this enforced inaction became intolerable to the young captain. He began by giving notice to the German General in command that he withdrew his parole, and after four-and-twenty hours he would consider himself free to rejoin the French army. After dinner, accordingly, he packed a few things in a valise, but before he could get away he was arrested and conveyed to the fortress of Mayence. Captain Zurlinden was later on sent to the fortress of Glogau, in Silesia, where he found a number of other French officers. He seems to have been the only one who could speak German, and he decided to escape from the fortress, it being useless for any of the others to attempt to cross Germany without knowing the language. Marvellous to relate, he escaped out of the fortress, thanks to the laxity of a gaoler who did not lock a particular door. Captain Zurlinden had chosen his time well—the eve of Christmas, which is so great a festival in Germany—and no doubt he profited by the fact that so many official eyes look at that season on the wine when it is red. Disguised as a German commercial traveller, he calmly took the train to Glogau, and ultimately arrived at Berlin. Thence he made his way to Basle, in Switzerland, after a most agitating journey, in which he was frequently encountering German officers, and about a week afterwards he arrived on the banks of the Loire, and realised his dream of rejoining the French army. Later on he learnt that the neglectful gaoler, who had enabled him to escape, insisted on going up to his room very soon after he had left, in spite of all that Captain Zurlinden's friends could do to prevent him. The man, however, was entirely deceived by a made-up figure which Captain Zurlinden had taken the precaution to leave in his bed. But for this, no doubt, the alarm would have been raised and the fugitive brought back.

In the *United Service Magazine* for December Lieut. John Biddlecombe, of the Victorian Navy, defines a naval policy for Australia. His idea is that we ought to have an Australian Navy working with and under the direction of the British Navy—a branch, as it were, like certain bankers in Australia who have their head offices in London.

THE REMBRANDTS IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

IN the September number of the *Art Journal* Mr. Claude Phillips deals with the Netherlands pictures in the Wallace Collection; and after some references to Frans Hals, the painter of "The Laughing Cavalier" and other pictures, Mr. Phillips devotes his article to Rembrandt and his work at Hertford House. He writes:—

The Rembrandts at Hertford House cover most of the master's wonderful career from boyhood to age. The earliest years, the Leyden *Lehrjahre*, are, however, unrepresented; and there is nothing to illustrate the last eight or nine years, which is not equal to the great decade between 1650 and 1660, are yet among the most interesting in the whole fruitful career.

The earliest canvases here are the two great full-length portraits and the little biblical piece, "The Good Samaritan"; all of them dating from about the year 1632. This little picture, small only in dimensions, but broad and full accent in touch, for all its minuteness, which rivals that of Gerard Dou, the master's pupil and companion in early life, shows at once the intense gravity with which Rembrandt approaches the great scenes of drama and emotion in biblical history, his power of re-casting them in the mould of his ardent imagination, and his feeling to awe and worship, face to face with even the humblest and most purely human episodes which typify the spiritual and material life, the aspirations and woes of humanity.

It is not alone the sorrow, the disillusion, the solitude of his later years that gave to his work its essential character of solemn pathos, of a sympathy so ardent and painful as to light up from within, to transfigure with the vivifying warmth of spiritual beauty beings and subjects conceived in a spirit of humble, unquestioning realism. We recognise this spirit from the very first, even in such comparatively rude essays as those early single-figure studies, the "St. Paul in Prison" (1627) of Stuttgart, and the "St. Paul by Candlelight" (1628) of the Germanic Museum at Nuremberg. It permeates the whole life-work; gaining very naturally in intensity in those last fifteen or eighteen years which were on the whole the greatest of the master's artistic career.

There is a period—that of the married life with Saskia, that of the material comfort and splendour of the establishment at Amsterdam during those early days of brilliant success and fashion when Rembrandt, still not wholly mature, reigned supreme—there is a period, comparatively restricted, which the *joie de vivre*, the almost gluttonous desire to enjoy to the full the material side of love, of physical delight in every phase, of wealth and of power, has the upper hand, and obscures, though it does not obliterate, the deeper and more essential aspects of the art. Even here the joy in life is not the unquestioning, the child-like joy of a Hals; it has something in its manifestations of a poignant brutality, something, too, of a lurid splendour.

The "Portrait of the Artist's Son, Titus," is one of the most characteristic in the beautiful series of portraits in which Rembrandt has with so much love, and so haunting a sense of sorrow to come, immortalised this youth of noble and pensive aspect—his son and the beloved Saskia's—who was to die at the age of twenty-seven, a year before the solitary master was himself to be called away. It is as if Titus were the embodiment in the flesh of the ideal side of Rembrandt's nature, of his love of the beautiful and the exalted, which he found beneath a surface not always beautiful—of his world-sadness, for which the mere material woes of his chequered career cannot alone be made answerable. The handsome youth, whose beauty here has something sculptural, something almost Greek in its loftiness, is here about sixteen. In the portrait in Earl Spencer's collection at Althorp he appears at the age of fourteen, in a gorgeous fancy dress; and this last being dated 1655, the picture in the Wallace Collection must perforce have been painted about 1657.

A little later on comes a still more magnificent portrait, not

so hard and sculptural—an incomparably broad and splendid piece of true painter's work, overwhelming in world-sadness and presentiment of catastrophe to come. This is the sombre "Titus" of Dorchester House, in which the youth is seen budding into the man. Rembrandt's son is here about eighteen or nineteen, so that Captain Holford's portrait must date from 1659 or 1660. To say nothing of the other portraits, which are duly enumerated and reproduced in Dr. Bode's book, there is a pronounced reminiscence, if not an actual portrait, of Titus at an earlier stage, in the angel who inspires St. Matthew, in the picture of the Evangelist, dated 1661, which is in the Louvre.

To much the same date as the Hertford House "Titus" belongs the very small "Portrait of Rembrandt, by Himself," painted on copper, with singular breadth and finish, and with a golden flesh-tone to be found oftener in the decade between 1640 and 1650 than in that between 1650 and 1660, to which this latter portrait belongs. Our painter looks here about the same age as in the Earl of Ilchester's surprising three-quarter-length portrait—if anything over life-size—at Melbury Park. This being dated 1657, our little piece must belong to that or the previous year. Thus nothing in the Wallace Collection quite reaches the year 1660.

W. D. HOWELLS ON ZOLA.

THE peculiar uncertainty of our critics as to the position of Zola in the world of literature is reflected in Mr. W. D. Howells' paper in the November *North American Review*, as in most of the articles on the same subject noticed last month. Mr. Howells thinks it was the nature of Zola to be differed about. He will never be more unjustly appreciated and depreciated than he was during his lifetime, but there will never be a time when criticism will be of one mind about him. Zola, Mr. Howells insists, was by temperament largely Italian, and to this he owes not only the monastic scope of his literary ambition, but the depth and strength of his personal conscience. It is this which distinguishes his methods of treatment from what is regarded ordinarily as French immorality.

As a Latin there is a comprehensive distinction between Zola and his contemporaries. Beauty with him was symmetry; and he built a temple instead of growing a tree, as do the Russians and Scandinavians, who do not look for symmetry in life, and therefore succeed in depicting life more truly.

Yet Zola was an artist rather than a man of science. His hand was perpetually selecting his facts, and shaping them to one epical result. Though reporting the rudest noises in the street, the result with him was always harmony. That he was immoral Mr. Howells denies. His books are indecent, but always most pitilessly moral. They may disgust, but they will not deprave; and his intention was unquestionably righteous. He repelled where others allured.

THE great attraction of the Christmas number of *The Woman at Home* is a superbly-illustrated series of sketches by Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley of the famous portrait-painters of the day, among whom are included Mr. John Sargent, Sir W. B. Richmond, Mr. Ellis Roberts, Mr. Edward Hughes, Mr. John Collier, Mrs. Perugini, Mr. G. F. Watts, Professor Herkomer, Madame Canziani, and Mr. Leslie Ward.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for December opens with a reproduction of Verestchagin's new picture of "The Battle of San Juan Hill," based, as we are told, upon President Roosevelt's criticism and information. The review is as usual full of excellent reproductions of portraits and photographs, including the now inevitable portrait of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The article on "The Great Ship Combine," by Mr. W. L. Marvin, and Ida Husted Harper's Character Sketch of the late Mrs. Cady Stanton, are noticed elsewhere.

Mr. Cy. Warman, in an interesting article, describes the "Giant Growth of the Soo," or the wonderful industrial plants created by the power canals of Sault Ste. Marie on Lake Superior. Mr. O. G. Villard describes an Alabama negro school. There is a long and very interesting paper by Mr. Frank Nelson and Mr. W. B. Shaw on the movement for consolidating country schools. The pupils are carried to school in public wagons, and thus in thinly-peopled districts it is possible for children to attend large, well-equipped schools at some distance from their homes, instead of being taught in small poorly-equipped schools in their immediate localities.

The Review of Reviews for Australasia.

IN addition to the matter which appeared in the English REVIEW, the September number contains a very copious series of reproductions of Australian caricaturists, and a somewhat mournful account of the drought and its effect upon the price of food in Australia. Mr. Fisher thinks that the Federal Tariff will not be altered in the next ten years. The Australian States are turning their attention to retrenchment, for the helpless increase of expenditure hitherto seems to prove that the Australian statesmen have been suffering from a temporary paralysis of common sense and of strength of will. The result of the General Election in Victoria seems to show that public opinion in that colony is changing in favour of the New South Wales plan of a strong Arbitration Court as against the system of Wage Boards. Mr. Fitchett says there is an unpleasant drain from all the Australian States to South Africa. In little more than three months 6,350 healthy adults with nearly £200,000 in their pockets have left Australia for South Africa. Of these 1,670 came from Victoria, a State which, with its high Tariff and Wage Boards, represents more nearly the triumph of Labour politics than any other State in the Commonwealth.

Scribner's Magazine.

THE December number of *Scribner's* is largely devoted to fiction. There are, however, two more serious articles, one of which is a description of Spanish Bull-fighting, by Richard Harding Davis, well illustrated from snapshots, and the other a collection of letters of the late Mr. Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone." As usual, the magazine is superbly illustrated, and some of the colour printing is far above the average. Special mention must be made of Jessie Willcox Smith's charming series of colour drawings entitled "A Mother's Day." Both the ideas and the drawing are praiseworthy, and it is to be hoped that *Scribner's Magazine* will contain further examples of her work.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

I WELCOME a new periodical in *The World's Work*, which is an English adaptation of the American magazine of that name. It is under independent editorship, and most of the articles are original. But the shape of the magazine, the title, the general get-up, and the dominant idea are all taken holus bolus from the excellent American magazine which we have been noticing in these pages for the last two years. Mr. Norman may be congratulated upon the success with which he has followed his American model. In his portrait gallery the heads of the leaders in the Education controversy are not quite so well printed as those which appear on the American side; but they are distinctly in advance of anything that we have yet had in an English magazine. The most curious thing in the series of photographs is the extent to which Lord Hugh Cecil's ears stick out from the side of his head. There is also a curious portrait of Mr. St. John Brodrick, caparisoned as a man of war, and looking profoundly uncomfortable in his unaccustomed toggery.

Mr. Norman writes on Education in the first article, which he calls "The March of Events." Mr. Macnamara opens a series of papers upon "Our Education; What it is, and What it Ought to be," while there is an excellently illustrated paper upon life in a London Board School.

Under the heading, "Wake up, John Bull!" I notice the article on "A Yankee Boss in England," and also Sir Christopher Furness's "How British Trade is Handicapped." Sir William Laird Clowes discusses the question whether or not the Mediterranean should be abandoned by us. He states the case in favour of clearing out of the Mediterranean more with a view to raising the question than of beginning an agitation in favour of that course. He thinks that by watching very thoroughly the two exits from the Mediterranean we could bottle up the fleets of our possible enemies more effectively than by telling off a large section of our own Navy to attempt to patrol the Mediterranean, and keep the flag flying in every part of it.

There are also articles upon Football, the American Combine, and Life Assurance and Civilisation.

The Century Magazine.

THE December and Christmas number of the *Century Magazine* is admirably got up and illustrated. It opens with four pictures in colour illustrating "The Travels of the Soul," by Mr. Howard Pyle. There is an interesting article on animals at Warnham Court, by Annie H. White, followed by a paper, by Mr. C. R. Knight, dealing with animals at Arundel Castle. Both these papers are illustrated with coloured pictures. Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson deals with "The So-Called Steel Trust," which he regards as a great advance in industry, beneficial alike to producers and consumers. Mr. J. H. Freese contributes a short paper on "The Making of the Universe," in which he mentions incidentally that two hundred tons of meteors fall on the earth's surface every day. Mr. W. T. Hewett writes on F. W. Robertson, the famous preacher. There are several other articles, and an abundance of fiction.

THE state of the stage greatly exercises Mr. David Williamson in the *Leisure Hour*. He declares, after careful study of the question, that the ratio of the performance of absolutely innocuous plays is as five to ninety-five.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is a fair number, rather below the average. There are some very good articles, but none that call for a very extended notice.

THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Mr. Archibald S. Hurd discusses what he calls America's bid for naval supremacy. He declares that the Americans are now building more battleships than any country except Great Britain, and there is a growing desire to build a fleet which will be stronger than that of the British Empire; for this end they do all they can to popularise the navy, and to territorialise it, so that all the cities and states may have a ship called after them. The one weak point is that they are deficient in the number of officers and men. The American first-class battleship has only 17 officers where Germany would have 20, France 26, and England 33. The navy requires about twice the number of officers and men now serving to man adequately all the ships built or in course of construction.

THE TANGLE OF LONDON LOCOMOTION.

Mr. Sidney Low discusses the present condition of the problem for supplying London with cheap and rapid means of emptying itself upon the country. He makes various suggestions for remedying this, the most practical of which is that a Locomotion Committee should be appointed by all the County Councils on the tract included within the metropolitan police district. The diffusion of urban populations and the transmission of mechanical power have produced great changes, to which our administrative machinery has not learnt to adapt itself. The paper contains many suggestions; among others he would put the trains and trams below the surface, he would construct great boulevards 125 to 150 feet broad, down the centre of which a strip 40 feet wide should be set apart for fast mechanical traction. He mentions, among other interesting facts, that it costs £450,000 a mile to construct and equip the tube railway in London. But the Morgan system for making the Piccadilly and City Railway was to average £850,000 per mile.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS AS A PUBLIC PERIL.

Sir Oliver Lodge writes an article under this head in the shape of a notice of Mr. A. C. Benson's book, "The Schoolmaster." He maintains that the terribly limited training and narrow education, fostered by the traditional English school system, leads to the production of boys who hate knowledge and think books dreary; who are perfectly self-satisfied and arrogantly and contemptuously ignorant; and, not only satisfied to be so, but thinking it Radical and almost unmanly that a young man should be anything else. Sir Oliver Lodge maintains that this is a true account, and that the English school is responsible for obstructing the progress of the nation.

A PLEA FOR THE JESUITS IN ENGLAND.

Father Gerard, of the Society of Jesus, writes an essay discussing the position which the Jesuits now occupy under the law of England. At present if a Jesuit stands on English soil he is guilty of a misdemeanour punishable by law. But the law is never enforced, and Father Gerard thinks that it is high time the exclusion Act should be repealed—as a matter of simple justice. The only justification alleged for not repealing it is that the ultra-Protestants would obstruct to death any relief bill. Father Gerard does not think this excuse adequate.

THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

Mr. Oswald Crawford contributes a very interesting essay under this head. He admits that the British Drama is the highest in price and the lowest in literature and aesthetics of any among the greater nations of Europe. He does not think that it need remain at this low ebb. He applies himself to discover various forms which would render the drama more worthy of its position. The first thing to be done, he thinks, is to popularise play-reading in this country. In the second place, he would shorten the duration of plays by doing away with the twenty minutes' interval between the acts; and also by reintroducing something like the old prologue, by which the author could tell the story of the play up to the point of starting, so as to do away with the explanatory dialogue which is of no dramatic value. He thinks that if this were done the novel would become less popular than the drama. The British Drama, he thinks, at present suffers from nothing so much as critics; when the Greeks wrote there were no Press criticisms; the Press has helped to strangle the drama. He would like to see the English Press following the example of the Parisian in publishing signed notices of first nights, over the names of the most distinguished men of letters of the day.

THE SERPENT IN EDEN.

Was the Serpent in Eden God or Devil? According to Mrs. W. Kemp-Welch—who takes the woman-headed serpent in Michael Angelo's picture of "The Temptation in the Sistine Chapel" as a text for the purpose of recalling the ancient belief of the Gnostics that the serpent was not evil, but good—it was in reality an incarnation of Divine wisdom which summoned the human race to a higher plane of intelligence than that which they had occupied. Their belief was that Jehovah was an imperfect spirit proceeding from an imperfect moral system and keeping mankind in a state of moral ignorance. It was to defeat this limitation that the "Sophia," the wisdom from on high, emanating from God Almighty, came down to earth in order to raise man by appealing to the woman to acquire the knowledge which was indispensable for their development. Hence it was natural to give the serpent the head of a woman as the giver of all good.

THE REVIVAL OF THE KINGSHIP.

Sir Wemyss Reid, in his chronicle of the month, calls attention to the evidence afforded in November to the extent to which kings have risen in public estimation of late years. With the exception of Mr. Chamberlain and perhaps Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, the important personages of the month's history were Royal personages. Edward VII., Kaiser Wilhelm, King Carlos, King Leopold, and the Emperor Franz Joseph have been much the most conspicuous. Sir Wemyss Reid thinks that this is indicative of the extent to which sovereigns have preceded statesmen as rulers of events.

ENGLISH AS IT WAS SPOKE.

Mr. C. L. Eastlake contributes an interesting paper on "Changes in the Pronunciation of English." "Tea" we all know was once pronounced "tay," as it still is by the lower orders in Ireland; but few people know that "sea" was once pronounced "say." In the eighteenth century "mead" was pronounced "made" and "scene" "sain." "Are" was pronounced "air"—another instance in which modern vulgar speech preserves the correct pronunciation of past ages. Pope made "join" to rhyme with "line," and there is no doubt, says Mr. Eastlake, that the rhyme was unimpeachable.

THE NETHERLANDS AND THE DUAL ALLIANCE.

Mr. Demetrius Poulger, in a paper on "A Possible Addition to the Dual Alliance," suggests that Holland and Belgium may throw in their lot with France and Russia. The addition of thirteen million Netherlanders to France as allies would redress at a stroke the deficiency of her population as compared with Germany. Mr. Poulger thinks this new combination is not only possible, but probable, and declares that we must be prepared for the contingency. Both nations dislike and dread the Germans, and if Belgium were to enter into an alliance with France on the Austro-Roumanian basis, Holland would soon follow. The alliance with Russia would not hinder this, as Russia has a good name in the Netherlands, which are largely interested in her material development.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The Hon. Boyd Winchester, late U.S. Minister in Switzerland, protests against the "Ignoble Use of the Classics," which is involved in making them mere school-room drill. Lord Burghclere's translation of Virgil's *Georgics* is continued. Mr. Harold Gorst contributes Part II. of his "Story of the Fourth Party."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The *Fortnightly Review* for December opens with "Diplomaticus's" paper on "The Greatest Colonial Minister," which I have noticed elsewhere. I have also noticed elsewhere Mr. Wells' "Mankind in the Making." Of the other papers, the most elaborate and interesting is that of Sir A. C. Lyall.

RACE AND RELIGION.

Sir A. C. Lyall deals with the fundamental difference which exists between the Western European idea of the State and the Eastern and primitive conception of race and religion as demarcating factors between different kingdoms, and between the different nationalities in these kingdoms. As in Austria, so in the East, race and religion still unite and isolate the populations in groups, and form the great dividing and disturbing forces that prevent or delay the consolidation of settled nationalities. Sir A. C. Lyall thinks that in Asia the strength of religious and racial sentiments is increasing rather than diminishing. The practical importance of this fact for the great empires which rule over many races and religions is very great, proving as it does that it is impossible to impose a uniform type of civilisation over different varieties of the human species.

MUNICIPAL SOCIALISM.

In an article entitled "Socialism Sub Rosa," Mr. J. A. R. Marriott continues the campaign against municipalisation of services. He maintains that the number of so-called monopolies is very few, water being a necessity for all; but gas is not a monopoly, in the sense that people who do not want to consume it can use other substitutes. The objection to municipal housing lies in the fact that if the houses are let at commercial rents little good is done, while if they are let at less a privileged body of tenants is created. As to the alleged advantage which lies in the cheapness of municipal capital, Mr. Marriott maintains that if the municipalities embark on all kinds of undertakings, interest on municipal loans will go up. He predicts ruined cities with rows of uninhabited houses, and workshops from which industry has fled.

A DEFENCE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Baron Pierre de Coubertin asks, "Are the Public Schools a Failure?" and answers the question in the negative. The present attack upon the public-school system is made in the name of science. But Baron de Coubertin thinks that by these attacks the formation of character carried on in the schools is endangered. He contrasts the results of Continental and English schooling in the following words:—

A young Englishman realises from the start that the success of his enterprises depends upon himself and his personal qualities. Of course he knows that he may meet with ill-luck, but everyone runs an equal chance of that. With that exception he admits that all rests with him, and if he fails he puts at least three-fourths of the blame on himself. Take, on the contrary, any young European brought up in the worship of science. He applies the scientific formula which he carries in his brain. If he fails he verifies his formula; he has made no mistake, the formula is quite correct. Clearly, then, he ought to succeed, and if he has not the world must be made wrong and society is out of joint. Reasoning of this sort prevails to such an appalling extent throughout the world that it is a real rest to escape from it; and one of my chief sources of satisfaction, when I am in England, is that I no longer hear those declamations against all that exists which are so common in France, Germany, Russia, and almost every other country.

IRELAND AND THE KING.

Mr. M. McD. Bodkin contributes a paper entitled "Why Ireland is Disloyal," from which I quote only one passage:—

The King is personally popular in Ireland; far more popular than was ever Queen Victoria, whose coldness and neglect to the last year of her reign awakened bitter and natural resentment. The Queen made no secret of her hostility to the great Home Rule statesman, Mr. Gladstone. The King, as Prince of Wales, displayed his friendliness and admiration never more openly than when he was engaged in the heroic struggle for Home Rule. The story goes that His Majesty, when he last visited this country, was sorely troubled to find that here alone, within the vast circuit of the Empire, was there active disaffection and disloyalty, and, it is believed, that he was sympathetic and statesmanlike enough to seek the remedy in justice and conciliation. Rightly or wrongly, the belief is general amongst Irish Nationalists that His Majesty personally favours the great conciliation scheme of Mr. Gladstone for the reconciliation of the two nations.

THE PROBLEM OF THE ARMY.

Mr. R. A. Johnson, writing on "The New Army System and the Auxiliary Forces," makes out a strong case against compulsory service. He maintains that the advantages of a conscript over a volunteer army are unreal and illusory. We shall never require the numbers that conscription would provide, and to except half the population, whether by interest or ballot, from the obligation of service would lead to disastrous jealousies and discontent. A conscript army would necessitate a training suited to the lowest, not to the average intelligence. Another point which Mr. Johnson insists on is that the present proposal to assimilate regulars and volunteers is not only bound to fail, but is a hopeless perversion of the greatest lesson of the war.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among the other articles is Dr. Beattie Crozier's "Problem of Religious Conversion," Mary Duclaux's paper on "The Youth of Taine," and Mr. F. G. Afalo's annual review of "The Sportsman's Library." There is a paper on the new Irish theatre by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, and a short poem by Mr. Walter Lennard.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* for December contains only nine articles, which make up by their length for their fewness. The most interesting of them is Miss Edith Sellers' paper on "The Russian Temperance Committees," which I have quoted from elsewhere. I have also noticed, among the Leading Articles, the paper on "Catholicism *v.* Ultramontanism." The number opens with M. Paul Sabatier's reprint of his address on "St. Francis and the Twentieth Century," in which the saint's "spirit of poverty" is defined in the following way :—

St. Francis preached the spirit of poverty to the poor as well as to the rich; and he makes no distinction between the poor man who covets the place of the rich and the rich man who knows neither love nor liberty because his heart is eaten away by avarice. The state of mind of the two men is identical; they are prisoners, the one to what he possesses, the other to his desire. They have not the spirit of poverty; they have not the Franciscan spirit.

HOW TO STOP RUSSIA ABSORBING ASIA.

Mr. Alexander Ular contributes a paper on "England, Russia and Tibet," in which he makes the following suggestion for stopping the Russian absorption of Asia :—

First of all, available means of communication are wanted, they being the most indispensable instrument of economic invasion; and they should be constructed at all points where economic irruption into Russian dominions in Asia or Russian spheres of interest can be attempted. Tibet herself is of no consequence in this respect. But the whole of the Russian block of territory ought to be surrounded, embraced, broached like a cask by what may be called drainage canals, the double aim of which would be to draw into English commerce and manufacture the natural riches of the countries in question, and to glut all Russian dominions and spheres of interest in Asia with English goods, so as to make them an English market and render utterly impossible any Russian or native industry, unless under English control. The execution of this vast scheme is much easier than it might seem at first sight. The roads for economic invasion ought to be laid out, as a simple glance on the map will show, in the East and on the West of the Himalaya and Hindu-Kush Ranges; the first, in order to connect India by a direct and solid line of communication with the British commercial realm in the Yang-tze valley, and to prevent future Russian efforts in Western China by introducing as soon as possible English business; the second, in order to attack directly Russian economic life at its weakest and most sensitive point, in Turkestan.

FORMS OF JUSTICE IN MOROCCO.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his *chronique* on Foreign Affairs, gives the following description of the methods of torture employed in Morocco by the Sultan's agents :—

Hydra-headed despotism—the worst conceivable form of misgovernment—is tempered by murder and revolt, and these crimes in turn are punished by penalties which can hardly be described in English. Thus during the insurrection of five years ago the Sultan put a price of three shillings on the head of every insurgent brought in by his soldiers. The latter, desirous of earning the most money with the least possible labour, cut off the heads of camel-drivers, peasants, and other harmless people who came in their way, and exchanged them for Spanish dollars, whereupon the offer of prize money was withdrawn and the soldiers deserted in scores. The prisoners taken among the insurgents had an iron collar put round their necks, and then a chain was passed through some thirty or forty such collars, so that all the wretched men had to stand or lie down together, even when some of the number were corpses. During the Angera rising, which took place three years previously, many of the rebels had their right hand slashed to the bone at every joint on the inside. Salt was then sprinkled on and rubbed into the wounds. A sharp flint stone was next placed on the bleeding palm, which was closed tightly over it and kept shut by a piece of raw hide

which was made fast to the wrist, the left hand being meanwhile bound behind the back, so that it should not release the right. The hide-bound hand was then plunged in water, taken out, and left to contract in the heat, inflicting maddening torture on the sufferer, who, if he did not die from blood-poisoning, was set free at the end of nine days—a cripple for the remainder of his life.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

THE *New Liberal Review* for December contains nothing of particular note. I have noticed briefly elsewhere Mr. B. W. Findon's plea for municipal concerts for the poor. The number opens with a defence of the Liberal League by "Onlooker," who says that a perfectly sufficient explanation of the League will be found in the Leicester speech of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The members of the League had expressed their agreement with the views urged by Lord Rosebery in his Chesterfield oration; and they were therefore included in the ban which had been pronounced at Leicester on those views; and after that they could only remain in the party as an organised body.

AN UNLITERARY PARLIAMENT.

Mr. R. M. Leonard reflects upon the lack of literary men in the House of Commons. He finds the productions of only thirty M.P.'s recorded in the "Literary Year Book." He makes some suggestions for remedying the deficiency :—

I should have liked to find for notice a historical novel by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Chamberlain's autobiography, "Tales of the Turf," written in collaboration by Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Lowther, some really literary school prize for the National Society by Lord Hugh Cecil, an idyll of the sea by Mr. Gibson Bowles, sequels to his uncle's political novels by Mr. Disraeli (though the experiment would have been perilous), "With the Wild Geese" by Mr. Redmond—only Miss Lawless has appropriated the title—and "Poems of Empire" by Mr. Labouchere, dedicated to the memory of Southey and the Battle of Blenheim.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Karl Blind contributes a paper on the Bretons of France, in which he points out the inaccuracy of the belief that the Bretons are descendants of the ancient Gauls; instead of which they are descendants of immigrants from Britain. There is an article on the American Labour War. Lord Brassey writes two pages on "How to attain Liberal Unity," without making any practical suggestion. Mr. S. P. Kerr writes on Dickens as a Liberal, and Mr. Henry Leach defines "The Party Whip."

The Idler.

LIKE the phoenix of old the *Idler* has risen from the ashes of its former self in a transformed and improved state. The December number has an interesting article on the Assouan dam, which we have noticed elsewhere. There is also a third instalment of the story of the Humbert scandal. Of course fiction is well represented, and the editor is to be congratulated upon having included some of the sayings of Mr. Dunne's inimitable philosopher, Mr. Dooley.

THE Christmas Number of the *London Magazine* contains sixteen full-page pictures entitled "The London Art Gallery," and a mass of well-illustrated miscellaneous reading. Most of it is fiction, but the articles describing Coutts' Bank, the Mighty River of Wheat which flows from the Canadian Prairie to the British baker's oven, and the account of Holywell, or a Welsh "Lourdes," are of a more serious turn.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE editor of the *National Review*, in his "Episodes of the Month," inserts a somewhat lame apology for what has been called "Sir Horace Rumbold's Indiscretion." We are told, firstly, that Lord Cranbourne did not read the "indiscretion" with care; secondly, that the object of the article was merely to pay a tribute to the Kaiser Francis Joseph; and, thirdly, that Sir Horace merely uttered truisms of ancient history. This is quite true, no doubt; but truisms of ancient history are not always to be expressed with impunity by highly-placed diplomats. For publishing the attack on Germany at the time of the German Emperor's visit the editor himself takes responsibility. The campaign against Germany is, however, kept up this month, both in the editorial comments and in an article on "The British Admiralty and the German Navy," which I notice elsewhere.

PROTECTION FOR THE FARMER.

Otherwise there is little in the *National* calling for notice. Mr. Ernest E. Williams, writing on "A Country-side Forlorn," depicts the ruin of agriculture in depressing fashion, and, unlike Mr. Rider Haggard, declares for Protection as the only remedy:—

What is wanted is to give just the stimulus to native production which would bring into cultivation the millions of acres in this country which are capable of growing wheat, but which are not at present cultivated. The best way of doing this is by a reversion to the sliding-scale system. I don't presume to say what should be the starting-point of the sliding scale. Wheat at 40s. a quarter used to be regarded by farmers as the necessary price in order to yield a fair profit. But with the general cheapening of commodities which has taken place in recent years it might be that 35s. would be enough, and, accepting that figure, the sliding scale would work thus: When the price of wheat is 35s. let there be no import duty except the 1s. registration fee, and that might be remitted in the case of Colonial wheat. When the price falls below 35s. let there be a countervailing import duty; when, on the contrary, it rises above 36s., let even the registration fee be removed. Of course, in years to come it might be necessary to revise the thirty-five shilling basis, if and when the general purchasing power of money altered; but under present conditions the figure named would, I think, be found a fair and moderate basis. Thirty-five shilling wheat would not be oppressive to the consumer; it represents the average price of the decades 1882-91, years in which the country was assumed by everyone to be enjoying the advantages of a cheap loaf; while the abrogation of the duties when the price exceeded 36s. would ensure consumers against high prices in times of deficient harvest in England.

MR. ARNOLD WHITE'S ACCURACY.

Captain Crofton, R.N., in a letter to the editor, challenges the statements made in Mr. Arnold White's article, "Gunnery v. Paint." Mr. White's own figures, he says, show that gunnery is improving. In speaking of misses and hits, Captain Crofton points out that misses by a hair's breadth are counted as misses, though if the target were a battleship 400 feet long they would not be misses at all:—

The statement that officers are promoted by the Admiralty "because their ship is spick and span, and not because she shoots straight," is a statement and nothing more; no proof whatever is given in support of this assertion, and as bearing on the question it will be found that the majority of officers promoted have either been gunnery or torpedo lieutenants.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ASCENDENCY.

Mr. A. M. White, in the chronicle of "American Affairs," declares that the moral of the recent elections is that Mr. Roosevelt is the Republican Party. The President was the real issue before the country. He was

the only personality on either side to inspire confidence or respect. Without him the Republicans would have been hopelessly routed. They won because of their standard bearer. In another part of the chronicle Mr. Low deals with the growth of Socialism in America. In Massachusetts the Socialistic vote made a gain of more than 300 per cent. in the last year. The Socialist leaders declare that they have five million adherents.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Sir Leslie Stephen writes on "Browning's Casuistry," and Mr. J. Churton Collins proves that Shakespeare wrote "Titus Andronicus." Major-General Sir E. Collen contributes some appreciative reminiscences of Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty in India. There is an elaborate but purely statistical article by Mr. F. Harcourt Kitchin on "Financial Aspects of the London Water Question."

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE *Monthly Review* for December opens with some deserved praise of Mr. Calderon's "Adventures of Downy V. Green, Rhodes Scholar at Oxford." Of the other articles, I have noticed briefly elsewhere Mr. W. Beach Thomas's on "Canada and Imperial Ignorance," and Mr. R. E. Dell's on "Democracy and the Temporal Power." There is an extremely amusing skit on the methods of some of our popular novelists, by Mr. E. F. Benson.

THE AGE OF THE WORLD.

Sir Edward Fry writes on "The Age of the Inhabited World." The difficulty of solving the problem, he says, lies in the fact that biologists and geologists on the one hand, and physicists on the other, demand for the processes of evolution, erosion and deposition a lapse of time which physicists are constrained to deny. The biologists demand for evolution as much as 2,700,000,000 years, while Professor Wallace, summing up the opinion of many eminent geologists, declares that the commencement of life cannot be less than 500,000,000 years ago. Lord Kelvin, on the other hand, thinks that only from 20 to 40 million years have passed since the consolidation of the earth. Sir Edward Fry proceeds to bring the biological estimates into conformity with the physical estimates by proving that the variation of species may proceed by sudden modification, and that therefore the evolution of modern species does not necessarily require the vast time which the biologists demand on the assumption that variation always goes on slowly.

RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS.

Mr. A. E. Keeton contributes an interesting paper on "The Songs of the Russian People," one of which I quote:—

Oh, it isn't sleep that bows my head,
It's the drink, the drink that's in it!
And it fomenters there and will not out!

But I'll up and away to the valley
Where the wild red raspberries grow;
And meet a little Cossack girl from the Don.

I'll ask her to show me whither this footpath leads
To the forest dark or the open field,
The open field of the ripe, bright corn.

And she'll show me whither the footpath leads,
To the thick green bush where the nightingale sings,
And my father will call, will call me home!

Call away, old chap, call away and shout,
You'll not see me home to-day nor to-morrow,
And I'll only come when the morning dawns grey!

KING AND COUNTRY.

IN *King and Country* for December Mr. Oscar Brown- ing, who is now the guest of Lord Curzon, his oldest Eton pupil, begins a series of letters from India. They are brightly written. Mr. Williams empties the vials of his wrath on Mr. Chamberlain and the Board of Trade for treating the generously patriotic action of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in so scurvy a fashion as to justify Mr. Williams, in his own opinion, in describing "our champion Imperialist Minister" as using terms of studied injustice and ungenerosity. Mr. Chamberlain's action was an exhibition of cowardice and churlishness which is enough to make Englishmen blush with shame, as well as experience keen disappointment. Mr. Mauchlen is allotted twenty pages of space for an essay upon "Burns and the Lower Creation." Guy Boothby writes a somewhat pathetic short story entitled "Bones, Imperialist." Mr. A. P. Green makes an educational suggestion to the effect that all workers up to the age of twenty should have the option of leaving their work at five o'clock in the evening at least two days a week on condition that they should spend two hours at least on each of these evenings in the evening school. Mr. Stanley Little, in an article on "Britain's Destiny," explains how it is that although he has the lowest possible opinion of the manners and morals of the English, he should nevertheless be so enthusiastic for extending their sovereignty over other races. His explanation is somewhat curious. He says: "Our very crassness of blood, our very coarseness, which exceeds the coarseness and crassness of many Africans—and certainly the Zulu is far more refined—is the very quality which, in an Imperial race, is most to be prized. The unblushing selfishness of the Englishman makes him able to take care of himself wherever he happens to stray. The Briton is neither subtle, nor æsthetic, nor intellectual, but he has an unerring instinct for the best things of the earth, and by pushing and elbowing he has taken to himself all the fairest portions of the world." Therefore Mr. Little thinks that, as a measure making for the greatest happiness of the greatest number, the permanent unity of the British Empire and the continued dominance of the British race should be championed.

The editor has been sending a circular to the clergy asking them whether the growing pride in the Empire should not be utilised as a disciplinary and charitable force in every parish throughout Great Britain suffragan and subsidiary to religion. He says he has received thousands of replies, and he has been forced to the conclusion that Imperialism of a Jingoistic character has no foothold at all amongst the clergy as a body. He candidly confesses that he was not prepared for such independence of thought and bold expression worthy of the days of John Knox, both about monarchy and the Empire. This, he says, is indeed a painful, though it may be a wholesome, revolution of clerical feeling. It is much to be regretted that he has not published samples of these revolutionary expressions of opinion, as he calls them. This, indeed, is light in a dark place. Mr. Astley Cooper publishes some more letters concerning his proposal to establish a day in the year to be observed everywhere as an Empire Day, and comes to the conclusion that the whole tendency of the letters he has received proves that the Sovereign's birthday is the annual Empire Day. But he has now come to the conclusion that there is no need to have a special Empire Day each year, because every day is now an Empire Day, so full are the papers of Empire, so large a part does it play in our daily conversation.

THE EMPIRE REVIEW.

THE *Empire Review* contains a very interesting paper, illustrated with diagrams, by Mr. George Moores, in which he discusses the possibility of the adoption of the metric system by England in weights and measures. Mr. Moores maintains that teaching our children arithmetic and tables of weights and measures costs the nation in direct cash, paid for time wasted in this unnecessary teaching, £1,375,000 a year. Nine months of the child's school life, he estimates, are wasted, and he averages the cost of a child's keep for that time at £10, and estimates the annual loss to parents at £9,000,000 sterling. He is not in favour of the adoption of the French metric system. He thinks that the English inch should be used as a unit, which would do away with all tables, and there would be no call for Greek or Latin prefixes. The Westinghouse Electrical Company already works on the inch decimalised; and Mr. Moores thinks that the English metrical system would be introduced without incurring extra cost or entailing any change in the present methods of work. On the other hand, if the French metric system were introduced, he says that the cost to the United States alone of the alterations necessary in weights and measures would amount to £150,000,000.

Mr. Kopsch, the Statistical Secretary of the Imperial Chinese Maritime Customs, points out the significance, and criticises the provisions, of the new Anglo-Chinese Treaty. Mr. Lipset, the editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, describes what Lord Curzon has done since he went to India. The Rev. R. McC. Edgar discusses the nationalisation of Trinity College, Dublin. Ada Cambridge has a bright and lively paper on her memories of Melbourne; and Dr. Tonkin writes on the customs of the Hausa people, concluding his paper with a charming story of how a Hausa maiden of twelve fell in love with him and proposed to marry him.

THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

I HEARTILY congratulate the editor and the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* upon their December number. At last we have an English magazine which, both in letterpress and illustration, need not fear comparison with the best of the American magazines. The number contains a delightfully illustrated paper upon Henna and his works, under the title "A Dream of Fair Women." It is one of the best illustrated papers that have ever appeared in the English monthly periodicals. There is also another paper of exceptional interest entitled "Seven New Cathedrals." It is by Mr. H. B. Philpott. It is illustrated with excellent pictures of the Cathedrals of Truro, Westminster, Brisbane, Cape Town, New York, Berlin, and Liverpool. In the New York Cathedral, which will cost a million sterling, there will be seven chapels opening upon the apse at the end of the choir, each accommodating 150 worshippers. In these chapels divine service will be conducted in seven different languages—German, French, Italian, Swedish, Spanish, Armenian, and Chinese. I notice elsewhere two leading articles, the first of the series of Master Workers, which is devoted to the Bishop of London, and the other a copiously illustrated paper entitled "The King at Home," which is written and published by special permission. The rest of the magazine is devoted to fiction and caricatures of the month.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for November is a fairly good number, but contains nothing brilliant. I have noticed among the leading articles Mr. Reitz's paper on the South African settlement, Mr. W. D. Howells' on Zola, the Rev. M. Gaster's article on Roumania and the Jews, and Lady Henry Somerset's account of her farm colony for dipsomaniacs. Signor Leoncavallo, in a paper entitled "How I wrote Pagliacci," describes his early struggles.

JAPANESE POLITICS.

The Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffis contributes an interesting article on "The Development of Political Parties in Japan." Every experiment, except the coming and inevitable one of pure party government, has been tried, apparently without resulting in a stable system. Government by a cabinet obedient to Parliamentary mandate was impossible as long as the "men of 1868" were alive; but with their gradual disappearance party government is becoming recognised. The Japanese Constitution of 1889 had the defect that instead of being a covenant between the throne and people, it was a work of art and logic, in which only a certain percentage of power was given to the two houses of the Diet. The duty of the Diet at present is to give advice and to consent, the Chambers being regarded as a council, and not as assemblies which are delegated by the people to control the Government.

MR. A. D. WHITE AND THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

Mr. Wolf von Schierbrand, in a well-deserved tribute to Mr. A. D. White, the retiring U.S. Ambassador in Berlin, speaks of his attitude to the Hague Conference in the following terms:—

A firm believer in the doctrine underlying international arbitration, he devoted himself enthusiastically to the labours of that memorable gathering. Contrary to the opinion held in most countries, and particularly on the European continent, that the conference was, on the whole, rather a fiasco, he returned from it to his post in Berlin with the firm conviction that this conference marks the beginning of a new epoch in human affairs, and that it is nothing less than the entering wedge in the colossal edifice over whose portal it is written that might is above right. . . . Mr. White holds that enough has been accomplished in the way of practical good by this initial conference, of so immense a scope as to justify the belief that it has been but the forerunner of other and more sweeping reform conventions of the same nature.

A TRIBUTE TO VIRCHOW.

Karl Blind contributes some interesting personal recollections of Virchow, of whom he says:—

It was, generally speaking, a prominent and excellent trait in Virchow's character that he kept his mind impartially open to anything he considered right or good, whatever country it came from. In this sense, whilst being a German patriot of unbending Liberal principles, he may be said to have been a truly international man—cosmopolitan in the best acceptance of the word. When in matters of sanitary import he found praiseworthy arrangements in this or that case, even in backward Russia, he hastened to proclaim the fact loudly enough with his usual incisiveness of language. This was not done with the purpose of gaining favour abroad, but with the object of spurring his own countrymen to stronger exertion. His was a kind of "cold enthusiasm," as it has been called, and it often found utterance in sharp, even satirically bitter sayings, little relished by adversaries, time-serving trimmers, and popularity hunters.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There are several other articles of interest, among which may be mentioned Mr. Hobson's on "Compulsory Arbitration in Industrial Disputes," Mr. John Barrett writes on "America in China." There are two articles on American finance.

Cassier's Magazine.

THE December is a special number devoted to the machine shop. In consequence, it appeals only to those who are interested in the technical working of shops. To the ordinary reader the most striking feature is the huge size of the magazine itself. There are 272 pages of illustrated text and 192 pages of advertisements, although, by a peculiar system of pagination, there appear to be 232 of the latter. The cover is rather striking, but more suitable for a journal devoted to art than for a magazine dealing specially with the machine shop.

The Lady's Realm.

A SUPERB reproduction of Ellis Roberts' portrait of the present Duchess of Sutherland opens the Christmas issue of the *Lady's Realm*, and is in itself alone sufficient to confer distinction on the number. But there is much besides that is most attractive. The romance of Aurora Königsmark, the brilliant but unfortunate mother of Marshal de Saxe, is written by W. H. Wilkins in a way which suggests that even to fashionable ladies history may be made intensely interesting. A tinge of romantic scandal may not be without its uses in commending a study of the past to fair, if listless, readers. More strenuous tastes are appealed to by Miss Gertrude Bacon's sketch of the leading lady scientists of England, and by Miss Florence Bright's story of Madame Dieulafoy's adventures in male attire and in the company of her explorer husband amid the wilds of Persia. Christmas in the children's hospitals, with Queen Alexandra as fairy godmother, provides Mrs. Tooley's tireless pen with fresh inspiration. Christmas in German Courts and cottages is sketched by Countess von Bothmer, and Countess De La Warr gives glimpses of Christmas, past and present. There is plenty of fiction, and the eternal claims of dress receive the usual loving attention.

The Magazine of Commerce.

THE second number of the *Magazine of Commerce* maintains its position as an *édition de luxe* of a commercial periodical. It is distinguished by two plates, one of Vicat Cole's Pool of London, the other a portrait of Mr. Carnegie. There is a paper by F. G. Green on Papermaking, sumptuously illustrated in colour from original drawings by Mr. Stephen Reid. Mr. H. Heaton's "Cables, Tables, and Fables" and Mr. Woolcott's "American Invasion Bogey" require separate notice. "An Expert" describes the Crossley (English) and the Northrop (American) looms. The American loom saves so much labour that an operative in charge can mind sixteen to twenty-five of them without assistance, whereas under the old system the limit was from three to four looms. Mr. W. R. Lawson rubs in the defects of the Port of London, the docks of which no longer meet modern requirements, not having room enough for present day steamers with their increased length and depth. He urges that the remedy is to be found in deepened channel and in open wharves, as in the New York Harbour. He says the harbour service of New York is one which any port may envy. Mr. Yoxall deals faithfully with the difficulties of schoolmasters in educating pupils for business. He deplors the way in which they are hampered by out-of-date conventions.

THE latest number of the *Rivista Musicale Italiana* contains several interesting articles, notably one on Scandinavian Music, by A. Soubies; another on Louis Niedermeyer, by H. Kling, and a third on Rameau, by M. Brenet.

PAGE'S MAGAZINE.

THERE are several interesting articles in the December number.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Mr. W. Price, writing as a casual observer, points out some of the inefficiencies of the Royal Dockyard at Portsmouth. A Royal Dockyard, he says, is just a big engineering and shipbuilding establishment that is prevented by red tape from becoming as efficient at all points as the best of private yards are.

He illustrates this by pointing out that if a private firm needs new machinery it promptly gets it :—

But such business-like directness is impossible in the dockyards. First, the Admiralty has to be brought to recognise that the new machine is wanted; then the various departments concerned have to take the matter into consideration. Eventually the thing gets so far that it is put into the next year's estimates; and then the peculiar system of allocating expenditure operates to produce further delay. Instead of the required article being purchased outright, a certain sum of money is allowed towards the cost of it, a part of the work is done, and the remainder carried over till the next financial year.

He mentions that there is plant at Portsmouth in use which no enterprising shipbuilder would think of retaining, that the dockyard is so poorly equipped with engineering machinery that the engines of even a small cruiser cannot be built without seriously interfering with the repairing and refitting work on other vessels. The coaling facilities are miserably inadequate. The machinery used in the block mills was designed by the elder Brunel in 1801. This speaks well for their lasting quality, but hardly for the up-to-dateness of a modern industrial establishment.

We learn from Mr. Price that the yard was begun in Tudor times. In the reign of Henry VIII. it covered just eight acres. It now spreads over three hundred. Dry dock No. 1, still in use, dates from 1340, and is floored with stout oaken slabs. It is 253 feet 9 inches long, and 57 feet 1 inch deep. Nos. 14 and 15, the most modern in the yard, and amongst the finest in the world, are 565 feet 6 inches long, and one 94 feet, the other 82 feet deep.

THE MARINE ENGINE OF THE FUTURE.

Mr. H. C. Fyfe contributes an interesting article upon the marine steam turbine. Its uses are chiefly for warships, passenger steamers, and pleasure yachts. The chief difficulty with the former is that warships seldom are called upon to go at full speed, and the steam turbine does not show high efficiency when working much below the power for which it was designed. In consequence, the new destroyer *Velox* has two sets of engines, one of the turbine and the other of the ordinary reciprocating type. They are so arranged that the turbine is only used when high speed is required. The benefit, however, will be greater in the case of cruisers and battleships than in the case of smaller vessels. Mr. Parsons thinks that a forty-four-knot cruiser would be quite possible.

The *King Edward* and the *Queen Alexandra*, which were fitted with turbine engines, proved a great success on the Clyde, being both speedy and economical. It is anticipated that the cross-Channel traffic will be revolutionised next year by the new turbine vessels which are being built for the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway and for the London and Brighton Railway. The vessels are to have a speed of twenty-five knots, and the small space required for the machinery makes it possible to give much better accommodation, although the boats are the same size as those now in use.

Mr. James Swinburne contributes a clever article upon an imaginary white lead invention, and a company the inventor forms. The history of several recent companies can be read between the lines. The argument at the beginning of the article gives a good idea of its scope :—

Conventionality and hatred of novelty—one reason for want of enterprise in England. Different ways of financing an invention. Finance in early stages. The syndicate and its troubles. Inertia and want of enterprise in moneyed men. The limited company and its evils. A typical inventor and his difficulties. His own industry will not have him. Outsiders ignorant. He gets up a syndicate. He gives up most of his interest. The syndicate gets short of money. Forming a large company. The ways of promoters. Indecision. Waste of time and money. Final flotation. Outrageous capital. Incompetent directors. Final catastrophe. What is wanted.

THE ENGINEERING MAGAZINE.

THE December number opens with a very interesting article on the Panama Canal by General Henry L. Abbot.

THE REGULATION OF THE CHAGRES RIVER.

The chief difficulty which the builders of the canal have to confront is the sudden rise and fall of the Chagres River in flood. The popular belief is that the river rises 52 feet in two hours; as a matter of fact the greatest known rise in a given time was in 1890, when the water rose 25 feet in seventeen hours. The floods are all carefully compared, and tabulated results show that the flood of 1879 was the worst recorded. That flood is therefore taken as the standard on which all plans for regulation must be based. There is a good deal of discussion going on as to whether a single lake or two would be the best way of coping with the extra volume of water during times of flood or freshets. The American Commission, which was very much hurried, favoured the first; but the engineers of the new company, whose work and researches throughout have been very accurate and thorough, favour the latter. Certainly its advantages seem manifold. Nature has favoured the plan with two lakes, and the one lake plan presents many technical difficulties which cannot be entered into in a short review. General Abbot boldly assumes that in the course of years the traffic through the Panama Canal will average about three times that which at present goes through the Suez Canal! In concluding, he touches once more on the great advantage of the Panama route over that of Nicaragua.

General Abbot makes no mention of some of the most formidable difficulties to be overcome—namely, earthquakes and fever. There are not wanting men who have been on the spot and studied the problem who say that the Panama route presents so many difficulties that it can never be finished, and the twenty million pounds to be spent on it will be a mere drop in the bucket.

OTHER ARTICLES.

The remaining contributions are rather technical. Mr. Robert Buchanan gives the first of a series of articles on foundry management in the new century. Cost-finding methods for moderate-sized shops are described by Mr. H. L. Arnold. The economical significance of a high wage rate is discussed by Mr. Percy Longmuir. He says :—

If it be wiser to have a skilled doctor and an expert lawyer, if it be of more pleasure to listen to a prima donna than an artiste of fourth or fifth rate, if it be of more profit to have the services of a good tailor and a first-class cook, will it not also prove economical to have the service of efficient workmen—even though their rate may be high?

LA REVUE.

BOTH numbers of *La Revue* for November contain much interesting reading. The most prominent feature is M. Finot's article on French and English, which I have noticed elsewhere. In both numbers there is rather less literature and more life than is usual in French reviews.

In the number of November 1st M. Camille Flammarion, writing on "The Pendulum of the Pantheon," gives a number of interesting facts concerning the rotation of the earth. He says that if the geocentric theory of the earth were adopted, and the other heavenly bodies assumed to move around it, the sun, in order to complete its daily circuit, would have to move at a speed of 10,695 kilomètres a second, and the nearest fixed star at the rate of 2,941,000,000 kilomètres a second. The physical proof of the rotation of the earth afforded by a swinging pendulum was repeated in the Pantheon on a great scale by M. Flammarion and others last February. A steel wire no less than sixty-seven mètres long was used for suspending the globe of the pendulum. Each oscillation took eight seconds, and owing to this great swing the displacement of the plane of oscillation can be seen almost immediately. A pendulum of this size continues to swing for several hours.

Dr. Merck describes the discovery of the microbe and serum of whooping cough, which has been made by a young Belgian doctor named De Leuriaux.

M. Jean Jussieu writes on the Literary Movement in England, coming to the conclusion that none of our widely-read popular novelists of to-day will survive among our posterity. He is not enamoured of Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Marie Corelli, and details the extent to which "bluff" by which no doubt he means puffing, influences the sales of English and American novels.

The November 15th number contains an article by M. J. Novicow on "The Pretended Inferiority of Women," an inferiority in which M. Novicow does not believe. M. Novicow attributes any difference there may be between the achievements of men and of women to the character of our social order. Among animals, as among savages, the females are not inferior. He points out with justice that there are greater differences between individual men than there is between the average man and the average woman; and if we exclude women from civic rights because of a general supposed inferiority of the whole sex, why do we not discriminate against individual men who are often much more inferior in intelligence to their fellow-men than women are? However, M. Novicow goes farther than this, for he will not admit that women as a whole are inferior intellectually or even physically to men. "If we could measure the muscular strength of all men and of all women," he says, "who knows if we should not obtain an average equal for the two sexes?" To the argument that maternity will prevent women rivalling men in the active world, M. Novicow replies that the average woman who lives perhaps 720 months is only incapacitated from this cause for ten or twelve months, while many of the greatest men have been invalids for nearly their whole lives.

M. Georges Caye describes a new electrical accumulator invented by a French engineer, M. Paul Schmitt. M. Caye maintains that M. Schmitt's accumulator is more efficient than Mr. Edison's, which has been so much talked about of late. He says that an electrical carriage of the old type, carrying accumulators weighing 300 kilogrammes, can travel at most 85 kilomètres without recharging, whereas, fitted with M. Schmitt's accumulator, weighing only 200 kilogrammes, it would cover 105 kilomètres without recharging.

An article of a very different character is that signed "Un Diplomate Russe," dealing with railway developments in the Near East. The writer declares that Russia has nothing whatever to fear from the Bagdad Railway. The German line will always be secondary to the Russian lines from Orenburg or from Vladikavkaz, which form the direct route to India. A Russian line through Persia will finally solve the problem. The Russian Diplomatist, in conclusion, declares that the Bagdad Railway will be of very little use to Turkey from a military point of view should war break out.

Other articles of interest are M. Camille Mélinand's "Psychology of Passion," and M. G. Savitch's paper on the novels of Madame Dmitrieva, a Russian writer, whom he describes as "Le Romancier de l'Espérance."

LA REVUE DE PARIS.

THE most striking articles in the *Revue de Paris* are noticed elsewhere.

The editors are also able to offer their readers the first portion of what promises to be a brilliant volume of memoirs written by Madame Judith Gautier, the talented daughter of the famous Theophile of that ilk, several of whose novels have become classics. Very charming, and giving a delightful picture of the famous writer's home life, are these simply written pages; among other vivid pen-pictures is a curious account of Beaudelaire, the eccentric genius who seems to have thoroughly lived up to his reputation for oddity.

HOW TO DEAL WITH AN EDITOR.

On one occasion, when meeting a literary friend, who was also a publisher, in the street, Beaudelaire suddenly said, "Let us go and take a bath together." "Certainly," answered the other, not willing to appear surprised at this singular proposal. Accordingly the two found their way to one of the many bathing establishments which even now still survive in the older quarters of Paris. Scarcely had the editor settled himself down to enjoy his warm bath when he heard Beaudelaire call out, "Now that you can no longer defend yourself, dear friend, I will read you my five-act tragedy!" It should be explained that in those days the taking of a bath was, in Paris, a lengthy and important business; the longer the bather stayed in the warm water the better it was supposed to be for his health.

FRANCE'S NAVAL PROBLEM.

The most topical article in the *Revue de Paris* deals with the French naval manoeuvres of 1902. The writer has preferred to remain anonymous, but he is evidently well acquainted with the whole subject of the world's navies, for, unlike so many French military and naval critics, he makes no attempt to belittle the naval supremacy of Great Britain. On the other hand, he is not one of those who regard this country as France's hereditary foe, and he points out that the French navy may some day find herself engaged in conflict with the sea forces of some other nation.

He gives a careful analysis of the recent French naval manoeuvres which have taken place in the Mediterranean, and he points out that by far the most interesting section of the manoeuvres was that which concerned the attack on Bizerta, and which was, he says, admirably concerted and managed.

It appears that this year, for the first time, the French beat the record hitherto held by the British navy as regards rapidity of coaling, and he asserts that the *Bouvet's* crew coaled at the rate of three hundred tons an hour!

A FRENCH BOY'S UPBRINGING.

M. Lavissee, who in addition to being one of the editors of the *Revue de Paris*, is a very distinguished man of letters, offers some curious autobiographical fragments, in which he gives with some detail an account of his upbringing. His was a thoroughly old-fashioned education, and was curiously approximate to that which is given to-day to the British public schoolboy; Greek and Latin played a great part, as did the past history of France. As M. Lavissee quaintly puts it: "I have lived at Athens in the days of Pericles; at Rome in the days of Augustus; and at Versailles when Louis XIV. was King." And yet the dry bones of history were never clothed with any of those picturesque facts which do so much to really teach us the truth concerning past civilisations. Of practical things the boy Lavissee was taught nothing; indeed, looking back, he was astonished that he was not sickened with all learning, and above all with historical learning and research. After leaving school he was sent to the famous *École Normale*, which with so many young Frenchmen takes the place of our Oxford and Cambridge. The teaching there was in those days—presumably some forty years ago—very much what had been that of the schoolmaster, but some attempt was made to teach the young men general culture. There was a scientific class, with which those pupils concerned with literature were allowed to have nothing to do. M. Lavissee admits that since his day great reforms have taken place in the *École Normale*, but he would like to see the younger generation taught to think and to reason, and, above all, taught to learn.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Other articles include an elaborate and somewhat dull paper entitled "Bulgaria and Macedonia," and a more lively article concerning France and Siam, and the recent treaty. Of literary value is an account of Anton Tchekhoff, one of the most popular of Russian writers, but whose work is little known abroad.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE editors of *La Nouvelle Revue* make a great attempt to be up-to-date, and on the whole they succeed far better than do their greater rivals.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE YOUNG CRIMINAL.

M. Raffalovich, who is quite an authority on criminology, gives some account of a curious manual, lately issued in Germany and Austria and addressed to police court judges and to the heads of the Criminal Investigation Departments. The manual might well serve as guide to a Sherlock Holmes, for in it the author, a Professor Gross, of the Prague University, deals at length with every side of the modern criminal. Though he admits that the average criminal is by no means an interesting or romantic individual, the Professor declares that the under-world of evil-doers form a caste apart, having their own language, their own mysterious signs, and even their own alphabet, with the aid of which they render their written communications meaningless to those not in the secret. The Professor, being an Austrian, naturally deals at some length with the Bohemian criminal, apparently an amazingly clever and brilliant specimen, equally at home in every great city, and of whose special characteristics the writer gives some curious indications. When a wandering Bohemian wishes to let those of his own country and kind know that he is about he crosses two

bits of dead wood on the road; when he desires to indicate death is in the neighbourhood he places a piece of half-burnt wood and a little straw in juxtaposition; and he signifies danger by simply showing those he wishes to warn some object made of leather. The Bohemian is a remarkably clever thief, and seldom develops into a murderer, for his natural astuteness serves him to get out of any scrape into which his nefarious ways may have led him.

THE GREATEST OF FRENCH WRITERS.

Balzac, of whom a statue has for the first time just been erected in Paris, is sometimes styled the French Shakespeare. As an actual fact the author of the "Comédie Humaine" had very little in common with the author of "Romeo and Juliet." He was the first of the great realists, and he set himself to describe with pitiless truth the French world of his day, sparing neither rank, age nor sex. Balzac, the man, has left an imperishable picture of himself in his extraordinarily lengthy and full correspondence with the Polish lady who ultimately became his wife. In these letters the sympathising reader follows each step of the gigantic struggle, for Balzac, like so many men of genius, was no manager of money; he was never out of debt, and even the most famous of his novels were written more with a view to satisfying his creditors and to obtaining small sums of ready money than in order to win fame. The great realist was in his own life a pure idealist. He confessed to having only loved three women, of whom the first, most passionately adored, was twenty years older than himself; and it is admitted that each of these three love affairs was almost certainly Platonic—indeed, his devoted affection to the Countess Hanska lasted for seventeen years and was almost entirely fed by letters, for the lady for whom he felt so romantic an affection was an irreproachable wife, and she only became Madame de Balzac after some years of widowhood.

A VANISHED CONTINENT.

It is strange that no great imaginative writer, such as Victor Hugo, or in more modern days Jules Verne, has chosen to take the vanished continent of Atlantis as a scene for a story. M. Dumoret, who deals with the whole subject in a very interesting manner, is evidently inclined to believe that there is some truth in the various theories put forth. As a geologist he is inclined to think that the whole surface of the world has utterly altered, and, to give an example, declares that without doubt Great Britain, or rather the spot where the United Kingdom now stands, was once entirely under some six hundred feet of water. He points to the example of Martinique to show that great convulsions of Nature are even now by no means uncommon; and a little more than a hundred years ago Iceland was completely devastated by a geological catastrophe, and the formation of Java was more or less changed by an earthquake which occurred in 1822. Ten years later a new island suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean off the coast of Sicily, but after some years once more sank into the sea.

SOME OTHER ARTICLES.

Other articles in the *Nouvelle Revue* consist of a curious paper concerning the foundation and organisation of the great Napoleon's Imperial Guard—that wonderful corps which sung its death song at Waterloo; a gossiping account of Baden-Baden as it was in the days when the old German Emperor was so fond of the lively little watering place; and some pages of interest to antiquarians describing the village games of ancient France.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

WE have noticed elsewhere M. Grandmaison's article on insurance against old age, M. Filon's attack upon Oliver Cromwell, and General Zurlinden's dramatic escape from a German fortress. For the rest, although there are some interesting papers, there are none of outstanding importance.

THE SIAMESE TREATY.

In the first November number M. Le Myre de Vilers delivers a strong attack upon the Franco-Siamese Treaty, recently negotiated by M. Delcassé, which awaits the ratification of the French Parliament. The famous explorer, who is undoubtedly an authority on the confused politics of this region, traces the history of Franco-Siamese relations from 1863, when King Norodom requested the protection of France. He is convinced that the treaty endangers both the security and the finances of Indo-China, that it humiliates France in the eyes of the Asiatics, and that really all that France obtains is the cession of a barren tongue of land, which she practically controlled before, and of two provinces, which, though a little more fertile, will not pay the cost of their administration.

FRANCE IN THE CENTRAL SOUDAN.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu continues his interesting series of articles on the Sahara, Central Soudan, and the Trans-Saharan railways. He is convinced that the region of Lake Chad is a kind of Eden. There is there, he declares, a new Egypt, perhaps even a greater Egypt, for it has not only a fertile soil, but also metallic deposits, and, moreover, its geographical position affords it security. To bring this inner Egypt into communication with the rest of the world by means of a Trans-Saharan railway is, in his view, the mission of France. This would foster an enormous trade in hides, certain tropical plants, various minerals, salt, sugar, and, above all, cotton, of which the country can produce hundreds of thousands of tons. It is, in M. Leroy-Beaulieu's opinion, the last chance which France has of forming an African Empire, and if she misses it she will have failed definitely in her colonising mission.

THE COLLECTIVIST TENDENCY.

M. Prins, in concluding his papers on the Collectivist tendency of the age, finds fault with the conception of a gigantic State organisation of industry, like the Creusot or Krupp or Pittsburg factories writ large. Such an organisation implies the subjection of the workers to a series of directors and managers, and he cannot see in what respect their discipline and authority would be more tolerable than that which now exists. He goes on to say that, while the tendency towards social organisation is actually being realised under our very eyes, the Socialist-Collectivist conception is vanishing, and the scientific dress with which Marx clothed it is falling to pieces. The radiant vision of a life in which all would be joy and harmony and beauty and love and happiness enables poor humanity to struggle on in the hope of seeing an end to its miseries. Such visions are all very well in their way, but M. Prins remorselessly urges us to recognise the limits both of our knowledge and of our power. It is only the relatively good which is attainable. The best society is that which, while not proclaiming the absolute superiority of any social system, yet leaves scope for the State, for the individual, and for the corporation alike. In other words, it is the flexibility of the modern social structure which M. Prins so much prefers to the rigidity of collectivism.

GERMAN MAGAZINES.

FREDERIC LOLIÉE, in the *Deutsche Revue*, gives an interesting account of Émile Zola's private life. He prefaces his article with a few remarks upon the effect produced by Zola's death in different countries. He does not think that outside France it caused much stir, and that even there his later writings were not nearly so popular as his earlier ones. Zola much preferred living in his country house, and only returned reluctantly to Paris to spend the winter months. Although in his writings he too often used his best powers in depicting the ugliest and most trivial in men's lives, he himself was fond of originality, fantasy and the romantic. His rooms were crowded with all sorts of furniture from every part of the world. At Medan, where he loved to be, his house consisted of a square tower, at whose foot nestled a small dwelling-house. He worked there in a very high and large room. His splendid house in the Rue de Bruxelles, where he died, was furnished in such a way that the visitor could not help being struck with the fact that Zola, since becoming one of the wealthiest "pachas" of literature, had known how to use to advantage the experience of an old decorator and upholsterer. Everything seems to have been in extremely good taste. Mr. Loliée mentions that it was very difficult to obtain entry into Zola's house, his visitors being limited to intimate friends. Altogether, the article gives a very readable description of Zola himself and of his dwelling places.

Karl Blind writes upon the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, and Ulrich von Storch continues his publication of the letters and diary of General and Admiral von Storch.

Ulrich von Hassell, in the *Monatschrift für Stadt und Land*, deals principally with the Colonial Congress and the resolutions it arrived at. One was that the Congress shall reassemble in 1905. The most interesting part, however, is that relating to the German emigration to Brazil. That the Congress decided, should be encouraged; but emigration to Argentina should not be, the reason being rather a singular one. So much corn is already sent from Argentina to Germany that no more is wanted, therefore no emigrants to that country are to be countenanced. In South Brazil there are not such facilities for the export of corn; the German producer at home will not, therefore, be affected by any competition, so emigrants will be encouraged to go to Brazil! One cannot help being struck with the fact that the whole note of the Congress was that the Colonies were entirely for Germany, and that all export from them should be to Germany, whilst the Colonies themselves should be obliged to have every requisite sent from the Fatherland. Such methods do not succeed in Colonies, it does not tend to make them popular, and it limits their markets and therefore cramps their energies. Very little notice appears to have been taken of the Congress by the German papers, and it is rather surprising to learn that no fewer than 1,700 people took part in it. It must have been rather unwieldy to manage such an assembly, but it seems to have been well done by Duke Albrecht of Mecklenberg. There is rather an interesting article upon Spanish Protestantism and the Inquisition in the sixteenth century by Dr. A. W. Hunziger.

The *Deutsche Rundschau* does not contain many articles which are of interest outside Germany. Wolf von Schierbrand, of New York, writes upon the New Imperialism in America, but although his article is interesting enough it only covers old ground. A boy friendship of the Emperor Friedrich is described by Mrs. Ribbeck. Richard Fester gives an account of Prince Bismarck's visits to Biarritz.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

UNDER the title "An Exhausted People" the editor of the *Nuova Antologia* (November 16th), Maggiorino Ferraris, continues his campaign in favour of an entire reorganisation of taxation in Italy. He opens his article with the statement that Italy is the most heavily-taxed nation of the civilised world, and points out that this is the result partly of the inevitably heavy expenses of building up a united people, and partly of the hand-to-mouth expedients by which successive Finance Ministers have tried to make up the deficits of past Budgets. Now, however, the time has come, if the prosperity of Italy is not to be gravely imperilled, for an equitable readjustment of taxation and a reduction of the national burden. A full and able criticism of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's recent book, "The Principles of Western Civilisation," is contributed by Professor Loria, of Padua, who remarks that although the supply of sociological works from England is small they are usually of high merit. The Italian professor emphatically disputes both the premisses and the conclusions of Mr. Kidd's book, but he welcomes the work as a brilliant and useful contribution to sociological science. F. Crispolti writes an excellent article (November 1st) in support of the International League against duelling, pointing out that in Italy, happily, the custom has never obtained the sanction of public opinion to the same extent as in Germany, France, and Austria.

To the *Rivista Moderna* (October 15th) Signora Paola Lombroso contributes a very charming article on "Why Babies love Fables," pointing out that it is quite a mistake to suppose that children have any predilection for the marvellous. The truth is, what appears marvellous to us is no more marvellous to them than many of the most ordinary events of everyday life must appear, such as a fall of snow, an echo, the ringing of unseen bells, and so on. The anonymous political leader-writer of the *Rivista Moderna* devotes his monthly article, under the title "A Sad Odyssey," to a lamentation over the begging tour of the Boer Generals through Europe, which he regards as a mistake on their own part and a damaging blow to the dignity of England.

Emporium, thanks to the excellence of its numerous illustrations, is taking a front place among Italian magazines. The November number contains the best account we have seen of the recent exhibition at Bruges, with some thirty reproductions of the finest pictures exhibited there, and a very fully illustrated article on wireless telegraphy by F. G. di Brazza. There is also an extremely interesting collection of portraits and caricatures, including one by Aubrey Beardsley of Zola, who continues to enjoy an extraordinary amount of notice.

Under the title "Triumphant Immorality" the *Civiltà Cattolica* writes—or rather, shrieks—with horror over the moral condition of Europe as instanced by the recent apotheosis of Zola. The evil is traced to secular education. The protest would have been more effectual had the language been more moderate.

The democratic and socialistic experiments through which Australia and New Zealand are striving to solve their industrial problems are beginning to attract attention on the continent of Europe. The *Rassegna Nazionale* (November 1st) summarises some of the recent Australasian legislative enactments in an article called "The Paradise of Workmen."

The *Rivista Internazionale* (October) publishes a very laudatory account of the work of the London Catholic Truth Society, and expresses the wish that a similar society for the spread of good and cheap literature could be started in Italy.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elsevier once more makes a welcome variation in the article with which it opens; it is not about an artist and his work. True, it concerns a kindred subject, but that can be overlooked. Mr. Zilcken tells us about etching and engraving in this opening article, and what he has to say is interesting, especially as he gives us some reproductions from various sources. The author thinks that there are a great many persons who do not comprehend the difference between etching and engraving, so he begins by telling his readers that an etching is done with acids and an engraving is executed by means of a tool called a graver. Some early notes on engraving are to be found in a French booklet by Abraham Bosse, a translation of which appeared in Amsterdam in 1662; it was illustrated, and some of the pictures are reproduced. The illustrations in the article also comprise "An Etcher at Work," the point of a graving tool, the manner in which the tool is handled, and so on. The other contents of the magazine are of ordinary interest; they are worth reading, but call for no special remark.

The condition of Java gives Mr. C. Th. van Deventer (in *De Gids*) scope for an exposition of the financial position and relations of Holland and her colony. The poverty is greatest in Middle Java; the causes of the distress are, as usual, a matter of opinion, some believing that the rapid increase of the population is the chief factor. The method in which the Dutch Government deals with this state of things is discussed and criticised, and the article teems with facts and figures. He was a wise man and a keen student of human nature who said that "we are not altogether displeased with the misfortunes of others," and, if it be permissible to find consolation in the fact that others are as badly situated as ourselves—as we are sometimes taught—then it may be consolation for us to know that there is another India. Dutch politicians appear to be awakening to the responsibilities of the situation, which is a hint for us. "Charles Hall's Cry" is the title of an essay by Mr. Quack, and it deals with the opinions of Charles Hall on the subject of labour and capital, the rich and the poor. Hall was a medical man who went to Holland to study; the quotations from his books, about a century old, are strikingly modern. Anna Eker's description of the battlefields of Sedan, which she visited somewhat under the influence of Zola's "Débâcle," is a vivid piece of writing, recalling, to those who have entered the forties or are older still, the terrible days of thirty-two years ago. "Surrender of Napoleon," "MacMahon Wounded," and "Death of MacMahon," are some of the newspaper headlines, correct or incorrect, that float before one's mental vision on perusing this article. Another contribution is by Professor van Hamel, on Victor Hugo's Bibliography in Holland.

The Wajang Orang is a dance, not a monkey, and is to be seen in Java. Mr. Sastro Prawiro, a Javanese, writes about it in *Woord en Beeld*. The Wajang is a very primitive affair. There are three kinds, of which the Orang is the more advanced specimen, and was instituted in the middle of the eighteenth century by princes under European influence. One kind of Wajang is a sort of shadow dance, the shadows of puppets being thrown on a sheet; another kind is a dance of wooden puppets; while the Orang is the same terpsichorean exercise performed by human beings. The dance is one of those curious native amusements that entertain the coloured races and serve to illustrate the evolution of dancing.

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LEARNING LANGUAGES BY LETTER-WRITING.

THE problem of how best to overcome the difficulty of understanding a foreign language is always to the fore, and the question is exciting as much interest in France as in England just now, for there a new programme for school studies has been arranged. All pupils must have reading-books in the foreign tongue which contain pictures of foreign life, brief and graphic descriptions of the same, and accurate ideas of contemporary manners and customs. The debated question is, "Should professors utilise magazines and newspapers as a vehicle for giving the details demanded by the authorities?" Apparently a journal is allowed, for there is an addenda to the new programme to the effect that if a journal be used all the pupils must be subscribers. The professors who have used newspapers as a part of the class work are enthusiastic; the curiosity of the students is excited by the freshness of the news, they say. There seems to me, however, a radical difficulty. The time for a foreign language lesson is short; it is impossible, therefore, for the class to read and understand more than a small portion of any foreign newspaper. And as the news is to be *fresh*, it would be difficult to choose suitably, cost having to be considered.

CORRESPONDENCE BY PHONOGRAPH.

Some time ago a young Irishman living right away in the country asked to be placed in correspondence with a Frenchman, both to exchange phonographic cylinders. The following letter from the French partner is taken from *Quatre Langues*. If the Irish gentleman sees this, I hope he will tell me whether the plan has fulfilled his expectations also:—

Dear Sir,—I ought to thank you for the friendly collaborator whom you have found for me. Up to the present he has seemed as enchanted with the phonographic method as I have been. We have exchanged several letters and two cylinders each, containing the text of our letters. The first cylinders were difficult of comprehension to both of us, as neither had had a chance of talking with a native of the other's country; but when the second arrived we understood almost at once. Of course each of us had made continual use of the first cylinder. Every word was well pronounced, and only an occasional reference to the accompanying letter was needed. The great difficulty is the conveyance of the wax cylinders. I am better off, because from France I can send the cylinder in a tin box for sixpence, including registration; thus, as I have to pay sixty-five centimes for a new cylinder, the total cost for about five hundred words is a little over a shilling, a small amount for a lesson which one can repeat several hundred times. But my Irish correspondent is not so fortunate. If sent by book-post the ends of the cylinder must remain uncovered, and the first was damaged—whilst the one he sent by letter post cost him nearly 1s. 6d. I hope you will make these facts known, for surely, from the point of view of a friendship between those of different nationalities, it is true that "The heart opens readily to a voice which is friendly."

I should not forget to mention here that *Quatre Langues* may be obtained for 3½d. from the Librairie Nony & Cie., 63, Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris. The number for the 5th October contained a most interesting article on the scholars' international correspondence from the pen of our friend, M. Mieille; from which I had fully intended to quote but have not space this month.

REPORT FROM LEIPZIG.

Professor Martin Hartmann has just issued his *Mittheilungen der Deutschen Zentralstelle für Int. Briefwechsel*; and he will, I have no doubt, forward it to inquirers who would like the full *German* text. Six stamps should

accompany such request. He gives the numbers of the correspondents, a report of the foreign recitations, and other interesting details. English schoolboys who learn German are fewer than Germans who learn English. But another point he strongly emphasises is that care should be taken to place in correspondence students of the same social sphere; and he desires all applications should contain not only name and age of pupil, but also position in school and the business of the father. I must acknowledge that I was much ashamed to have returned to me a letter, or rather a scrap of one, sent by a British schoolboy, which was not only faulty in its English but badly written, incorrectly spelt, and the paper a roughly torn scrap from a note-book. This had been shown by the Professor as a model of what a letter should *not* be. It is better that a correspondence should not be undertaken at all than treated in such careless fashion. It would undoubtedly be better, also, if we could pair all in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Yet the French correspondence has worked out fairly as a whole, the more especially as an unsuitable exchange is always rearranged when brought to our notice, and the time for minute care is impossible in my case.

NOTICES.

I have often been asked for the name of a French *weekly* paper, and I have given several. I do not think, however, that I have mentioned *Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, price 10s. a year, or 2½d. the number, to be obtained 15, Rue St. Georges, Paris. The title scarcely gives the whole scope of the magazine, for fashions, needlework, cookery, etc., find a place also. Although it is twenty years old I made its acquaintance only lately, in a somewhat remarkable fashion, which I must tell some day.

Several Danes would like to correspond with English folk; as would also many *young* Russians.

Letters from young Indian students desiring correspondents are waiting for answers to their request.

M. Mieille asks me to mention that a professor at Angers, who is an excellent coach, desires to find two boarders. French only is spoken, and the fees are about £100 a year.

I have also received a most touching letter from Cherbourg; if any one desiring to study French would like to go or send children there will they send to me for particulars?

A young Colonial writes, saying how much he would like a correspondent in another Colony—say, New Zealand, the Cape, etc., etc. Will any such Colonist respond?

Some time ago a young Englishman cycling through France into Germany wanted to find a home on the exchange plan, he intending to bring back as guest the son of the house where he might be received. I was unable to help him quickly enough, but I gave him the address of the Berlin gentleman who has before arranged such exchanges, and I have had since a most enthusiastic letter from the cyclist. He says the fees cost him altogether nearly 10s., but it was money well spent. I will send the Berlin address on receipt of a reply postcard.

Will those teachers who have sent in scholars' names kindly excuse if delay arises? The names are not printed until December 15th, and letters may scarcely arrive before holidays begin. The end of October and of February are the best times for boys' names always.

Adults are earnestly asked to let us know as soon as they receive first letters from abroad.

ESPERANTO: AN AUXILIARY INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

I HAVE to announce the formation of the first Esperanto Society in England. This took place on Friday, November 7th, at Keighley, in Yorkshire, a fitting place, as the Keighley Chamber of Commerce was the first in England to join the delegation for the promotion of an auxiliary international language. The inaugural meeting elected Dr. Zamenhof as Hon. President, Mr. J. Rhodes President; Mr. Beavers, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, with other notables, are Vice-Presidents, and the members already enrolled amount to forty-three.

We hope shortly to follow this up by the establishment of a similar club in London, whilst Mr. O'Connor will probably have given his first lesson before this issue of the REVIEW is published. A goodly number of the little manual of Mr. Geoghegan has been asked for. Some people, however, feel their need of more help in acquiring facility, and therefore we are sending out some leaflets at 1d. each, of which the following is an abstract. These leaflets are not intended to be complete instructors, but to act as auxiliaries to the little No. 52. There will most likely be eight of these leaflets, and before all are finished it will probably be decided whether the MM. Hachette publish the more scientific instructors or if we do. I have heard that some of our readers did not quite understand that the firm of Hachette publish only French versions of Esperanto literature, and am sorry if my words have unintentionally misled them.

EXTRACT FROM LEAFLET.

THE ARTICLE:—1°. There is no indef. art. in Esperanto. *Patro*, Father or A father. 2°. *La* is the only def. art. for all Gens., Nums. and Cases, as *La patro*, The father. *La patrino*, The mother. *La fratoj*, The brothers.

THE NOUN:—1°. All nouns end in Q for sing. To form plur. add J to sing., as *Libro*, Book. *Libroj*, Books. *Onklo*, Uncle. *Onkloj*, Uncles. 2°. The obj. case (Accus.) is formed by adding N to these endings, as *Mi havas la pomon*—pomojn. I have the apple—the apples. 3°. The Fem. is formed from corresponding Masculine by inserting "in" before O, Oj, etc., as *Filo*, Son. *Filino*, Daughter. *Fratoj*, Brothers. *Fratinoj*, Sisters. *Koko*, Cock. *Kokino*, Hen. *Ĉevaloj*, Horses. *Ĉevalinoj*, Mares.

VOCABULARY FOR EXERCISES 1 and 2.—*Mal*, prefix denotes contraries, as *Amiko*, Friend. *Malamiko*, Enemy. *As* (final) denotes pres. tense of verbs. *Is* (final) denotes past tense.

<i>Patro</i>	Father	<i>Jen Estas</i>	{Here is
<i>Frato</i>	Brother		{Here are
<i>Knabo</i>	Boy	<i>Pomo</i>	Apple
<i>Hundo</i>	Dog	<i>Floro</i>	Flower

<i>Tre</i>	Very	<i>Ĉambro</i>	Chamber
<i>Ŝi</i>	She	<i>Kun</i>	With
<i>Trovi</i>	To find	<i>Ĉielo</i>	Sky
<i>Libro</i>	Book	<i>Blua</i>	Blue, etc., etc.

The exercises upon these leaflets are so arranged that No. 2 corrects No. 1. Specimens of Nos. 1 and 2 will be sent post free for 2½d.

Some correspondents think that Esperanto will not give scientific terms with the necessary exactitude. Possibly the stress we have laid upon its grammatical simplicity has given rise to the thought. I am not able myself to answer this accusation, but I am assured by scientists who do understand that Esperanto is capable of expansion in every direction, and as scientific terms are already largely international, the difficulty is not so great upon second thoughts. This word "international" reminds me of some remarks of M. Conturat. He says, referring to our spelling difficulty: "It is not your spelling which is in fault—that is already largely international; witness such words as 'creature,' 'nation.' Foreigners easily learn to follow English words with their eyes. It is your *pronunciation* which is in fault. Do not change the spelling; that would only make confusion worse confounded; change your pronunciation." Well! I think, in time we *might* be induced to spell more phonetically, but to change the pronunciation! Why, therein is the soul of our language, and how could we

give away that? So let us welcome Esperanto, or any other auxiliary tongue, which will let us keep and enjoy our own, without compelling all nations to acquire it. In this I think lies the great charm of an artificial language. We all—English, French, Germans, Russians, Swedes or Hungarians—meet on the same level. If we *each* have had equally to study this chosen language, one is not superior to the other, and this at once gives a sense of comradeship. Supposing a Frenchman meets an Englishman, and the tongue spoken is English. The Englishman has a fluent member at his service, and the Frenchman feels it. Supposing the meeting of an Englishman and a German, and the tongue German, the Englishman is now the more embarrassed; but if both have had to take the same pains, why, there is common ground at once.

I think it well here to give a little personal experience. My study of Esperanto has been as yet limited to about five minutes a day for a month or two. With the help of the little dictionary in No. 52 I have been able to read the letters which have come from Dr. Zamenhof, MM. Beaufront and Ahlberg and others; but this does *not* mean that I can express myself fluently and well. Esperanto is a more or less flexible instrument according to practice given, and although at once usable, increased power comes with increasing study. Let no one, therefore, be discouraged if mastery does not come

at once. If this were the case, folk might well say that for all profound thoughts it would be useless. Let me finish by taking from *Concordia* the testimony of M. Bréon:—"Several times already Esperantists from different countries have met; they have been enabled to understand one another easily and exchange impressions with comfort, solely with the aid of Esperanto. I myself have had this experience. Colonel Levitsky, a Russian officer, decided to spend his leave in making a tour of Europe on his bicycle in order to make personal acquaintance with his numerous Esperanto correspondents. Passing through Paris, the Colonel came to see me. I had never before had occasion to speak Esperanto, and I had heard that people of differing nationalities would pronounce differently. Thus I was very nervous in speaking my welcoming words. To my utter astonishment his answering words were as clear to me as if he had been speaking the most correct French. For two afternoons and long into the night we discussed all sorts of subjects. Friends living in London who are willing to help in the formation of an Esperantist Group are asked to communicate with us.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

MAX MÜLLER'S LIFE AND LETTERS.*

MRS. MAX MÜLLER deserves congratulations upon the admirable method in which she has performed her task of putting together in permanent form a selection from the voluminous material available for a memorial of her husband.

Max Müller was unique. He formed, it is true, one of the famous group of notables who gave its distinctive character to Oxford in the last half of the nineteenth century. He belonged to the era of Jowett, which may be said to have closed with the death of Max Müller. He spent just over half a century at Oxford, having settled there in the revolutionary year 1848. It was not long after his arrival in this country before he gained recognition both as a scholar and as a man. He gained it, perhaps, more slowly at Oxford and in England than elsewhere. For he was covered with honours by foreign governments and foreign academies long before he was sworn in as a Privy Councillor, which was the only honour he received from the hands of the British Government. He had refused a knighthood, but was proud to be Right Honourable. The mere list of the orders and honours conferred upon him by other governments and learned institutions fills more than a page of the appendix. At the time when he died he was much the most distinguished of all Oxford Professors, the only one, indeed, who may be said to have had an absolutely world-wide reputation. Yet, although he contributed so much to the renown

of the University which he had adopted as his own, he was singularly detached from all that the outside world regards as characteristically Oxonian. Oxford, from the days when she sheltered Charles Stuart, and allowed him to make use of her as his capital in his war against Parli-

ament, has ever been the stronghold of reactionary ecclesiasticism. When Max Müller settled in Oxford the University was just emerging from the throes of the Tractarian movement. Afterwards there was a reaction in the direction of downright unbelief. Max Müller had no sympathy with the Anglican revival, but he was quite as much detached from the opposing party of negation. He brought to Oxford a passionate enthusiasm for Christianity, the chief charm in his eyes of which was that it was practically undistinguishable from natural religion, in the first place, and, in the second, from the great ethical religious systems of the East. The great work to which he dedicated his life was the interpretation of the religious life of Asia

to the Western World. The "Sacred Books of the East" we owe to his enormous capacity for patient labour, and his not less phenomenal enthusiasm for the essential element common to all religions. He was the representative of a very broad rationalised Christianity, which differed from the conventional faith of the Oxford don in many important particulars. Max Müller, for instance, entirely rejected all that is miraculous in the New Testament, he regarded the Koran as superior to the Old Testament, and to him the Virgin birth of Christ was a legend, or, rather, a myth. Christ, he thought,



Photo by)

Max Müller.

[Stereoscopic Co.

* "The Life and Letters of the Right Honourable Friedrich Max Müller." Edited by his Wife. Two volumes (Longmans, Green and Co.) 32s. nett. pp. 1000.

did not die upon the Cross, but swooned, from which He afterwards recovered, and the Ascension was but a poetical mode of expressing the spiritualisation of His teachings. The ground of his belief in Christianity was not its miraculous origin, but its absolute conformity with the best form of natural religion. Nevertheless, he was much more zealous for Christianity than most of the Orthodox with whom he consorted. He was careful to attend the services of the Church, and took Holy Communion shortly before his death. He was, take him all in all, the highest type of the Christian Rationalism of Germany which we have ever had in our midst.

He was hardly less interesting from another point of view. Born in Germany, spending the best years of his life in England, he became a living link between the nations. He regarded it as his sacred ambition to promote by all the means in his power a better understanding between the two peoples, who were supreme among the nations in recognising the paramount authority of the voice of conscience. So he wrote in the days before a scoffing and luxurious generation, by making mock of the Nonconformist Conscience, had brought conscience itself among the smart set somewhat into discredit as a thing smacking of Dissent. At present, with the exception of the Kaiser, there are very few German patriots who seem to believe it possible to combine their devotion to Fatherland with a tolerance of, not to say an affection for, Great Britain. The two nations, according to the Jingoës of both, are utterly antipathetic. Against this damnable heresy Max Müller's life and writings were one long protest. As in the religious sphere he proclaimed unceasingly the substantial unity of all the great religions of the world, so in the smaller international area he constantly asserted the substantial unity of the interests of the British and German Empires. This did not blindfold him to the manifold shortcomings of either German or British statesmen. On the whole, he was harder upon Bismarck than he was upon any British statesman. At one time he seemed to have a certain admiration for the Iron Chancellor. But after the publication of Busch's memoirs he could not find words sufficient to express his detestation of the man. To him, in his later days, Bismarck was a brute and even a coward, which was a somewhat strange word for him to use in connection with a man whom he had eulogised in 1871 as one of the incarnations of German genius.

But as a politician Max Müller was not of great account. He was Liberal as the Prince Consort was Liberal. He was a friend and a correspondent of Mr. Gladstone down to the very last. But he had very little enthusiasm for some of the later developments of the Liberal faith. It must be counted to his credit that he was one of the very few notables who had the courage to give a helping hand to Henry George when he first came to this country preaching the doctrine of land nationalisation. Max Müller, with his family, attended George's public meeting at Oxford, and in other ways took the American

Socialist under his protecting wing. He did so because he was profoundly convinced that the existing distribution of the world's wealth was utterly indefensible, and, secondly, because he believed that in new and rising communities it would be well for the municipalities to enjoy the unearned increment of land values created by the increase of population. As for nationalising the land in old settled countries, he scouted the idea. It could not be done without civil war, perhaps not even then. On the Home Rule question he was, on the whole, on the side of the party to which by constitutional temperament he belonged. That is not to say he was an enthusiastic Home Ruler; he was nothing of the sort. But to quote his own words:—

Ireland cannot be separated from England or England from Ireland, but it is quite possible it will be good for both of them to live a little more apart from each other. How that is to be done must be found out by our political doctors, and I confess I trust Gladstone more than Lord Randolph Churchill and Co.

The worst mistake which he made in politics was when, in his extreme old age, he succumbed to the prevalent delirium on the subject of the South African War. How far it carried him may be imagined from the fact that he actually spoke of the conclusion of the Convention of 1884 as a confirmation of England's suzerainty over the Transvaal! *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*

Max Müller was a great courtier, a much better courtier than politician. His letters to Royalty breathe a spirit which is more natural to a German than to an Englishman, a fact which exposed him in his lifetime to some rude remarks on the part of American critics as to his toadying to Royalty. The mistake was not unnatural to a critic born in the Western Republic. Even Englishmen find it somewhat difficult to appreciate the attitude which seems instinctive to a German when confronted with a Serene, a Royal, or an Imperial Highness. His letters to princes and princesses are by no means the least interesting in this voluminous collection. The expression of esteem was by no means confined to one side, as may be seen by the following letter which the Queen addressed to Max Müller on hearing that he was contemplating leaving Oxford and returning to Germany:—

OSBORNE, Feb. 6th, 1887.

I hear with dismay of the possible intention of Professor Max Müller to leave England and settle in Germany. It would be a most serious loss to the University of Oxford and to science in this country, where he is of so much use and he is so much looked up to. For his wife and children it would be a terrible blow, for it would rend all the ties of early years, and I am sure neither he nor they would be happy. A short change of scene might be beneficial after his great loss and sorrow, but I should most earnestly deprecate his leaving this country to settle in Germany. His friends will, I am sure, urge and beg him to give this idea up—as I do.

These books are by no means an anecdotal history. Max Müller wrote his own Autobiography, and published more stories in his reminiscences than are to be found in the whole of these two volumes. He was a most industrious letter-writer, and kept up a correspondence with a wide circle of friends in all parts of the world. He appears to have written constantly to Mr. Gladstone, and almost as frequently to Mr. Malabari. He

was one of the most accessible of men, and his home at Oxford was a shrine which attracted pilgrims from all parts of the world.

The predominant characteristic of Max Müller's life was his untiring industry. From his earliest childhood he seems to have been born a worker, and a worker he continued to the end. He learned to bear the yoke in his youth. When six years old his musical gifts attracted the attention of Mendelssohn, and when fourteen he took part in concerts at Dessau and Leipsic. He was born poor. His wife says: "Thinly clad and poorly fed from sheer poverty, his breath in winter frozen into a sheet of ice on his bed from the absence of fire, suffering from constant headaches, nothing seems to have clouded his naturally sunny, joyous temperament." It was this frugal training, a life of constant self-denial and careful effort over every trifle, that gave Max Müller in after life the power of rejoicing over every little luxury and pleasure which he could afford himself, and the feeling of thankfulness with which he received every good thing he got to the end of his life.

Throughout life he was never so happy as when he was at work. In one of the most characteristic of his letters, written to Archdeacon Wilson in 1894, he spoke of his joy of work:—

One must not imagine that one man, during this short life, can change the world and cart away the rubbish of centuries. All we can do is to cart, and happy those who enjoy the carting. I am glad to say that I can still enjoy it.

The delight which he had in the genial labour to which his whole life was devoted made him a very pleasant companion. He was always cheery, gently sympathetic, and although, perhaps, a little punctilious at times, was nevertheless loved and honoured by all those who came within the range of his personal influence. His wife speaks with much tender feeling of his relations to herself and to her family:—

Only those who lived with him in the close intimacy of daily life can tell what he was. His love never failed; pure, patient, and strong, first to his mother, and then for forty-seven years to his wife and children.

His midway position between the Agnostics and the Orthodox Christians gave him many friends in both camps, and no small part of his time must have been spent in explaining to these various friends his own standpoint and defending it against their criticisms. For the most part he appears to have taken an optimist view of everything, religion included. On the whole, his correspondence maintains and heightens the general impression left upon the outside world by what was known of him before this book appeared. He never allowed his religious enthusiasm to blind him to facts. Writing to Mr. Lilly in 1886, he said that materialism in the most general sense of the word ought to produce selfishness, and therefore immorality; but, he went on to say, as a matter of fact it was not so:—

Materialists are mostly serious-minded and moral men, whilst the greatest amount of immorality meets us amongst those who are most orthodox in their religious opinions, most regular in their attendance at church, and most shocked at the opinions of Darwin, Huxley, etc.

Mr. Lilly of course protested against this point of view, whereupon Max Müller returned to the charge in a subsequent letter, in which he declared that he was more and more convinced that the facts were against Mr. Lilly's thesis that materialism produces immorality. It would be more correct, he believed, to say that immorality produces materialism, for materialism is a welcome refuge for souls troubled by a bad conscience. As a rule he found the honest materialist a sincere-minded and a conscientious creature. In Buddhist countries, where religion is atheistic in the usual sense of the word, morality is wonderfully high. Then he went on to say:—

The *causa mali* must be somewhere else, the *malum* cannot be denied—our society is rotten—but why? I believe it is the *unreality* of all religion which is the principal cause. People read the Psalms every day, and tolerate adultery in their private houses. . . . An honest belief in Karma, such as the Buddhists have and really have, does more good than all the Ten Commandments. So it seems to me, but I confess the recent revelations in London have staggered me, and I am quite prepared for an outburst of indignation which would sweep away certain Dukes from the House of Lords and certain Right Honourables from the Privy Council.

This letter was written the year after the publication of "The Maiden Tribute," and immediately after the Dilke divorce case. It is not often he indulged in these gloomy meditations; but he was badly upset at the beginning of 1896 by the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger, and President Cleveland's message to Congress on the subject of the Venezuelan frontier dispute. Writing to Mr. Malabari on January 19th, he said: "Is it possible that we should allow ourselves to be governed, that is, to be driven into murder and rapine, by a few reckless individuals?" If England had been hot-tempered, he thought the German Emperor's telegram might have produced war between England and Germany:—

If a man strikes a match in a powder magazine, he acts as the President and Emperor have acted; and here we sit, the so-called millions, and we can do nothing to prevent these horrors. And that is the result of our boasted civilisation, and of what is called constitutional government. War may be avoided for the present because Lord Salisbury happens to be a gentleman, but seed has been sown that will produce poison before long. I feel very unhappy when I see all this, and see no way out of it. Political life sinks lower and lower. We are governed by self-seeking, reckless, greedy people. The best people in America are ashamed of their President; but, of course, if one man shouts the crowd falls in with the shouts; and then come blows, and then comes murder.

On the whole he was not given to political pessimism. In politics, as in private life, he always lived up to the maxim, "The darker the night, the brighter the stars in heaven." He pinned his hope in the future very largely upon the promotion of friendship between Germany, England, and America. Baron Roggenbach said of him:—

He certainly was the representative man of the best result that could be produced by solid German training. . . . He realised in his person, and certainly in his mind, the type of what a close alliance and transfusion of German and British spirit could best produce, and has been a living example of what would be the result for humanity, for civilisation and intellectual progress, if both nations would closely unite their best powers, instead of sinking, as they are doing, into the abyss

of mutual national hatred, arising from the vile envy of industrial competition and commercial rivalry.

If England did not stand in with Germany, Germany must become the ally of France and Russia, which would mean another century of Imperialism and despotism. He wrote several letters to Mr. Gladstone during the Franco-German war in the hope of inducing him to believe that he ought to help Germany in her struggle against France. He hoped much from Mr. Gladstone, whose greatness he had recognised as far back as 1867, but who obstinately refused to take sides against France. "Gladstone," he wrote to Dr. Abeken in 1870—"Gladstone is the soul of the Cabinet—a man of slow resolution but of inflexible will if once the resolution has been made. As far as I know him, he is on our side not from natural sympathy, but from conviction, from a feeling of right and of duty. He was the only Minister who recognised our rights in the Danish question. His sympathies are more Latin than Teutonic, and the commercial prosperity of France had so dazzled him that he declared hardly a year ago that France would grow to be the Queen of Europe. He is nearly the only English statesman whose stern uprightness I have never doubted, and is entirely guided by noble motives even where he makes mistakes." But a month later he wrote to Mr. Freeman: "I am quite miserable about Gladstone. England will never have such an opportunity again. Now it is lost; irretrievably lost. With Germany as a friend, the Black Sea question would have been solved, and the German vote in America would have kept the Irish vote in order so as to prevent mischief about the *Alabama*. Now the sin is sinned." What the real statesmen in Germany wanted, he says, was an alliance, offensive and defensive, with England. With the English fleet and the German army as the police of Europe, no cock would dare to crow at Paris, no bear would growl at St. Petersburg. But Gladstone would none of it. For, as he mournfully told Dr. Abeken after a visit to Hawarden, "Gladstone's sympathies are by no means for Germany, neither is he familiar with the German language or literature, or the German character or ways. He distrusts Germany, especially Prussia." Gladstone, it seems, recoiled with horror from the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine. According to him "all our feeling of human dignity is outraged by forcing even a single human being to give up his nationality."

We must wait for Mr. Morley's "Life of Mr. Gladstone" before we see what he had to say to Max Müller's plea. But we can only infer from Max Müller's letters that he had very little success in his attempt to lure the English Prime Minister into an offensive and defensive alliance with Germany. His chief interest, however, was always more in religious speculation than in political life. He had taken the keenest interest in the question of missions to the East, and especially to India. He had an abiding faith, which comforted him, that great things might be

done in India. He even wrote on one occasion to Sir Henry Acland:—

If we get such men again in India as Rammohun Roy or Keshub Chunder Sen, and if we get an Archbishop of Calcutta who knows what Christianity really is, India will be Christianised in all that is essential in the twinkling of an eye.

The following passage, taken from a letter to Sir Henry Acland, written in 1873, appears on the last page of the book, and seems to put in brief compass the gist of his message to his contemporaries upon the subject of the Christian faith:—

I believe that missionary work does quite as much good at home as abroad if it teaches us to forget the outer crust and to discover the living kernel of Christianity. But I go further—I hold that there is a Divine element in everyone of the religions of the world. I consider it blasphemous to call them the work of the Devil, when they are the work of God, and I hold that there is nowhere any belief in God except as the result of a Divine revelation, the effect of a Divine Spirit working in man. Holding that opinion I do not wish to see the old religions destroyed. I want to see them reformed, reanimated, resuscitated by contact with Christianity. There is much rubbish in the present form of Brahmanism, but so there is in the present form of Christianity. Let us try to get rid of the whitewash and the plaster—the work of men whether popes, bishops, or philosophers—and try to discover the original plan and purpose, whether in Christianity or Hinduism. When we do that I believe we shall arrive at the deep and only safe and solid foundation of religious belief and a truly religious life; we shall find the true *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus* in all the religions of mankind. I could not call myself a Christian if I were to believe otherwise—if I were to force myself against all my deepest instincts to believe that the prayers of Christians were the only prayers that God could understand. All religions are mere stammerings, our own as much as that of the Brahmins; they all have to be translated, and I have no doubt they will all be translated whatever their shortcomings may be.

The subject of psychical research does not appear to have interested him at all, and yet he was very emphatic in affirming his belief in the persistence of the individual after death: "I believe," he said, "in the continuity of life. If there were an annihilation or a complete change of our individual self-consciousness we might become somebody else, but we could not be ourselves. Personally, I have no doubt of the persistence of the individual after death. I cannot imagine the very flower of creation being destroyed by its author."

He died very peacefully. He was able to work almost to the last. Every day he had his daily portion of Scripture and his daily prayers read to him, and he appears to have discussed the question of the future life. "I asked him," writes his vicar, Mr. Bidder, "what he thought about friends and family ties in another world?" "Well," he answered, "of course all that is earthly must perish, but it is not all earthly; it is sometimes what is best and highest in us." On the night on which he died his wife repeated to him, as was her wont, his favourite text: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is set on Thee. . . . Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." She waited for his usual response, but he only said with a gentle sigh, "I am so tired," and turned on his side. These were his last words.

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DE WET'S BOOK ON THE WAR, AND OTHERS.

LAST month brought forth so many books on the war that it is impossible to attempt an adequate notice of any of them.

That which naturally attracts most attention is De Wet's book, which was published on December 1st by Constable and Co. De Wet's "Three Years' War" is capital reading. It is simply amazing the amount of ability which seems to have been latent in the two Republics. De Wet entered the war as a simple private in the ranks. He ended it as Commander-in-Chief of the Free State forces, with a world-wide fame, which the publication of this book will distinctly enhance. It is the most interesting of all the books on the war that have yet been published. De Wet writes in a simple, direct, straightforward fashion, which carries conviction with it. He does not in the least disguise his defeats, nor does he exult in his own victories; but his simple record of the events of the war is very painful reading for an Englishman. Take, for instance, the story of his first great exploit, that of Nicholson's Nek. We have heard a great deal about the disgrace of the defeat at Majuba, but Majuba was a glorious victory compared with the ineffable shame of Nicholson's Nek. "I took careful note of our numbers when the battle was over," writes De Wet, "and I can state with certainty that there were not more than 200 burghers actually engaged. Our losses amounted to four killed and five wounded. As to the loss of the English, I myself counted 203 dead and wounded, and there may have been many whom I did not see." In regard to our prisoners, as they marched past four deep, I counted 817. In addition to the prisoners I also counted two Maxims and two mountain guns. We also seized a thousand Lee-Metford rifles, 20 cases of cartridges, and some baggage, mules and horses." Unfortunately this record by no means stands alone. At Sanna's Post De Wet laments that he was not able to capture the whole of General Broadwood's force. "It was impossible with my 350 men to surround 2,000." Nevertheless, with this handful he inflicted a crushing defeat upon his enemy. He writes: "Our loss was three killed and five wounded. I had no time myself to note the enemy's loss, but according to their own report it amounted to 350 dead and wounded. We captured 480 prisoners, 7 guns and 117 wagons." General De Wet remarks that it seemed very strange to him, and to all whose opinion he asked, that Lord Roberts, with 60,000 men, sent no reinforcements from Bloemfontein. The battle took place not more than seventeen miles from the capital, and it lasted for four hours, so there was ample time to send help. "I do not mention this," he says, "with the object of throwing an unfavourable light upon Lord Roberts' conduct, but merely to show that in the great English Army incomprehensible irregularities were not unknown, and irregularities of such a character as to quite put in the shade the bungles we were sometimes guilty of." At Reddersburg, where he captured 470 prisoners of war after the English had lost 100 men killed and wounded, his own loss was only one officer killed and six men wounded. Here again he says: "I have never been able to understand why the great force stationed at Reddersburg made no attempt to come

to the aid of the unfortunate victims at Mostertshoek. Their conduct seems to me to have been even more blameworthy than the similar negligence which occurred at Sanna's Post. They were not more than five miles off, and could watch the whole engagement, and yet never stirred a foot to come and help their comrades."



[Amsterdammer.]

De Wet insists very strongly upon the absolute necessity of great mobility. He writes, "We had to be quick at reconnoitring, quick, if it became necessary, at flying. This was what I myself aimed at, and had not so many of our burghers proved false to their own colours England, as the great Bismarck foretold, would have found her grave in South Africa." This reference to the faithless burghers is characteristic of the man. Again and again De Wet wrings his hands over the shameful conduct of the "handuppers," and deplores the faint-heartedness which so often robbed him of the chance of victory. He is equally frank in describing how the

obstinacy of Cronje led to the defeat at Paardeberg. He speaks kindly of the old General, but he makes it exceedingly clear that nothing but the most headstrong obstinacy could have brought about the disaster which opened the way to Bloemfontein. De Wet sent Scheepers with an urgent message to Cronje to get out of the road of the English, who were advancing forty or fifty thousand strong. When Scheepers returned he brought the following message from Cronje: "Are you afraid of things like that? Just you go and shoot them down, and catch them when they run." As he only had 350 men De Wet found it difficult to carry out Cronje's instructions, but he fell upon Lord Roberts' convoy and made an immense haul, "a gigantic capture," as he calls it, which very nearly paralysed Lord Roberts' advance into the Free State.

De Wet wields his pen as effectively as he is said to have wielded his sjambok on the backs of those who shirked in the fight. He is very wroth with the Afrikaners of the Cape Mounted Rifles and Brabant's Horse, who, in his opinion, "ought to have been ashamed to fight against us." The English, he admitted, had a perfect right to hire such sweepings, and to use them against the Boers; "but we utterly despised them for allowing themselves to be hired. We felt that their motive was not to obtain the franchise of the Outlanders, but 5s. a day. I admit that it vexed me greatly to think that some of these colonists, for the sake of a paltry 5s. a day, should be ready to shoot down their fellow-countrymen. Such men, alas! there have always been since the first days of the human race, when Cain killed his brother Abel."

De Wet plods steadily through the story of the campaign, setting down his disappointments as well as his successes. One of the worst of the former was where he just captured Lord Kitchener's train. General Frohnenman's burghers stopped it, but his men refused to storm the train. "Had they done so, Lord Kitchener would have fallen into our hands. Nobody knew that he was in the train, and it was only later that we heard how when the train stopped he got a horse out of one of the waggons, mounted it, and disappeared into the darkness of the night." Frequently De Wet tells us he lost his temper, and blazed out with indignation against those who failed to display an endurance and resolution equal to his own. When his brother came and asked him in July, 1900, whether he still saw any chance of being able to continue the struggle, he said: "The question made me very angry, and I tried to hide the effect. 'Are you mad?' I shouted, and with that I turned on my heel and entered the house. I put down here the very words I used," says De Wet, "for any other course would not be honest." About Prinsloo's surrender, he says that it is hard to acquit him of a definite act of treachery. "It was nothing short of an act of murder against our Government, the country, and the nation to surrender 3,000 men in such a way. One could gnash one's teeth to think that a nation could so readily rush to its own ruin."

On the much-debated question whether the burghers were right who had taken the oath of neutrality, and afterwards took up arms, General De Wet speaks with no uncertain sound. He takes great credit to himself for what he calls the "great plan" of bringing under arms all the burghers who had laid down their weapons and taken the oath of neutrality. He apparently was prompted to do this by the breach of faith of which the English military authorities had been guilty in sending Prinsloo's burghers to Ceylon, notwithstanding the promise that had been given them that their property would

be saved and that they would be allowed to return to their farms. He boasts that he was able to make 3,000 burghers take up arms again and break their oath of neutrality. He justifies his conduct on the ground that Lord Roberts had promised the burghers protection for their persons and property if they would remain quietly on their farms. Instead of doing this what happened? "He himself ordered them to report to the British military authorities should any Boer scout or commando come to their farms, and threatened them with punishment if they did not do so." Old people, also, who had never left their farms, were fined hundreds of pounds, when the railways or telegraphs were wrecked. Instead of protection being given to the burghers, their cattle were taken from them by the military authorities at prices they would never have thought of accepting, and even by force. Even from widows everything was taken away. "If, therefore, the English on their part had broken the contract, were not the burghers perfectly justified in considering themselves no longer bound by the conditions of the oath laid on them?" The English also employed very many men who had taken the oath as National Scouts. Further, De Wet maintains that even if the British had not done any of these things, the burghers were still under the obligation to fight for their own government, and from this obligation no oath could absolve them. "Therefore," says De Wet, "taking everything into consideration, no right-minded burgher could have acted otherwise than to take up his weapons again." He denies that he used any compulsion, for "I was of opinion that a coerced burgher would be of no real value to us, and would, besides, be untrustworthy." Time and again his irritation against the National Scouts breaks out. He maintains that the British never knew how to scout until these treacherous burghers taught them.

The book is full of stories of his narrow escapes. He says "if the reader is eager to know how it was that I kept out of the enemy's hands till the end of the war I can only answer—although I may not be understood—I can only ascribe it to this—that it was not God's will that I should fall into their hands. Let those who rejoice at my marvellous escapes give all the praise to God." Again and again De Wet is lost in amazement at the marvellous manner in which the handful of Boers were able to escape from the toils of their gigantic adversary. "Again I say," he writes on another occasion, "that the whole course of events was a miracle from beginning to end. This mighty Empire employed against us, besides their own English, Scotch and Irish soldiers, Volunteers from the Australian, New Zealand and South African Colonies, hired against us both black and white nations, and, what is worst of all, the National Scouts from our own nation. . . . I have to declare again," he adds, "that if there had been no National Scouts and no Kaffirs, in all probability matters would have taken another turn."

General De Wet does not say much concerning the atrocities that were perpetrated in the course of the war by the English troops. He says that South African soil is stained by the blood of children slain by England, and in another place he accuses the English of directing their fire upon the women's laager to compel it to come to a standstill. He does not dwell at length upon the horrors of farm-burning, but he says that the treatment of the women was such a serious matter that it would require whole chapters to deal with it adequately. "I will only remark here that the Boer women were shamefully treated."

General De Wet struggled till the last against the necessity of surrender. His speech, which is reported in the minutes appended to the book, shows that he never ceased to believe in the possibility of ultimate triumph. It was the deliberate doing to death by the torture of famine, privations, and exposure to the brutalities of the natives of the women and children that compelled him reluctantly to lay down his arms. Speaking of this fatal step, he says: "To every man there, as to myself, this surrender was no more and no less than the sacrifice of our independence. I have often been present at the deathbed and at the burial of those who have been nearest to my heart, father, mother, brother, and friend. But the grief which I felt on those occasions was not to be compared with what I now underwent at the burial of my nation." His last words are: "There was nothing left for us now but to hope that the Power which had conquered us—the Power to which we were compelled to submit, though it cut us to the heart to do so, and which, by the surrender of our arms, we had accepted as our ruler—would draw us nearer and nearer by the strong cords of love. To my nation I address one last word. Be loyal to the new Government—loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a nation which has shed its blood for freedom."

"THROUGH SHOT AND FLAME."

Second in interest, but not in importance, is the Rev. Mr. Kestell's book, "Through Shot and Flame."

The Rev. J. D. Kestell, who has written an account of his adventures and experiences, which Messrs. Methuen have published (the title is "Through Shot and Flame") was Chaplain to President Steyn and General De Wet. Those who have the privilege of knowing Mr. Kestell recognise in him a man somewhat of the John Knox type, sturdy, strong, cautious, and ever ready with the divine word to strengthen the wavering faith of his hearers, or to inspire them to take heart and to keep on in the midst of disasters which would have overwhelmed other men. Mr. Kestell's book is characteristic of the man. He tells the story very simply. He was a non-combatant, but he was in the thick of the war from first to last. The most important part of his book is the last portion, wherein he describes briefly the discussions which preceded the conclusion of peace. He acted as secretary for the Free State Executive Council at the preliminary negotiations. He says:—"I accepted the post, not for the position but in order to get important material for the book." It is quite clear that, from his account of the negotiations, Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener both agreed that the £3,000,000 was to be a free grant, and was to be devoted entirely to the payment of the receipts given by the Boers for goods which were commandeered during the war. He brings it out very clearly that nearly all the Free Staters, including Steyn and De Wet, were in favour of keeping on the war, and at the last their assent to peace was secured solely by appeals made to them on behalf of Afrikaner unity. De Wet assented very reluctantly to the representations of Generals Botha and Delarey. Perhaps the best thing in the book, and one which sticks most in the memory, is the saying with which General De Wet concluded his speech advocating continued resistance: "We are charged," he said, "with not taking facts into consideration," to which he made a reply which may yet become famous in the history of the human race. He said "it was a war of faith, and that he had nothing to do with facts; he had to concern himself with a fact only when he had to clear it out of the way."

How splendidly characteristic of the great patriot who baffled for over two years the combined efforts of the whole British Army, and only gave in at last to the representations made by his allies as to the slow death by outrage and torture to which the women of the Transvaal were being subjected!

"THE BRUNT OF THE WAR."

Of English books on the war the most important is Miss Emily Hobhouse's "The Brunt of the War," which, as she truly says, fell upon the women and children.

Miss Hobhouse's book is a detailed account of the suffering which the war entailed upon the women and children of the two Republics. It has only one fault: it has no index. It has a good map showing the site of the Concentration Camps. It contains several illustrations, and it is dedicated to the women of South Africa, whose heroic virtues have kindled the admiration of the writer and excited the sympathy of the world. The book is divided into three parts, each dealing with a year of the war. The first chapters in each part are headed thus: "Homes Destroyed," "More Homes Destroyed," "Further Homes Destroyed." There are copious appendices, giving tables of rations, mortality lists, and a list of a few of the farms which have been destroyed. The book contains thirty-five pages. It is heartily to be wished that every journalist, Member of Parliament, and minister of the Christian religion who succumbed to the frenzy of war, could be compelled to read this book from end to end so that they might form some faint idea of the hell which Lord Milner's policy let loose in South Africa. Miss Hobhouse has made us all her debtors by her painstaking industry and devoted loyalty to her sex, and the humanity which she has displayed in her work for the women of South Africa during the war, and for putting on permanent record this damning indictment of "the most humane war in the world." Mr. William Redmond created a great uproar in Parliament by declaring that Lord Kitchener "had made war on women and children." Possibly if those who tried to howl him down were to read this book a certain percentage of them might become ashamed of themselves.

"WITH GENERAL FRENCH AND THE CAVALRY."

The most important military book on the English side is Mr. C. S. Goldman's "With General French and the Cavalry in South Africa," published by Messrs. Macmillan at 15s. net. Mr. Goldman was special correspondent for the *Standard*, and he has written a bulky book of 462 pages, which only carries the narrative down to October, 1900. It is chiefly remarkable for the immense number of maps which it contains, and the admirably executed illustrations from original photographs. It suffers, however, from one very great defect—it has no index—which is quite an unpardonable fault in a book of this kind. Mr. Goldman is an enthusiastic admirer of General French; but his elaborate panegyric does not come up to the tribute paid to him by the Boers, when they declared that he was "the only Boer general in the English army." Mr. Goldman has a good deal to say as to the cavalry, which the new conditions of warfare have brought into military tactics, and especially in the employment of cavalry. "On the battlefield itself," says Mr. Goldman, "the cavalryman has ordinarily fought on foot. Practically, therefore, the British cavalry have been compelled to remodel their whole system of fighting." Military men may find Mr. Goldman's book interesting; but for the ordinary reader it contains too much technical minute detail to be generally popular.

* "REMINISCENCES OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR."

Among the books on the War may be numbered General Ben Viljoen's "Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War" (Hood, Douglas and Howard, 542 pp. 6s.). General Viljoen wrote this book at St. Helena. It is introduced by a preface by Colonel Brinckman, who was stationed at St. Helena, and who conceived, during his stay in that island, a genuine regard for his prisoner. Colonel Brinckman speaks of Viljoen's straightforwardness, unostentatious manner, truthfulness, and utter absence of affectation, and he certifies that he has reviewed the exciting episodes of the War with an honesty and intelligence and a humour which many previous publications on the War have lacked. The General himself, in his preface, says that he lays no claim to literary abilities, that he wrote the book under great difficulties, and that twice before his capture various diaries which he had compiled fell into British hands. He complains somewhat bitterly of Colonel Price, his gaoler at St. Helena, who, he declares, was a worthy successor of Sir Hudson Lowe. He ridicules the credulity of the English Press, which reported him to be dead, captured, or executed many times. His narrative is straightforward and simple. A very good test of his frankness is afforded in his narrative of the rescue of the pompom after the battle of Vaal Krantz, which was enthusiastically described by Conan Doyle and others. He says of this: "Some English writers have made much ado about the way in which our pompom was saved, but it was nothing out of the ordinary." Considering that a lyddite shell had burst just above his head, slightly fracturing his skull, and smashing his rifle to atoms, the exploit will seem to the reader very much out of the ordinary. His description of how it felt to be under a lyddite shell when it burst is somewhat striking: "It seemed to me as if a huge cauldron of boiling fat had burst over us, and for some minutes I must have lost consciousness."

The book is written with a remarkable absence of asperity, although he complains very bitterly of some of his own compatriots, and writes warmly about the way in which the Kaffirs were armed and let loose upon the burghers. In the final chapter on "Our Friends the Enemy," he speaks highly of Tommy Atkins, who performs a tremendous lot of work upon very poor daily pay, and is most willing under the circumstances to die for his cause. But he is a thoroughly helpless creature if he is thrown out of the ordinary ruts. Of the British officer, he says that there are two kinds: "one a gentleman, the other possesses all the attributes of the idiot, and is not only despicable in the eyes of his antagonists, but is also despised by his own *entourage*." He prefers Tommy to the enlisted Volunteers, the Regular being more humane than the latter, and showing great kindness of heart to the wounded. Of the British cavalry, he says that their colossal horses were ideal targets, and that they might as well have used elephants. From his final conclusion no one will dissent—namely, that as neither Boer nor Briton can speak impartially at present, both would be better employed in attempting to find out the virtues rather than the vices in one another's character.

"THE MORAL DAMAGE OF WAR."

Mr. Walter Walsh, minister of the Gilfillan Memorial Church, Dundee, has written, and Mr. Brimley Johnson has published, a volume of 283 pages, in every page of which he hurls a savage anathema against all

those who delight in war. He is a Berserker friend of peace, who runs *amok* with a vengeance against all and sundry who do not accept what he regards as the sole logical foundation for opposing war—namely, the Tolstoian doctrine of absolute non-resistance. War, in Mr. Walsh's eyes, is an immorality under all circumstances, and he says that we must boldly make up our minds and say that war is wrong, that every war is sin, that war need not be, must not be, shall not be. Mr. Walsh is entitled to his own opinion, which he expresses with characteristic vigour; but he must permit others the same liberty, and I hope he will not quarrel with me when I say that to confound a defensive war waged, let us say, to prevent the subjugation of England by a Turkish horde, with such an infamous war as that which we have been waging in South Africa, is to give a handle to the adversary; of which he will be keen to avail himself. Mr. Walsh, however, is of a different opinion.

Mr. Walsh is a doughty fighter in the cause of peace. He does well to be angry, and in this book he smites and spares not. His book is a veritable lyddite shell of explosive moral indignation; it is every page of it instinct with the spirit of his favourite text, "A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood are an abomination to the Lord," and therefore to Mr. Walter Walsh. He deals with the moral damage of war to the nation, to the child, to the soldier, to the politician, to the journalist, to the preacher, to the missionary, to the trader, to the citizen, to the patriot, and to the reformer. The Jingo fever in which the land has been wallowing affords Mr. Walsh with only too many illustrations with which to point his moral. "War," he says, "has killed the Church, and has substituted for the old Trinity St. Ahab the capitalist, who covets the vineyard; St. Jezebel the politician, who plans murder by robbery; and St. Cain the Commander-in-Chief, who performs the bloody business." There is no infamy, no cruelty which the Moloch priests, apostate from the Sermon on the Mount, will not sanction or condone. This sanctification of revenge is indeed the vilest function performed by a war-poisoned and blood-stained Church. All this must be very fine reading for Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Canon Knox-Little. To bring the Sermon on the Mount up-to-date Mr. Walter Walsh suggests the following amended version of the beatitudes, which he commends to our new Imperialistic heathens as the latest revelation of the will of the Prince of Peace:—

Blessed are the proud in spirit: for theirs are the kingdoms of the world.

Blessed are they that cause others to mourn: for they shall not need to be comforted.

Blessed are the imperialistic: for they shall annex the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger after gold, and thirst after territory: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciless: for they shall not be expected to show mercy.

Blessed are the pure patriots: for they shall eliminate God.

Blessed are the peace-breakers: for they shall be enabled to murder the children of God.

Blessed are they which persecute for wickedness' sake: for they annex the kingdom of the persecuted.

Blessed are ye, when men shall applaud you, and canvass for you, and move all manner of votes of confidence in you, falsely, for the devil's sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in the House of Commons: for so rewarded they the worldlings which were before you!

From which it will be seen that Mr. Walsh has let himself go with a vengeance.

WHERE THE REIGN OF LABOUR HAS BEGUN.*

IT is with heartfelt relief that we turn from the arid and lurid barrenness of politics in the Mother Country to this record of splendid achievement in the Colonies. The story is one which comes like balm to the bruised and baffled heart of the reformer at home. Here, at any rate, we see something actually being done: no futile beatings of the tide of progress against insurmountable walls of prejudice and privilege; no endless shunting of great movements; no everlasting diarrhoea of words, words, words; but deeds, golden deeds; miseries removed; solid boons secured; the general level of life lifted.

Verily as cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is this good news from a far country! In lands that own our flag and speak our tongue, strikes are abolished, lock-outs known no more, sweating is extinguished; a full-stop has been put to the slavery of long hours in shop and mine and mill; starvation wages are ended; old age is freed from the shame of pauperism and "charity"—it accepts instead an honouring endowment from the State; woman is admitted to full share with man in the selection of the rulers of the commonwealth; the liquor traffic is subject to local control; government is no longer limited to war and police—it is consecrated to the nobler tasks of fostering industry, instructing agriculture, employing the unemployed, and of settling on the half-used soil of large landowners families and villages of small but thorough cultivators; and local freedom is cemented and secured by federal union. This is no "News from nowhere": no dream of apocalyptic seer. It is printed in statutes of our imperial realm; it is written in the book of the chronicles of Australia and New Zealand.

THE SECRET OF EFFECTIVE PROGRESS.

And how has all this come about? asks the impatient reader. What is the secret of so extraordinary an advance on progress at home? After making due allowance for the complexity of all political action, and for the innumerable factors involved, the answer can broadly be given in two words—two words not over-pleasing to either Liberal or Conservative ears in this country—LABOUR MEMBERS. Most of the marvels of Australasian reform date, as Mr. Reeves has shown, from the appearance of Labour Members in the Colonial Parliaments. The change took place about 1890. A succession of defeats in the economic sphere turned the eyes of the Trades Unions towards the chances of political success. The new departure met a "felt want." As Mr. Reeves records:—

Politically the masses were enfranchised. What was wanted was a large purpose, a gospel which could stir them with enthusiasm. This stimulus was found in industrial democracy. The coming of organised labour into politics in the years

between 1890 and 1893 did not mean merely that workpeople were bestirring themselves to obtain certain reforms. Half its significance and force sprang from its being a new departure in the matter of men as well as of measures. Up to 1890 labour had been content to vote for middle-class candidates. In that year it decided to send to Parliament not a few units of its own class, but bands of workers.

THE ADVENT OF THE NEW FORCE.

Accordingly, in 1890, five Labour Members—"quiet, attentive, business-like, well-mannered mechanics"—took their seats in the New Zealand Parliament as allies of the Progressive party. In 1895 thirty-five Labour Members entered the New South Wales Parliament as allies of neither party, bent on playing Parnell's game with both parties. In 1893 a Labour party of seventeen extreme Socialists (now increased to twenty-three) found seats in the Queensland legislature, and became permanent Opposition to the dominant Conservatives. In 1893 South Australia saw twelve Labour men in its Lower and six in its Upper House, resolved on giving united but independent support to the Radical party. A similar policy has been pursued in Victoria, which has now seven Labour men in its Lower House.

ITS PURPOSE AND THEORY.

It was the accession of these men to the ranks of law-makers which wrought the peaceful and salutary revolution. They are not phrase-makers, as Mr. Reeves points out; they are not "artists"; but they are "handy-men," apt at getting things done, and undisturbed by many theories. "Governmental as he is," says our author, "the Labour politician is at heart more of a trade unionist than a conscious Socialist." A Frenchman wittily describes their working creed as "Socialism without doctrines." Their aim, as of Colonial Progressives in general, is thus expressed by Mr. Reeves:—

It is to secure by combination and law a larger share of comfort and opportunity for that great human mass which lives upon such stinted reward as Capital measures out to Labour day by day and month by month. It is to raise the standard of life among the workers, not only by gaining for them shorter hours and better pay, but by lifting them on to a higher plane by education and a civilised environment.

Their theory of the State, if theory it may be called, is put thus succinctly by Mr. Reeves:—

They look upon their Colonies as co-operative societies of which they, men and women, are shareholders, while the governments are elective Boards of directors.

This idea of the State as Co-operative Society is likely to gain a wider currency. But the distinction of Colonial progressives is the essentially English characteristic of being unhampered by theory in their quest after what is good in practice. They eschew abstract logic and try to find out what will "work."

LABOUR A STEADYING FACTOR.

Their readiness to experiment does not, however, endanger political stability. Mr. Reeves is constrained

* "State Experiments in Australia and New Zealand," by William Pember Reeves, in 2 vols., pp. 391 and 367, with maps. Price 24s. net. Published by Grant Richards.

to remark upon "the almost French instability before 1891" as shown in the rapid changes of government, and contrasts it with the comparative fixity since. The new steadiness has come in with the Labour Members. This stable progress under Labour auspices may surprise middle-class prejudices. But now that it has happened, we can see how reasonably it might have been expected. Working men are men who work, not talk. They have been for generations drilled into the habit of doing, not dawdling. No gang of labourers who made as much fuss and did as little work as our House of Commons could keep their place for a fortnight. Industrial discipline is all against laborious trifling; it is all in favour of swift and effective output. Labour Members have introduced this saving element into Australasian politics. They have been put on the job of solving pressing problems and of passing laws to fit the social need; and they have worked at it as they would have worked at ploughing land, or hewing coal, or shearing sheep, or driving engines. They do not regard "public life" as—in Mr. Reeves's trenchant phrase—"a conspiracy to keep up appearances." They regard it as a means of getting realities accomplished. They seem as a rule to be among the best of their class. They have graduated in the school of trade unionism. Every Labour man in the Queensland Parliament in 1893 was a teetotaler. And the payment of members has added an economic fillip to the process of natural selection.

THE MORAL FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

It is this record of Labour on the other side of the globe which makes Mr. Reeves's book such invigorating reading to the Briton at home. This is veritably our "glad tidings of great joy," with a most comforting, practical and practicable corollary. Colonial conditions are undoubtedly very different from conditions prevailing in the Old Country. "Efficiency" on a "clean slate" is possible out there to a degree unattainable here. But after every difference has been allowed for, Great Britain would be an utter fool if she did not gain some practical guidance for herself from these experiments in the Colonial laboratory. And the obvious moral of Mr. Reeves's book to home politicians is that we want more Labour Members of Parliament. We want Labour Members who will not be mere units of either party, but who will act together, conciliatory in tactics, resolute in purpose, an effective self-dependent group. Mr. Reeves provides us with this convenient generalisation:—

Contrasting the outcome of the direct representation of Labour for ten years in five Parliaments, we find it clear enough that the experiment has been fruitful or unfruitful, according as Labour has been able to find a *bourgeois* progressive section to work with, and has been willing to work with it.

But even without allies Labour has brought solid gain to the community, as Mr. Reeves himself relates. And no elimination of elements peculiar to the Colonies touches the conclusion we have drawn for the House of Commons at Westminster. For in this "tight little island" we have, to say the least, Labour leaders

equal to any to be found at the Antipodes. They are accustomed to administer the affairs of far larger societies, and to deal with much more colossal interests. In our trained trade union officials we have a great reserve of statesmanship, of which the nation will do well to avail itself in good time. This is the main message to be gleaned from the perusal of Mr. Reeves's interesting pages.

A FIRST-CLASS POLITICAL TEXT-BOOK.

The chief import of this book claims so much attention as almost to overshadow its other many and striking merits. We cannot follow Mr. Reeves into his detailed treatment of the various Progressive movements which have made Australia and New Zealand the wonder of the world. Suffice it to say that these volumes form a political text-book of the first order of importance. No politician, or would-be reformer, or student of social progress can afford to be without them. Every Progressive candidate for Parliament or for County Council ought to be able to pass an examination in their contents. From the failures recorded, as well as the successes, publicists at home ought to derive salutary instruction. The advocates of female franchise, of compulsory industrial arbitration, of the minimum wage, of statutory shop hours, of State departments of agriculture and industry, of old age pensions, will find everything to delight them in these pages, except that the woman-suffragist will be chilled to hear that the woman's vote has so far made simply no difference! The land reformer will be pleased to learn of the success of village communities settled on the land, and of the breaking up of large estates into small farms; but his ardour may be damped by discovering the trifling amount and the still more trifling effect of the land taxes imposed. He will probably read with dismay that all co-operative communities have hitherto disastrously failed. The Temperance agitator will note with surprise the small result up to date of local option, and the fact that drunkenness is least where the law allows no local control; but will console himself with the news that the prohibition vote is steadily increasing, that the vote for reduction is ineffective, and that there is no ghost of a chance for the Gothenburg system. And the case for the exclusion of the Chinese and of other undesirable immigrants, as put by Mr. Reeves, will command the respect if not the sympathy of Exeter Hall.

Mr. Reeves is not merely the author of the book; he is author, or joint author, of much of the legislation in New Zealand which he records, and which has set the pace in Australia. Yet he has been singularly successful in his endeavour to maintain historical impartiality. The reader only observes that the parts of the book dealing with Mr. Reeves's own measures are much the most interesting. The style is bright, sometimes brilliant, and always readable. Perhaps only in conducting the reader through the labyrinth of land laws is the usually perfect lucidity of the guide slightly obscured.

Wake Up! John Bull.

An Illustrated Supplement to the "Review of Reviews."

No. 18.]

Issued as an integral part of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS of December 15, 1902.

YET ANOTHER WAKER-UP.

SINCE I started the publication of this Supplement I have had great pleasure in seeing one after another of our public men take up the warning word, and even adopt the phrase which has been familiar for the last eighteen months as the heading of these pages. The latest recruit is Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., who has brought out the *World's Work*, a new shilling magazine modelled upon the same lines as the *World's Work* of the United States, with the avowed object of waking up John Bull. In his introductory address to his readers Mr. Norman says that his purpose is to press home the conviction tersely expressed by the Prince of Wales after his recent journey through a great part of the Empire in the words: "The Old Country must wake up." The following is his statement of the object which he has in view, and the means by which he will endeavour to attain it:—

The object of the *World's Work* is to present each month a picture of the activities of the world—particularly of the British world—in public life, in foreign affairs, in commerce, industry, science, invention, literature, art, and social life. It will be instructive; it will also be entertaining. It will be lavishly illustrated, as may be judged from the present issue. It will be written by experts, but it will not seek to dazzle by the names of popular writers, relying rather for its success upon the subject-matter of its articles and the idea at its root. It will be represented in the chief parts of the British Empire and the principal foreign countries by able men on the look-out for what is new and true and useful. It will collect from the reports of the Consuls of all nations their most important information and suggestions, and from all periodicals the kernels of their news and comment. In a word, its object will be that every reader shall be kept thoroughly informed of all that is of importance and interest in contemporary life, and that for a man to be seen with the *World's Work* in his hand will be proof that he takes a serious interest in the forward movement of his own time and country.

We heartily welcome the assistance of Mr. Norman, and congratulate him upon the way in which he has brought out his first number.

SPEEDING UP THE BRITISH BRICKLAYER.

The article which bears most directly upon the subject dealt with in this Supplement is that upon Mr. James Stewart, Engineer and General Manager of the British Westinghouse Company. It is entitled "A Yankee Boss in England," and it explains how Mr. Stewart succeeded in speeding up British workmen to the American standard. He brought with him, to put up the new works of the Westinghouse Company at Trafford Park, seven young Americans. He found 236 men then at work. Within a week he had under him 2,600 British workmen, and at times he had as many as 3,758 in his employ. He found, when he took over the work of construction, that the British bricklayer thought he had done a good day's work if he laid 450 to 600 bricks. In America the same artisan would lay an average of 2,000 bricks, and sometimes 2,700. Mr. Stewart set to work to speed up the British workmen to the American

level. In the first two weeks he raised the average to 900 bricks a day, and before the work was finished he succeeded in raising the general average to 1,800 a day, with 2,500 per day laid by men employed on the plainest work. He did it by hustling, by praising, by rewarding, and, in short, by bossing the job. He met the representatives of the Bricklayers' Union, and told them that he was perfectly willing to work with Union men, and to work according to Union rules. The Union asked for 10d. per hour for bricklayers; he gave them 11d., but gave them clearly to understand that they had to work for their money, and that he was the master of the concern. The Bricklayers' Union closed with this offer, knowing that the alternative was that non-Unionist workmen would be employed, and the work carried out by other labourers. The joiners struck against his proposal to cut the dinner hour down by half an hour, and in return to let them go half an hour earlier in the evening. As he paid ten per cent. higher wages than any other employer, he had no difficulty in filling their places. As he got one hundred per cent. more work out of the men, he found the ten per cent. increase in wages very profitable. There were never more than ten Americans employed in the works, and more than ten million bricks had been laid.

THE BRITISH WORKER EQUAL TO THE AMERICAN.

The British Westinghouse Company has sent fifty young Englishmen over to Pittsburg to study American methods. Mr. Stewart attributes his success not so much to the use of authority as to the fact that he was in constant and kindly communication with the individual men. He would go among them constantly with a hearty "Good morning, boys!" and with frequent encouragement for all kinds of good work done. His conclusion is that there is plenty of snap in the British workman if you will only let him see that there is snap in you. Mr. Stewart wrote down the following summary of his conclusions, to which he arrived after his experience of bossing British workmen:—

First, the men must satisfy themselves that they are to be paid good wages.

Second, the man who has general charge of the work must understand his own business, and have his work done in his own way, in his own time, and by his own methods.

It may seem strange to the people of this country, but it is a fact, that the British bricklayers who go to America work side by side there with the best American bricklayers and equal their average.

It may be to the point if I add that besides bricklaying we have achieved results in the construction of these works not less notable than those to which so much reference has been made. For instance, results have been obtained here by British carpenters just as quickly and as cheaply as I have ever accomplished similar work in America.

To the unbiased mind, facts like these afford conclusive proof that British workmen, if they diligently apply themselves, do as much as the workmen of any other country.

Finally, I will say with regard to Union men that if our work has been rapidly executed, it has been greatly due to the interest

that has been taken by the representatives of the Unions concerned in securing for us the best men that could be obtained.

BRITISH VS. AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

The other article of the "Wake Up" description is Sir Christopher Furness's paper, "How British Trade is Handicapped." In this he compares British and American railway methods. He was much impressed during his visit to the States by the facilities afforded the American manufacturer over his British rivals by the heavier trains, which have done so much to reduce railway charges, and to give so much greater speed in handling freight. He thinks that British engine-builders have by no means reached the limit of size, weight and hauling capacity, and that there is no doubt that the nearer we get to the American system, the nearer we get to dealing with the problem of transportation. Sir Christopher regards railway transportation reforms as absolutely necessary for the industrial and commercial life of the country. But unless this is accompanied by other reforms it will fail to enable us to maintain our place in the world's markets. In this country monopoly has reduced us to stagnation. The English railways cost enormous sums to build per mile, while the American lines cost next to nothing, the land having been given free in many cases. Sir Christopher returns to his old complaint about mineral rents and royalties, and ridicules the idea that the protective tariff is the secret of America's advance. He is a staunch Free Trader, and will not listen to any talk about retracing our steps towards dear bread. His article contains a significant menace addressed to the railway companies, in which he says that if they do not of their own accord improve and cheapen our transportation system, steps will have to be taken to procure them that healthy competition which will compel them to bestir themselves.

THE AMERICAN INVASION A BOGEY.

MR. J. E. WOOLACOTT, in the *Magazine of Commerce*, writes vigorously on what he calls the American Invasion Bogy. He insists that Brother Jonathan is not always so successful as his admirers would have us believe. He quotes from a British manufacturer in South Africa:—

In the early days of Rand mining, picks, shovels, light trolleys, and rails came almost entirely from the United States, but, says the writer quoted, "Sheffield and Birmingham have captured this market, and can hold it against all comers on sheer merit. For the same reasons," he adds, "'Tangye' and 'Lancashire' boilers are favourites all along the Reef, and where the Americans once supplied three-fourths of the compressed air drills, the 'Climax,' made in Cornwall, now stands in the first place."

He also quotes the American Consul-General Mason at Berlin, who has just been soundly rating his countrymen for their want of adaptability, "that, with all their cleverness as manufacturers and caterers to their home market, our countrymen are, with some notable exceptions, still in the kindergarten class as merchants in the large, international sense of that term."

He exults in the discomfiture of American bicycles, and says:—

The American Bicycle Trust was now in the hands of receivers, in consequence of their inability to pay the interest on two millions sterling of debentures—more than the entire capital of half a dozen of the most important firms in Great Britain. . . . That was a crumb of comfort. The American boot, again, which was to have "run us off the sidewalk," has failed to capture the market.

TRADE PROSPECTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

(1) "SOUTH AFRICAN TRADE: GENERAL TRADES REPORT," by T. Nicol Jenkin. (2) "SOUTH AFRICAN TRADE: ENGINEERING REPORT," by Ben H. Morgan (London: P. S. King and Co., 10s.).—These two companion volumes are excellent illustrations of the new spirit which is permeating British commercial circles under the stimulus of the movement for waking up John Bull. The authors were sent to South Africa by the South Africa Trade Committee, formed under the initiative of Mr. John Lockie, M.P., only in last June, in order to inquire into the present condition and future possibilities of British trade with South Africa; but in the short space of time which has elapsed since then they have succeeded in preparing reports which are admirable for their lucidity and completeness. Mr. Jenkin says that he and his brother Commissioners were received with open arms. The volume on General Trades strikes us as the most instructive, because it is the smaller manufacturers of general goods rather than the great engineering firms who at present suffer most from the lack of specialised information as to the condition of foreign and colonial markets. Mr. Jenkin sums up his conclusions in an excellent introduction, of which it is worth mentioning the chief points. He thinks that British manufacturers must send goods of the cheaper as well as of the better quality; they must be brought prominently before the notice of merchants and storekeepers; the goods must be scientifically packed, and the cost of carriage reduced as low as possible. England must adopt the German system of through rates for freight from the home centres to inland towns in South Africa. But, like all other experts, Mr. Jenkin insists upon certain superiorities in German and American methods. The South Africans, he says, want to meet English merchants who will not treat with indifference and contempt suggestions offered by themselves. There is a great prejudice in South Africa in favour of English-made goods which can be used by manufacturers at home but must not be abused. At present many British colonial dealers, annoyed at British indifference to their wishes, transfer their orders to foreign houses. At the same time, neither Germany nor America takes full advantage of their opportunities; but they are, Mr. Jenkin thinks, awaking to this. Their advantage lies in their adaptability, their superior packing, their civility, and their promptness.

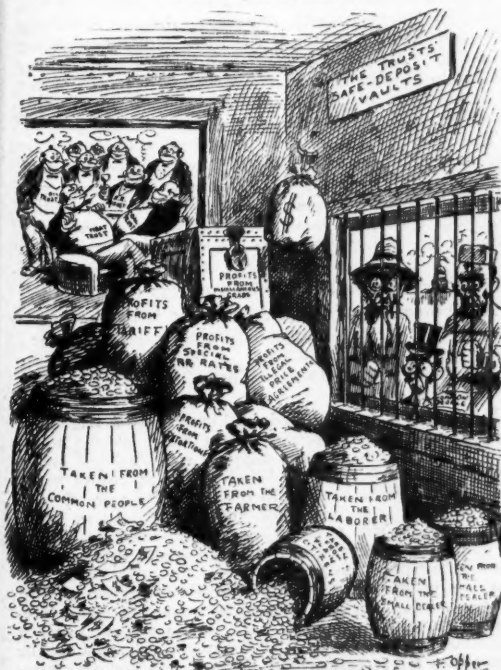
Mr. Morgan's book also contains an admirable Introduction, in which he sums up his conclusions. Like his colleague, he complains of British slowness, lack of enterprise, bad packing, and inferior methods of advertising. Both books are admirably illustrated with photographs, diagrams, and drawings. They are moderately written, without undue optimism or undue pessimism; and the general conclusion to be drawn is that in South Africa, as elsewhere, John Bull has only to wake up to recover his imperilled position; his prospects are excellent, and it depends alone upon himself whether he takes advantage of them.

"THE Angel's Message in Deaf and Dumb Language," by Mr. Paul Preston, is perhaps the most curious paper in the Christmas number of the *Sunday Strand*. It is illustrated by a series of photographs, showing the various gestures and postures assumed by the Rev. F. W. G. Gilby when conveying to his audience in the Deaf and Dumb Church, Oxford Street, London, the great words of revelation.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TRUSTS.
NURSERY RHYMES FOR INFANT INDUSTRIES.



The House the Trusts Built, No. 1.
This is the House: the Trusts built.



The House the Trusts Built, No. 2.
This is the Dough, in heaps and stacks,
And bags, and barrels, and kegs and sacks,
That lay in the House the Trusts built.

**CANADIAN TRADE WITH THE UNITED STATES
AND GREAT BRITAIN.**

The fact that the Americans, despite their high tariff, do more trade with Canada than Great Britain, whose exports are favoured by the preferential Canadian tariff, suggests the following melancholy reflections to the *Toronto Moon* :—



The Moon.

A Protest.

[Nov. 13.]

LAURIER: "Jonathan pays nothing for fishing privileges here: as I do, and spends nothing for bait—yet he has all the luck."

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New York Journal.

An Alphabet of Joyous Trusts.

U is the United States Rubber Trust. He
Twists himself into knots while he robs the C. P.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC COMBINE.

STUPENDOUS FIGURES, METHODS, AND DESIGNS.

MR. WINTHROP L. MARVIN contributes to the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* a most instructive paper on the great ship combine—"The International Mercantile Marine Company," in its formal title,—the Morgan ship "combine" in the vernacular of the "street,"—which was incorporated on October 1st, 1902, under a New Jersey charter, with eight American and five British directors. The writer says:—

It really means much more than that the new company is the largest shipping corporation in existence, with its 141 steamers and its total tonnage of 1,100,000. The world's second ship corporation, the Hamburg-American, with 127 steamers of 630,000 tons, is almost a pigmy by comparison; and the greatest of British companies, the India Steam Navigation,



[New York Journal.]

S is the Shipping Trust; when he's afloat
There's a mighty poor show for the poor People's boat.

owns only 117 steamers of 361,000 tons. There are but 147 steamers of 327,284 tons in the entire fleet of the United States actively engaged in foreign commerce.

No nation save Great Britain, Germany, and France possesses an ocean steam shipping equal to that of this one corporation, and the United States Commissioner of Navigation regards the Morgan-Griscom fleet as equal "in all elements of efficiency" to the entire French merchant fleet of 690 steamers, of 1,104,893 tons.

Add the half million tons of German shipping controlled by Mr. Morgan, and you may reckon he controls 60 per cent. of the carrying trade between the United States and Europe.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "HOLD" AND "INCLUDE."

The lay reader will doubtless be unable to appreciate the fine distinction as to "holding" in the following utterance by one of the Board of Directors:—

The International Mercantile Marine Company will not be a holding company, and the subsidiary lines will be permitted full liberty in managing their own affairs. The new company, however, includes all of the various companies in the combination.

Under the British Merchant Shipping Act the British

steamers of the "combine" could not retain their British registry if they were "directly owned" by a New Jersey corporation:—

This legal difficulty has apparently been solved by the organising in Great Britain of a separate British concern, which will stand in the same attitude as that in which the International Navigation Company of Liverpool, owning the British ships of the Griscum fleet, long stood toward the International Navigation Company of Trenton. . . . The British ships themselves will retain their national allegiance, will be officered by British subjects and manned in part at least by British crews, and will even be held available for use as British merchant cruisers or transports in case of war, whenever the nation may require their services.

"BETTER SERVICE AT LOWER COST."

The directors of this huge concern do not mean to wring increased profits out of the travelling public:—

They frankly expect to make the business of the allied companies greater and more lucrative than it has ever been before, but they propose to achieve this end by the legitimate means of improved efficiency and economy. It is said that Mr. Morgan looks for an ultimate saving of 12,000,000 dols. or 15,000,000 dols. in operating expenses, which would of itself yield from 10 to 12½ per cent. on a capital of 120,000,000 dols. A great deal of the costly administrative machinery and equipment which each rival line has maintained can now be dispensed with. There need no longer be the extravagance of sending to sea on the same mid-winter day two or three stately greyhounds, each with its cabins one-quarter filled with passengers.

President Griscum has intimated that there may some time be established a regular system of daily departures from New York—a boon not only for travellers and the mails, but also for general commerce.

Another advantage in favour of the "combine" is "its friendly relationship with the great group of American railroads in whose affairs Mr. Morgan is the dominating influence." Against this vast network of organisation the Cunard line—said to be sharply deficient in large modern freighters—cannot, even with its Government subsidy, hope seriously to compete.

The writer raises the question whether there will be any more fast ships. The price of great speed is enormous. It costs seven times as much to run a 20-knot steamer as to run a 10-knot steamer. Left to themselves, British and American lines would build few vessels above 17 knots. If higher speed is required for mails and "cruisers," Government will have to pay.

IS GREAT BRITAIN TO BUILD ITS SHIPS?

As between Britain and America, it is interesting to note that out of the 141 ships belonging to the "combine," there are only twelve Yankees. A very significant paragraph practically yields the palm for cheap shipbuilding to Britain:—

It is labour at once low paid, intelligent, and effective which has enabled German competition to cut deeply into the British steam marine. But German shipyard and shipboard wages are probably not so much below British as British wages are below American. One purpose of the new Cunard subsidy is to equalise British and German labour cost. Mr. Morgan, Mr. Griscum, and their comrades are as patriotic as any of their fellow-countrymen. But they can scarcely be expected to pay 11,300 dols. a month for an American crew of 380 men while a British crew of 427 can be hired for 9,891 dols. Nor will they, without some special inducement, give 1,846,000 dols. for an American steamship while a British craft of exactly the same dimensions and speed can be constructed for 1,419,000 dols. These figures are not conjecture; they are absolute facts of official record.

It would be rather a piquant paradox if one of the consequences of the "Morganising" of the Atlantic were the placing of most of its building orders in British hands.

HOW ONE JOHN BULL WOKE UP.

A PRACTICAL OBJECT LESSON IN ADVERTISING AND CREDIT.

IT is now eighteen months since I began the publication of "Wake Up! John Bull" in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. Since then everybody, from the Prince of Wales downwards, has adopted "Wake Up!" as the watchword of a movement which is making itself felt in every direction. From the beginning I have always insisted upon two things—namely, that we, as a nation and as

individuals, are not doing the business we might be doing owing to general sluggishness and lack of intelligence and enterprise. That is the first. The second is that the best hints as to how to wake up John Bull are to be gained by a close and attentive study of American business methods. There are few who will dispute the soundness of these propositions. But it is seldom that I have come upon so useful and apposite an illustration of their truth as that supplied by the experience of a well-known firm in Tottenham Court Road, London. Whatever that firm may become in consequence of the impulse which reached it from across the Atlantic no one can say. It has grown, is growing, and is likely to grow, although whether the ambition to develop it into a Wanamaker's Store for London will ever be realised is a secret to which the future alone holds the key. The firm to which I refer is that of Messrs. Catesby, of 64—67, Tottenham Court Road, and 4, 6, 8 and 12, Goadge Street. Its experience is so interesting and so encouraging from the "Wake Up! John Bull"

point of view that it is as well to bring it before the notice of the general public.

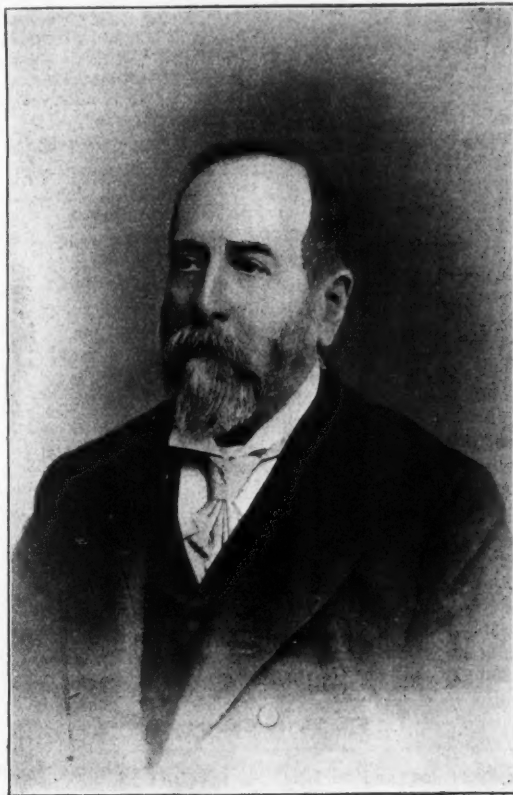
There are three conspicuous reasons for selecting this firm as an object-lesson for the encouragement of John Bull in his effort to wake up and play his part in the struggle for trade. In the first place, the firm of Messrs. Catesby is not a limited liability company. It is an old-fashioned firm, like John Bull himself, consisting of a father and his sons, whom he has taken into partnership. In the second place, it is not a mushroom concern, but has a record behind it of nearly half a century. In the third place, the renewal of its youth and the rapid development

of its business is due to a change of procedure introduced as the result of a visit paid to the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. In the fourth place, it is interesting because, I think, it has been the first firm in this country to adopt on a large scale the method which Montgomery Ward, of Chicago, has made one of the great features of that city—namely, that of doing a business not so much

over the shop counter, although that business is still carried on as of old, but a business in which the orders are brought by the Post Office, and are delivered by parcel delivery and similar agencies. Fifthly, because the experience of Messrs. Catesby in the matter of giving credit has been so remarkable that, but for the evidence of nine years' experience, I should have hesitated to believe it possible.

To begin with the last first, the nearest approach in London to Wanamaker's Stores are the so-called Co-operative Stores,—the Army and Navy, and the Civil Service. These stores are based upon the ready-money system. They have built up their enormous businesses on the solid foundation of no bad debts. The Messrs. Catesby have gone to the opposite extreme. Instead of insisting upon cash down before any purchases are delivered, they have deliberately set to work to democratise the credit system, and have done it with a recklessness which nothing but success could possibly have justified.

Apart altogether from the value of their experiment from a trader's point of view, it is extremely interesting from the standpoint of the public moralist. The standard of honesty among our people must be very much higher than I thought it was, when it is possible for any firm to carry on business on Messrs. Catesby's lines without ending in hopeless and irrecoverable smash. Everyone is familiar with the treatises which economists and co-operators have from time to time published on the pernicious results of the credit system. Among these evil consequences the development of dishonesty on the part of debtors has been strongly insisted upon. But Messrs. Catesby maintain, as



Mr. Catesby, Senr.



Mr. J. T. Catesby.

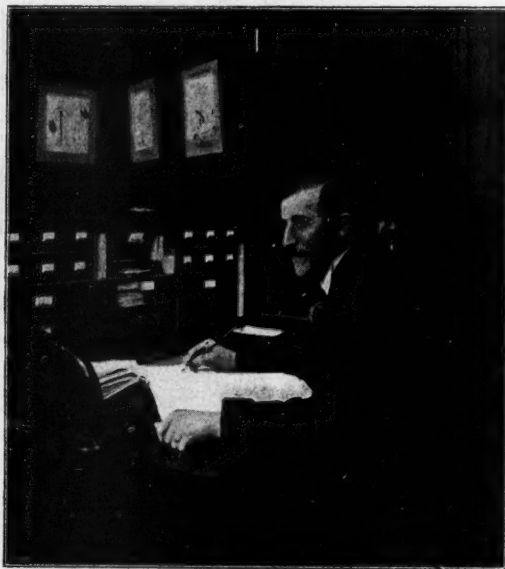
as bad debts by the average tradesman who knows his customers, and who can take every security against being defrauded, rose before me when I first heard Mr. Catesby discoursing upon the principles upon which his firm carried on their business. It seemed to me sheer midsummer madness to attempt to do business on such a basis. Messrs. Catesby advertise everywhere that they are willing to supply goods to anybody on the payment of about 10 per cent. down, and a promise to pay the remainder in weekly or monthly instalments. If the amount of the goods ordered is small—that is to say, if it is not 50s.—they ask for no references, make no inquiries as to the standing of the person who seeks to buy such goods. Jeremy Diddler, Esq., of Birmingham, may write ordering Cork Lino to the value of 40s., and enclosing a remittance of 3s. 6d. with a promise to pay 6s. monthly until the balance is paid off. Thereupon Messrs. Catesby will at once, without making any inquiries, without asking for any reference of any kind, despatch to Jeremy Diddler, Esq., Cork Lino of the value of 40s., and trust to his innate honesty to meet the instalments when they become due. Should he fail to meet his payments they remonstrate, and if remonstrances are unavailing there is the customary trader's appeal to the County Court, which, when its patience is exhausted, will issue a judgment summons, and if that is disregarded Jeremy Diddler can be clapped into gaol for contempt of court—a punishment which by that time everybody will admit he richly deserves.

Now Jeremy Diddler and the whole of his poor relations, as a rule, think little of judgment summonses; and

the result of their experience, that the debtor, especially the small debtor, is not dishonest, and that the people of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales can be trusted to pay their just debts. Reminiscences of the long list of moneys that are written off

by long experience they have developed a marvellous faculty of getting out of the way of those who wish to commit them for contempt of court. The strange, the almost incredible thing is, that Messrs. Catesby do not find Jeremy Diddler difficult to deal with. Whether it is that Jeremy Diddler does not deal much in linoleum, or cork lino, as Messrs. Catesby prefer to call it, or whether the excessive trust reposed in his honour appeals to his dormant conscience, I cannot say. But notwithstanding this lavish offer of credit to all and sundry, Messrs. Catesby contend that they have fewer bad debts than any ordinary tradesman doing business in the old-fashioned way. When I asked them to explain how this is so, they attributed it largely to the fact that they never have long accounts. The average time which the debtor remains on their books is not more than seven months. I asked them whether it was often necessary to hold the terrors of the law over the heads of defaulting debtors. The answer to this was that in eight years only four persons had gone

to prison at the instance of Messrs. Catesby for failing to meet orders which the County Court Judge had considered it proper in the circumstances for him to make. And considering that every morning's post brings Messrs. Catesby from 2,000 to 3,000 letters from all parts of the Kingdom, and that they have at the present moment 32,000 open accounts, the fact that they only need to send one man to gaol every other year would seem to indicate that the terrors of the law are extraordinarily efficacious, since they need to be invoked so seldom. Of County Court cases the average for the last few years has been less than one per cent. of their customers, and the total of bad debts on all their accounts does not amount to more than 3 or 4 per cent. As this question



Mr. W. E. Catesby.

of liberal credit not resulting in bad debts seemed to go to the very root of the matter, I pressed them rather closely as to whether they hoped to continue to enjoy this extraordinary immunity from being victimised by fraud-



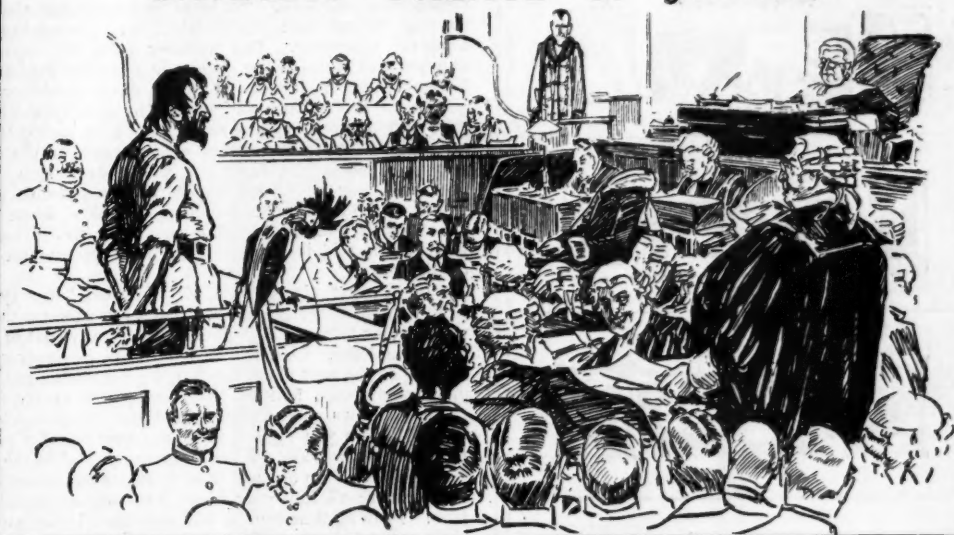
Mr. A. G. Catesby.

ulent debtors. It is a very uncommon experience, as some vendors of typewriters have ruefully admitted quite recently. People in a position to buy typewriters do not seem to be so honest as the average purchaser of Cork Lino. Messrs. Catesby, however, assured me that, thanks to their organisation and their methods and the wide range of their experience, they do not feel apprehensive of being swindled by the gentlemen of the

even then—to please, they are willingly received back, carriage paid both ways, and money is returned.

I asked Mr. Catesby how it began. He said that their business took a new start from the year 1894, after the head of the firm, Mr. Catesby senior, returned to this country after visiting the World's Fair at Chicago. He had grasped the American idea, and proceeded at once to put it into effect. The business had been carried on

CATESBYS' PALACE OF JUSTICE.



First Trial: Rex v. Crusoe. Third Day: Hurlock Shomes gives evidence.

The great detective of crime leaned languidly over the rail of the witness-box and in a low and unpassioned voice narrated how one afternoon he was engaged in two apparently hopeless cases, viz., the discovery of a Leader for the Liberal Party, and the unearthing of the Intelligence Department of the War Office. The ostrich-like attributes and superlative modesty of the latter department led him to infer that the most likely spot to find it would be underground, and he accordingly commenced his operations by taking a ticket for the Tuppety Tube. He further thought the conjectural Leader of the Liberal Party would so doubt be learning methods of progress from that, the latest experiment in Low Commissions. At Tottenham Court Road the prisoner entered the car and occupied the seat opposite witness. Observing that Crusoe was wearing a very fine fur-lined coat, witness kept his eye upon him. It

was a hot day, and the Tube was, well—not frigid. The first extraordinary circumstance, which arrested his attention was that prisoner was smoking a short clay pipe. That struck him as being hardly in keeping with a fur-lined coat. The next point was the behaviour of the prisoner's parrot, whose head was sticking out of the breast pocket of the coat. The bird frequently uttered sounds which he could only describe as an ill-suppressed chuckle, and from time to time repeated the words "Easy Terms—what ho!" Witness began to suspect something amiss, and proceeded to smoke a pipe of very strong shag, which, he might explain, was his own infallible pride to successful thinking upon his own patented lines of analytical crime-detection. In one minute and between thirty-eight and thirty-nine seconds he had arrived at the following conclusions.—Firstly, the furtive glances of the parrot, coupled with the fact that Crusoe smoked a short clay whilst wearing

a magnificent fur-lined coat, clearly proved that the garment was dishonestly come by. Secondly, the store from which it had been stolen, must be in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road—that being the station at which prisoner entered. Thirdly, the superior quality and smart cut of the coat and the words "Easy Terms" used by the parrot, left no shadow of doubt but that Messrs. Catesbys were the persons robbed. He would say at once he had some knowledge of CATESBYS' IMMACULATE CLOTHING, and was personally acquainted with their plan of supplying first-class clothing upon Easy and convenient Terms. He had, in fact, that very day received full particulars from Messrs. Catesbys, in answer to enquiries he had made for a suit. Acting upon his deductions, he caused the prisoner to be at once arrested upon leaving the Tube, and he was immediately conveyed to the nearest police-station and charged with the offence.

Mr. Hurlock Shomes will be cross-examined by Mr. Forked Lightning, K.C., in this space on Monday next at 10.30 a.m.

**Single-Breasted
Lounge or
Reefer Suit 34/-**

Easy Terms, or 25. in the £ allowed for Cash.

CATESBY AND SONS,

Immaculate Clothiers.

Dept. R.

66-67, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W

**Write for Patterns
at once**

of Fancy Tweeds, Vicunas, and Serges, also Book of Fashions and Self-measurement Form.

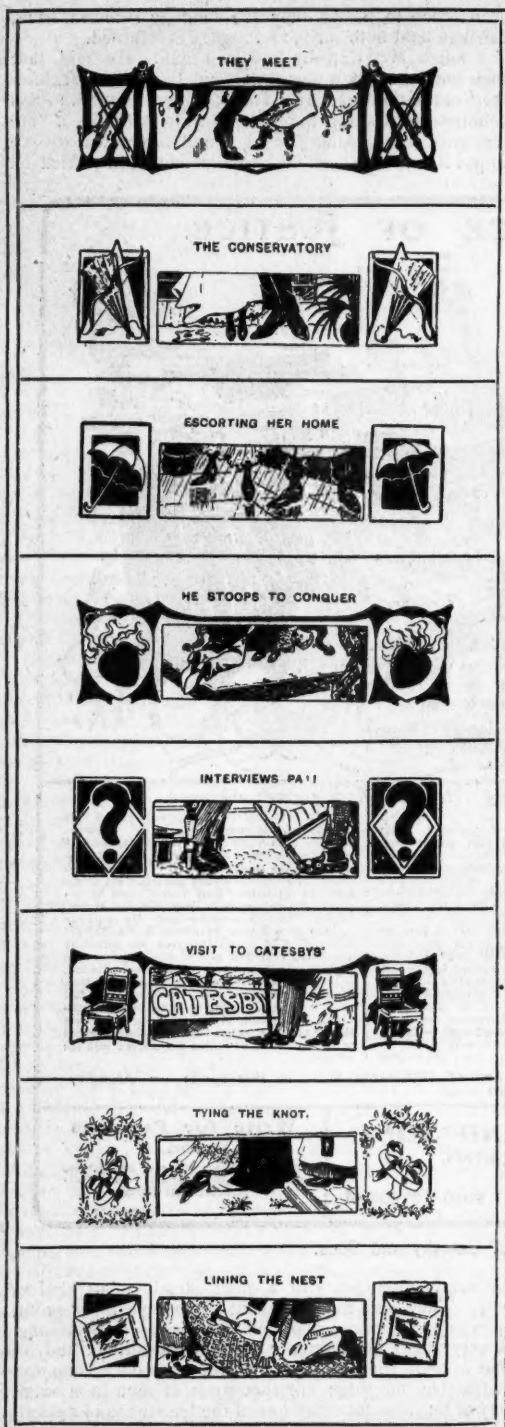
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Specimen Advertisement of Catesby and Sons.

Long Firm, about whom they know so much that it seems to be understood that "Catesbys' is too dangerous game."

While on the subject of the country post, perhaps I might as well say here that there is every inducement held out to people in the provinces to buy by post, as Messrs. Catesby keep a special staff who attend solely to country orders. By experience and intuition they usually know the customer's wishes, but should the goods fall—

for nearly forty years in a quiet, steady-going kind of way. They were making about £500 a year net profit, spending about a couple of hundred pounds in advertising. A very small beginning, it must be admitted; and on that account their example is all the more interesting and instructive, for there are thousands of men in a small way of business for every one of the leviathans of modern commerce. Mr. Catesby, senior, summoned his sons about him, and gave them an inkling of what he had seen



How Messrs. Catesby advertise their Boots and Shoes.

at Chicago. It was there and then decided to make the experiment. They took the whole of the year's profits, and added it to the advertising fund; and then they launched out upon the system of credit which they have since developed with such success.

I told Mr. Catesby frankly that I had heard this system of credit very much spoken against, and that imaginative persons had drawn pictures of the credit system as a kind of vampire octopus, whose tentacles were thrown into every humble home in the land, in order to encourage extravagance and then to drain the resources of poor men. "It looks very much like the old story of the universal Jew of which we hear continually from the Continent. The traveller goes out, smooth-tongued and subtle as the serpent in Paradise, insinuates his way into every home, and tempts the good wife or the good man, as the case may be, to buy goods for which they cannot afford to pay ready money by giving them plausible assurances that they will purchase on the hire system. When you have got the poor wretch into your toils, you wring out his heart's blood month after month if the instalments are not paid. And when you have sucked him dry you fling him into gaol. That is what I am told is done with the hire system and the credit system."

"In the first place," said Mr. Catesby, "it may be news to your imaginative friend that we have not a single traveller, or tempter, as you call him, in any part of the three kingdoms. Customers come to us—we never go to them. In the next place we charge no interest whatever upon our goods, and in the third place, so far from ruining our customers and flinging them into gaol, I have already given you figures as to the number of County Court summonses and all commitments to gaol in the last eight years. I do not say that there are not some firms who deserve all that your friend has been saying about ours. Nothing that can be said or written is too bad for them. But his censures leave us unmoved."

"But is not this method of seeking business a little unworthy of a firm of first-class standing?"

"Oh," he said, "everyone does it now! Such firms as Maple and Co., for instance." And, summoning his secretary, he asked for Maple's circular of July, 1901. This document, issued from the Secretary's office, 149, Tottenham Court Road, announces that the directors have now decided to inaugurate a department where goods may be obtained at their usual marked prices, but with deferred payments. It is a rather curious circular, for it goes on to say that although the goods can be obtained at their usual marked prices, a premium of 5 per cent. will be charged upon the total volume of the goods supplied. The hire purchase department of Messrs. Maple is limited to orders of £50 and upwards. Credit is given for three years, and interest charged at 5 per cent. per annum. Twenty-five per cent. of the total value of the goods must be paid down at the time of purchase. "Other firms, including Whiteley's, Westbourne Grove," Messrs. Catesby declare, "have either followed or preceded Messrs. Maple in adopting the system which only the other day was described as altogether unworthy of firms of such standing as ours."

"Well," said I, "this brings me to another interesting phase of the question. If you have no travellers and you seek no custom, how do you get your business?"

"We get it," said Mr. Catesby, "by advertising. The newspaper is our commercial traveller. The daily paper is the best medium for business in our line—that is to say, furniture, clothing, and especially Cork Lino, of which we sell more than any other firm in London.

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Our business is built up on advertising. The more you advertise the more business you do. Of course you must advertise intelligently, and intelligence is based upon experience. We do not 'go it blind' in affairs of advertising. If you won't publish it," said Mr. Catesby, "I will show you a book in which we have the result of the advertising in the various mediums in which we advertise."

It was a very interesting book, and I confess I wish I could have borrowed it and copied the long, tabulated statements and percentages and statistics, and the general information it contained. But this was forbidden. What the internal mechanism is to the control and direction of a submarine this book is to Messrs. Catesbys' business; and what Government supplies Beekeepers to take the public over its submarines?

It is extremely interesting to notice the fluctuation of the value of advertising in some papers at different times, and also the contrast between the value of advertisements in different papers. If Messrs. Catesby would lend me that book, I think a very interesting article—nay, a treatise—might be written upon the various values of advertisements in different papers. Of course, everything depends ultimately upon the article sold. Messrs. Catesby do not advertise in the *Times*; they are distinctly of the Democracy, and appeal to the million. A comparison of the cash value of an advertisement in each of the halfpenny morning papers in London would be interesting matter for examination. This, however, I am not permitted to give. What I am permitted to say is this, that the war brought no grist to their mill, and it disastrously impaired the value of capital invested in advertising.

Every pound spent in advertising, whether in pro-Boer or in Jingo papers, yielded fewer orders, and of less value, during the war than ever before the war broke out. In the case of some papers it required an expenditure of twice, thrice, and even sometimes four times as much money to produce the same number of orders as it did before the war. That is to say, the advertising value of the newspapers, from a business point of view, was distinctly depreciated by the war in South Africa.

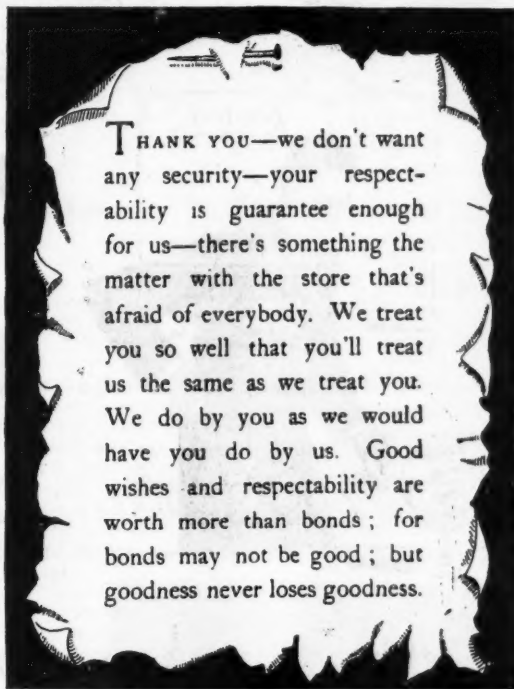
I remember long ago, when I was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, declaring to our manager that there would never be any hope of establishing a successful Democratic daily paper in London until we could democratise the advertiser. Messrs. Catesby and Sons are conspicuous as being the first men of business in London who have democratized their advertisements. They

have laid themselves out for popular advertising. The goods in which they deal are in universal request; and in floor-coverings they have made such a speciality that they sell 20,000 yards of Cork Lino every week.

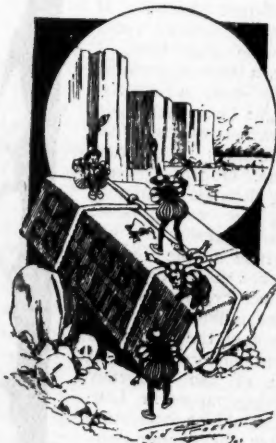
Messrs. Catesby are the first firm of London tradesmen who have boldly taken a leaf from the Americans in the art of advertising, and have avowedly set themselves to work to make their advertisements attractive. They have not yet reached the position of Mr. Wanamaker of Philadelphia and New York, who has a whole editorial page filled full every day with news of the great store; neither have they yet ventured to keep a poet; but they have humourists and artists constantly employed in drawing up a fresh advertisement every day. Perhaps on this point I need do no more than mention the following artists' names:—H. R. Millar, Louis Weirter, John

Duncan, J. James Proctor, Thomas Downey, E. Dolman. To the man who keeps an eye on the development of modern pictorial art, and watches the rise of its most recent exponents, this list will have a deep significance. They are pioneers in the art of making advertisements interesting. Anything more dull than the conventional advertisement favoured by most English firms can hardly be conceived—a stereotyped statement announcing that certain goods are for sale at a certain shop, set up in type and allowed to occupy so much space in the newspaper every day. The result is that nobody reads trade advertisements; they are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Messrs. Catesby boldly introduced the American innovation of dropping all standing advertisements, and writing a new advertisement every day. They set to work also to make them interesting.

Their latest innovation, "Catesbys' Drolleries," as their name implies, are brief, humorous articles, each of which endeavours by a quaint turn to exploit well-known stories for the purpose of advertising Messrs. Catesbys' goods. They have published series after series of these drolleries; there is the "English History revised series," in which Catesby of the Gunpowder Plot, the great original Catesby of all, naturally holds a conspicuous place. The legend about Sir Walter Raleigh spreading his cloak before Queen Elizabeth naturally suggests a variant upon the original version, that it was not a cloak, but some Catesbys' "Cork Lino" that was spread over the muddy puddle. By the way, the use of the word "Cork Lino" aptly illustrates the care that is taken by Messrs. Catesby to remove obstacles out of the way of possible customers. They found that the word "linoleum" was unpopular with



An Advertisement of the Credit System.



FABLE OF CAT AND COCK.
ROBINSON CRUSOE.

REVISED HISTORY OF ENGLAND (SIR WALTER RALEIGH).

STATESMAN SERIES
(MR. CHAMBERLAIN).

MRS. CAUDLE.
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.
SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CATESBY'S DROLLERIES.



An Advertisement for Clothes.

many people ; they did not know whereon the accent was to be, and whether the pronunciation was linoleum, lindelum, or linoleum, and not wishing to put their foot into it by displaying their ignorance, they did not ask for it. Messrs. Catesby therefore invented the term "Cork Lino," cork being the principal ingredient, and "lino" being the first two syllables of linoleum. They have used in turn most of the humorous characters of English literature ; their "Dickens Series" was very successful, and their "Æsop's Fables"

—which were illustrated by Louis Wain—stood them in good stead. They invented a comic series representing the trial of Robinson Crusoe. Sherlock Holmes, Mrs. Caudle, Swiss Family Robinson—all were pressed into the service. They also used portraits of British statesmen for the same end. Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain all gave their consent to the use of their caricatures in Catesbys' advertisements. They flew at even higher game—they proposed to use the King and the Prince of Wales in the same series ; but on submitting the illustrations to His Majesty, with the request for permission, they received a very kind letter from Lord Knollys saying that the King was much amused by the picture, but that, on the whole, he thought he would rather they did not use it in their series, and it was accordingly withdrawn. It is, of course, no easy matter to make a new

joke every day ; but Messrs. Catesby have kept it up with great spirit, and have set an example which, if followed by others, would make the advertisement sheets the liveliest reading in the morning paper. They have appreciated the fundamental fact that the best shop window for the display of your goods is the newspaper broadsheet. Those who can look into a shop window are numbered by hundreds, whereas the newspaper shop window comes before the notice of hundreds of thousands.

Messrs. Catesby have realised that the cheapness of transport rendered it possible for them to ignore space as a feature in cost. They will undertake to deliver any of their goods in any part of the three kingdoms at the door of their customers free of any charge for carriage. It does not cost a man in Aberdeen any more to buy Cork Lino than it does Mr. Catesby's next-door neighbour in Tottenham Court Road. And as they thus abolish space so they triumph over time by their system of deferred payments. In all their publications—and their number is legion—they impress upon the reader that their one object is to make it easy for him to get what he wants. If he has not the money in his pocket they will give him credit, with the confident belief that he will have the money next week or next month. One of the most effective booklets that they issue is called "The Book of Trust," one page of which I reproduce here, although I cannot, alas ! print it in its original colours. In this little book the customer is told "not to wait until you have the money ;" "be comfortable now ;" "don't have a cheerless home just because the money is not ready." "You don't have employers' references to give, nor security to find ; we take your word, you take our goods." Nothing is more dreary as a rule than the trade catalogue, but the Catesbys study the art of making their catalogues amusing, persuasive, and entertaining. In the "Boot Catalogue," for instance, they have a very



Portion of General Office.

clever idea—a life drama is told by the view of the feet and ankles of a man and woman, and it is very cleverly worked out. Another capital idea are the line-drawings, in which many of the lines are left out; and another catalogue, entitled "Character of Clothing," in which the various suits are shown fitted to headless bodies. As all the world cannot come to their shop, they employ every resource of print and pencil in order to make it possible for all the world to buy goods without taking the trouble to leave home. Anyone can measure himself for boots or clothes by following their instructions, filling in the requisite forms, paying a small instalment down, and finding the required article delivered free of charge at his own door. If anyone wants to pay cash he gets 10 per cent. discount; but the essence of the whole business is the way in which credit is given. They ask for no references in the cases of purchasers of goods under 50s. in value, only asking for references when dealing with larger amounts, and it is noteworthy that in the latter cases more money is lost. "The poorer the customer, the more honest he is"—such at least is the experience of Messrs. Catesby. Messrs. Catesby have made the experiment for eight years, and they find it pays, and pays well. The British public is an honest public, and people do as they are done by. Every customer whom they serve is constantly reminded through the post, by the receipt of bright catalogues, of the fact that Messrs. Catesby have got something which he wants, and which they are anxious to let him have, on the easiest possible terms.

Of course this requires a big clerical staff. When they went into the advertising credit business they employed twenty hands, they now have about 400; of these 150 are girls from fourteen to thirty years of age, earning from 5s. to 16s. and 30s. a week, who are employed from nine o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night, with an hour for dinner and half-an-hour for tea, in booking orders. Messrs. Catesby, unlike the Prudential Insurance Company, do not find their girls devoid of

ambition. The offices in which the clerical work is performed are well lighted and ventilated, and the top floor is the place where they take dinner, which they bring themselves and can have cooked free of charge on the premises. The basement is sacred to the great staple of the firm, Cork Lino.

In order to avoid the kneeling which is productive of housemaid's knee, the warehousemen stand in wells sunk into the floor. In cutting the Cork Lino no cutter is allowed to kneel. Messrs. Catesby do not manufacture their Cork Lino, although they have an interest in the factories where it is turned out; all their designs are registered, and it is a great grief to them that they were not allowed to register "Cork Lino." Cork Lino, like Unedda, is without the pale of protection and can be used by anybody.

So much for the word; now as to the substance. Cork Lino is made by combining carefully prepared cork with oxydised oil. Special machinery and important drying processes enter into the manufacturing of Cork Lino, which is simply an improved linoleum. That it is appreciated by those who have tried it is evident not only from the steadily increasing demand, but from the numberless unsolicited testimonials from their customers to be seen at their head office.

When Mr. Milholland gets his pneumatic tubes into working order, when Mr. Henniker Heaton succeeds in cheapening the parcel post, when railways still further reduce their parcel rates, and when Express Companies perfect their organisation, it is difficult to see any limit to the development of this business of selling on credit from the shop-window of the newspapers. If the success of Montgomery Ward in Chicago, a success achieved in a very few years, is phenomenal and possible only in the United States, there is no reason to doubt

that similar methods employed in the more densely populated area of Great Britain might lead to the building up of a great fortune. If it be so, Messrs. Catesby, who have shown the way, deserve to carry off the prize.

CATESBYS' DROLLERIES.

SIXTH SERIES:

THE BOARD SCHOOL ESSAYIST.

No. 5.—UTOPIA. By Angus Flopp McTavish.

Utopia is where every body is happy and don't have to do no work. You musen't think that in a real place like Scotland because it isn't. Only when people think that they could be happy if only they get something they want and haven't got it then they go and call it Utopia. See that is what Utopia is like. Every body is happy because they get everything they want an they don't have to seek things to pawn for those dinner. They ain't never hungry and if they was they woodn't mind because they get everything they good wish for. Farther whose wot they calls a Socialist told his Governor last week England oughter be a Utopia if it wasn't for the likes of him. An then the governor ups and see you clear out an farther says a dear one. So then they begins asperging. An the teacher of it all was farther had to appear before Mister De Rutson at Bow Street. And he see well my main wotches got to say for myself. Wot nothing, twenty shillings or fourteen days. So yes now wot farther thinks of Utopia. As for confers she says if all good ones have CATESBYS CORK LINO she woodn't want no Utopia nor any temporary like that, because she woodn't have to work no hard because CATESBYS CORK LINO ain't hard to clean like Shave is. So when she bin and goes to work she goes in to buy Mother some CATESBYS CORK LINO.

Her father an' mother an' dozent that mean buy your mother CATESBYS CORK LINO if she wants sum. I reckon it does an' that's what she going to do. If I was married I woodn't let my minnie work her inside out over scrubbin of bare bods not I. I woodn't think no real man wood let alone a Scotchman spontaniously when he can get CATESBYS CORK LINO so cheap, wot is so good for the floors an' don't need even a little bit of scrubbin because it ain't never dirty. An then there's wot they calls the Easy Term—pay as you can you know, an' give no reference or security. If you pays cash down they saks off two shillings in the pound. They also pay carriage, and sends you samples if you wites for them.



CATESBYS' CORK LINO.

		A QUALITY.	B QUALITY.
3 Yards by 3 Yards	16s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
3 Yards by 24 Yards	12s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
3 Yards by 4 Yards	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
24 Yards by 4 Yards	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
4 Yards by 4 Yards	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.

CATESBY & SONS.

65 & 66, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Business Hours, 9 till 6; Saturdays, 9 o'clock.

(Copyright.)

A Typical Cork Lino Advertisement.

GENERAL BOOTH'S EUREKA: "I HAVE FOUND THE IDEAL FOOD."

THE ROMANCE OF SHREDDED WHEAT.

THE last time I saw General Booth was on King's Cross Railway Station immediately on the eve of his departure on his American tour. I had attended his farewell meeting in Exeter Hall, which was crowded to the door. For nearly an hour and a half General Booth had occupied the platform, and during the whole of that time he commanded the unbroken enthusiastic attention of a crowded hall. It was from every point of view a marvellous performance, and is marvellous if regarded as an exhibition of physical and nervous energy. For the General is now an old man of 73 years of age; but from his energy, his vigour, and his gesticulations, the power and compass of his voice, and, above all, the nervous force which he threw into everything that he

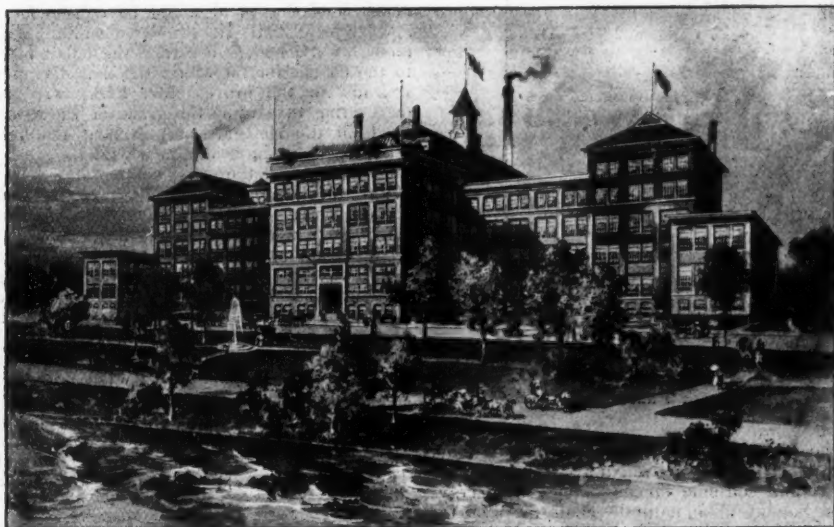
and you are as fresh as paint. Have you got any secret food or drink, or what?"

The General turned to me full of animation at once.

"Yes," said he, "I have found an ideal food."

"What is that?" said I.

"Listen," he said, "and I will tell you." And he at once began to tell me the system under which he dieted himself. "I eat very little meat," said he; "often none at all; but I eat Shredded Wheat. Have you never seen Shredded Wheat?" he asked me. "Get some and try it! I find it splendid! I have it with milk and perhaps a roasted apple at breakfast, and again at supper. It is made of the whole wheat grain, so that none of the ingredients of the wheat are lost. I find it most digestible and



The Factory.

said, would have been remarkable in a man of fifty. For one of his years it seemed almost miraculous. The mere physical exertion of speaking as the General speaks is no small matter. But he displayed no sign of weariness; when I joined him directly after the meeting he seemed as fresh as a lark. I drove with him to King's Cross. We talked all the way in the cab and for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour on the platform. Now, there is nothing in the world tires a man more than having to talk after delivering a great speech; but it did not seem to tire the General at all. He was looking forward to his tour, on which he was to be absent five months, and address three meetings every weekday and Sunday. After his return here, he contemplated making another tour, quite as crowded with meetings, in the Old World.

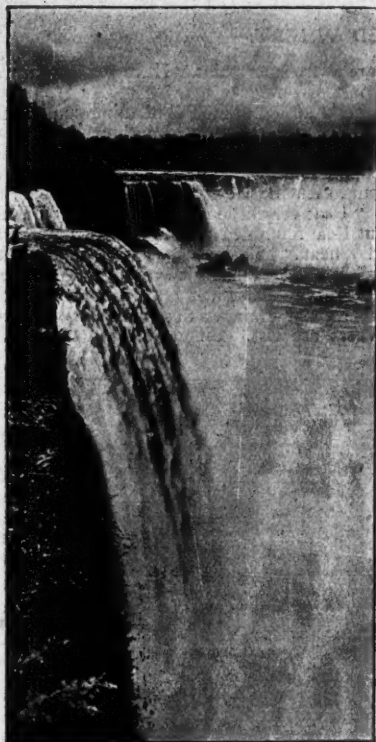
"How do you do it, General?" I said. "How do you preserve this inexhaustible and nervous energy? Most men, after such a meeting, would be quite pumped out,

very palatable, and excellent food for sustaining mental force. Use plenty of milk with it, and you will find it good to eat and easy to digest."

There was nothing exceptional about the rest of his dietary. Shredded Wheat was the only new ingredient. This, naturally, made me curious, and I wrote to Mr. Bramwell Booth and asked him whether Shredded Wheat was really held in such high repute in the family as the General had said. In reply, Mr. Bramwell Booth sent me a package of the Shredded Wheat so that I might taste and see for myself what it was like, together with the following letter:—

Shredded Wheat, of which I send you a small packet, has one great advantage—it is already in a condition which greatly facilitates digestion. The General has found it useful, and I have recommended it to others, who have also found themselves able to eat it when every kind of ordinary food, bread, porridge, and that sort of thing has been troublesome.

This very emphatic recommendation of Shredded



Niagara Falls.

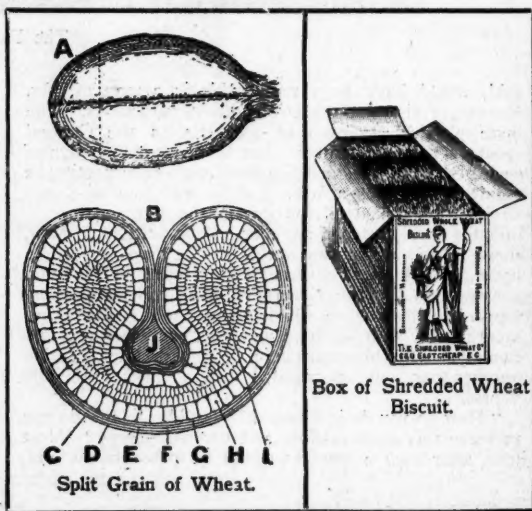
Wheat on the part of two of the shrewdest and most practical of men living, both of whom live continually at high pressure, and consume no end of nervous energy weekday and Sunday alike, naturally made me wish to know something more of the article of diet to which they attached such high importance. I put myself into communication with Mr. Ingersoll, an energetic young American who represents the makers of Shredded Wheat in London. He came round to Mowbray House, and I had a long talk with him over the whole matter. And it was from him that I learned something of the romance and the history of General Booth's ideal food.

It was very interesting to hear him talk, and to hear from his own lips an account of the business which has been built up within the last few years, and of the energetic methods of propaganda employed in pushing the sale of the food in this country.

Like almost everything else that has prospered in the world—like the Salvation Army itself, for that matter—Shredded Wheat owes its success, indeed its very existence, to one man, who has devoted himself to the conversion of the world to his dietetic gospel. He has made a business of it, and a great business. But it was primarily with him a kind of apostolic work which he took in hand for the benefit of mankind. The history of Shredded Wheat begins with the very mournful story of the indigestion of Mr. Henry D. Perky, an American citizen, who, in the eighties, after some forty years of active business, found himself a hopeless physical wreck.

His digestive apparatus seemed to have collapsed to such an extent that life became a burden to him. He had means, and he spent his substance upon physicians, like the woman in the Gospel, suffering many things at their hands, and obtaining no relief from his troubles. The doctors sent him from place to place and dosed him with every variety of drug without producing any effect. Getting desperate, he threw physic to the dogs and set himself to study the question of diet.

By what flash of inspiration or of intuition he hit upon the idea which he was to devote the rest of his life to carrying out I don't know. But it seems to have occurred to him that he had better go back to nature and see if it were possible for him to regain health and recover his physical energy by simplifying his diet. He decided to simplify it to the uttermost, and to confine himself almost exclusively to wheat. To live upon white bread made from the fine white flour with which the Americans have demoralised the world would have been fatal. In the Apocalypse Death rides upon a white horse; in the modern world he has discarded the horse, but he sticks to the colour, for the whiter the flour the more rapidly it leads to the grave. Mr. Perky was not long in discovering that while the grain of wheat contains in itself all the elements of nutriment required to keep a human being in health, nearly all the most important nutriment which the grain contains must be extracted before the flour can obtain the whiteness so dear to the consumer. Dear it is in more circumstances than one. Dogs were once fed exclusively upon the finest white bread, and others upon wholemeal bread. The result was that the former died, while the latter thrived and increased in weight. But wholemeal bread is not palatable, and it is difficult to bake—the outside will burn, while the inside is still damp and sticky dough. Mr. Perky's experiences recalled reminiscences of my own experiences in gaol when I was a criminal convict in Coldbath-in-the-Fields Prison. I breakfasted on wholemeal bread moistened with skilly, dined on a similar loaf of wholemeal bread and a couple of potatoes, and supped on a third loaf of wholemeal bread with skilly sauce. The menu was not appetising, but I was assured that if it

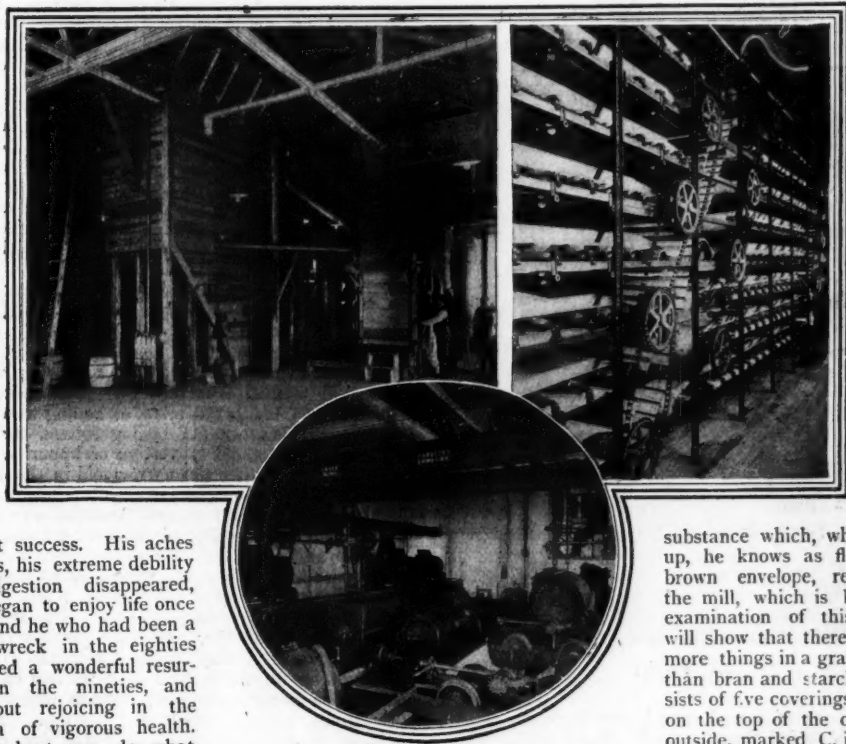


had been white bread I should have died of starvation. Instead of dying of white bread prisoners get fat on brown, and most persons increase in weight during their sojourn in gaol. But even all the experiments on dogs, though carried out to the bitter end, would fail to induce the great public to take to wholemeal bread. It was necessary to discover some method by which the whole of the wheat grain could be rendered palatable.

Mr. Perky experimented upon himself. He began by eating the wheat whole, boiling the grain, and serving it up like what, in the north country, we used to call "Frumetty," to give a local pronunciation of what is correctly called "Furmenty," a seasoned dish of wheat served with boiled milk, which Washington Irving noted in his Sketch-book was the favourite dish of the English on Christmas Eve. The experiment proved

true that the American flour-mill means business for the American drug-store; it is said that a capital of no less than £80,000,000 sterling is invested in the production of drugs with which to counteract the effects of the fine white bread. They also send grist to the mill of dentists, of whom there are said to be 25,000 constantly employed in repairing the ravages made in the American teeth, which are attributable to the lack of the necessary nutritive elements in their daily bread.

When Mr. Ingersoll reached this point in his interesting narrative, he called my attention to a diagram which showed a magnified cross-section of a grain of wheat. At first sight it looks not unlike a cross-section of a human grinder. The grain of wheat is a much more elaborate thing than most people imagine. The ordinary man thinks that a grain of wheat consists of a white starchy



Cleaning, Boiling, and Curing.

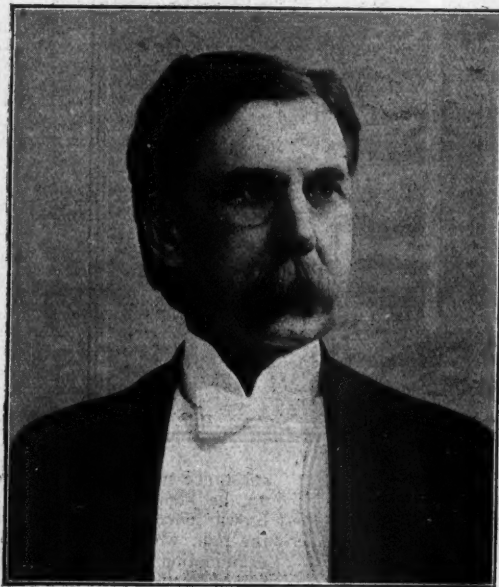
a brilliant success. His aches and pains, his extreme debility and indigestion disappeared, and he began to enjoy life once more. And he who had been a physical wreck in the eighties experienced a wonderful resurrection in the nineties, and went about rejoicing in the possession of vigorous health. If whole wheat can do what all the doctors and all their drugs failed to accomplish, Mr. Perky felt he had happened upon a great truth of which his countrymen stood in sore need. The weakness of the American digestion has long been a question of curious comment by English travellers. The advertisement of Liver Pills is the most conspicuous disfigurement of the American scenery. This American patent medicine has such a vogue that the casual observer sometimes thinks that the Americans must literally live upon pills. Mr. Perky fathomed the cause of this national weakness. The American miller is the great destroyer of the American stomach. His immaculate superfine flour, like Dead Sea fruit, is pleasant to the eye indeed, but otherwise anything but pleasant. It is

substance which, when ground up, he knows as flour, and a brown envelope, removed in the mill, which is bran. The examination of this diagram will show that there are many more things in a grain of wheat than bran and starch. It consists of five coverings, one lying on the top of the other. The outside, marked C, is the bran proper; D and E, lying immediately under the outside coat, contain mineral matter in the shape of fixed phosphates, which build up the bones and the teeth, together with nitrogenous matter. The fourth and fifth layers contain the cerealine substance which gives colour and flavour to the wheat, and as a valuable ferment gives a natural aid to digestion. The white cells, marked H, which surround the inner kernel, are of gluten, which is nitrogenous matter necessary for the building up of muscle and the tissues of the body. The interior, marked I, is the white or starchy grains from which the white flour is made. J is a germ of the kernel which contains soluble phosphates which nourish the brain and nerves. When the wheat is

ground the germ, the five bran coats—not only the outside bran coat, but the four underlying layers, and a large part of the gluten—are removed. If the gluten were left in it would dull the brilliance of the white from the flour. The result is that the parts of the grain indispensable for the proper nourishment of the body and for stimulating digestion are removed. Hence it has been said bitterly that the bolting-cloth of the American miller will prove to be the winding-sheet of the American people.

Mr. Perky saw that in some way or other the whole wheat must be made palatable.

It would be too long to tell here how he groped his way to the solution which he ultimately arrived at. Suffice it to say that he had at last, after many experiments, come to the definite conclusion that the best way in which wheat could be served up whole was by producing it in the Lufah-like rolls which are sold everywhere under the title of shredded wheat.



Mr. Perky.

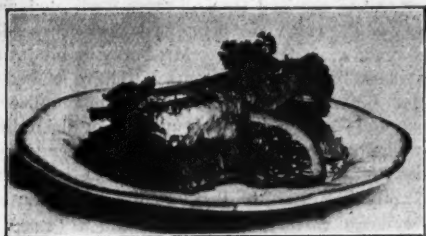
The process of manufacture is very interesting. It is one of the sights of Niagara, for Mr. Perky and his fellow-directors found such demand for shredded wheat that nothing less than the water power of Niagara would suffice to fulfil their requirements. Unlike other manufacturers, who have established themselves in the neighbourhood of the great Falls, the Natural Food Company (the Shredded Wheat Company) have added to the beauty of the neighbourhood by erecting a beautiful building in the midst of a park of seven acres, which they have laid out in the best style of modern landscape-gardening. It is not a factory, it is a palace standing in the midst of pleasure grounds, which are freely thrown open to the public.

Their former factory was established at Worcester, in Massachusetts, but the present centre of their operations is in the Natural Food Conservatory, just above the Falls on the banks of the Niagara River. This building was erected in 1901, and is said to be the finest industrial

building in the United States—that is to say, in the world. Americans, when describing it, do not compare it to a palace, but adopt the method of comparison which naturally occurs to them when they say "there is no hotel in the world more elaborate or solidly grand in its appointments than this Conservatory." They dwell in awe upon the fact that it is lighted by no fewer than 844 windows, each averaging about forty panes. Within the building there are no fewer than 3,000 miles of electric wire from basement to roof. It is not only planted in a park, but its roof is laid out with a garden, where, under the shade of palm trees, the visitor and the workpeople may enjoy a beautiful view of the Niagara River and the rapids.

The wheat enters this building in its natural state, and issues from it in packages of what are called biscuits of Shredded Wheat. From the time it crosses the threshold until it is despatched it only makes the acquaintance of human beings at one stage in its long progress—when the biscuits are put in the packages by young girls. The men spread the wheat with long rakes in the drying trays and do not touch the grain, and it is only when the dried biscuit is packed up by the girls and put into the packages that the wheat, or the resultant biscuit, comes in contact with the human hand. It is, first of all, conveyed by machinery to the top storey, where, when it reaches the top, it falls in a kind of Niagara of grain through a current of air, which carries away the chaff, dust, sand, and other substances, which are to be found in the cleanest sack of wheat. The quantity of dust and dirt that is blown off the wheat is surprising and suggests a reconsideration of the old saying: "Every-one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies."

After all the dust has been blown away, the wheat travels into great tanks of sterilised water, where it is thoroughly washed; from thence it is put into wire cylinders, which are rotated in the midst of boiling water for thirty minutes. This process of boiling softens the grain and finally removes the last vestige of impurity. It is not generally known that the narrow fold in the wheat grain is the chosen resting-place of all manner of vermin. Every sack of wheat literally swarms with millions of minute wheat lice, which are all ground up together with the flour and consumed; for no process has been devised by which their remains can be extricated from the flour. In the boiling process of the Shredded Wheat Company the vermin are successfully got rid of. After being cooked, as it is called, another automatic process conveys the grain to the drying trays, where it is spread with the long rakes. The trays are then piled up one on top of the other in a great storehouse, through which a current of strong air is constantly passing. The wheat berries, as they are called, are now dry, clean, soft, and ready for the shredding machine. They fall into the hopper of this machine by natural gravitation, and there they are ground up into what may be called wheat threads. There are thirty-six shredders. In each machine the first shredder lays a kind of ribbon of tiny threads upon an endless belt or trough the width of the wheat biscuit. The second shredder delivers a similar ribbon of wheat threads on the top of the first, the third on the top of the second, and so on, until there are thirty-six fine ribbons, composed of wheat threads, lying parallel to each other and not interwoven, as is the case with the ordinary ribbon, the whole thirty-six together not being more than an inch in thickness. These threads are composed of the whole substance of the grain; they hold naturally together and seldom break, and proceed in an endless stream from the



Sardines on Shredded Wheat.

shredder. After the threads of wheat have passed the thirty-six shredders they pass under the cutter, where they are cut into the shape of the biscuit, and then delivered into pans for baking. These pans are then placed upon a revolving wheel oven, of which each machine has eight as its satellites. For thirty minutes these ovens revolve over a quick, hot fire, and at the end of half an hour the biscuits are brown and baked. They are then passed on to a long, very slow-moving horizontal oven of a much lower temperature; the biscuit then crawls for one hour and forty minutes through this final stage, which, when reached, makes it ready for packing. Girls put the biscuits into the packages, which, being placed upon an endless belt, travel to an upper room, where another machine closes and seals them automatically. They then once more set out upon their travels, going very slowly, in order that the glue may have time to dry. Then they are ready to be put in cases, for delivery in any part of the world. Each package of Shredded Wheat contains twelve biscuits.

The biscuit weighs about $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and it can absorb $3\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of water. When well soaked it is soft and silky in taste, and is eaten, both moist and dry, with a relish all over the world. It can be made up into a large number of dishes, but is usually, I am told, simply heated in the oven a few moments, then eaten with milk and sugar in place of porridge. Many, however, prefer it crisp as bread, or with savouries. It can be carried anywhere, and is unaffected either by the heat of the Tropics or the cold of the Arctic regions. It sells at from $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 7d. in this country for a package.

The success with which the business has been built up is largely due to the combination of two rare talents. Mr. Perky, its founder and chief, pursues his propaganda of dietetic reform with the enthusiasm of a founder of a new religion, and yet has time and strength to concen-

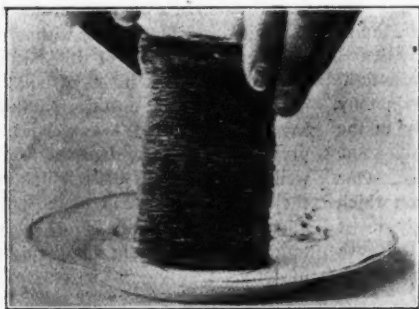
trate his attention upon making it go. This curious blend of almost religious enthusiasm with natural keenness works out very successfully from a practical point of view. In England the propaganda of Shredded Wheat has been pushed so successfully that it stands at the head of American productions of a similar class. This result has not been achieved without infinite pains. They advertise, it is true, in the ordinary way; but the great secret of their success is their educational propaganda. They have at present about twenty lecturers—chiefly ladies—who travel from town to town giving lectures explanatory of the true principles of food reform, and unveiling to the unlearned British public the hitherto unsuspected qualities of a grain of wheat in its entirety. They not only lecture, but they give demonstrations as to the best way of preparing and serving Shredded Wheat.

The subject is a new one, and they are all trained to deal with it in a popular style; and although there may be a tendency to be a little too physiological, the net result of their lecturing has been good.

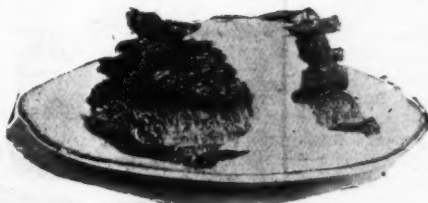
Niagara being one of the show places of the world, it was a happy inspiration which led the Natural Food Company to erect the Conservatory, as they call it, which would be one of the show places of that pleasure resort. Visitors are welcome, and among the appurtenances of the Conservatory, besides the roof garden, are the luncheon-rooms, in which the meals are served by an electric tramway which brings whatever dish is ordered direct from the kitchen to the dining-room. There is also an auditorium in which public meetings are held and all manner of conferences take place.

In the luncheon-rooms luncheons are supplied free to visitors and employees—workmen and workwomen—of whom there are four or five hundred constantly employed.

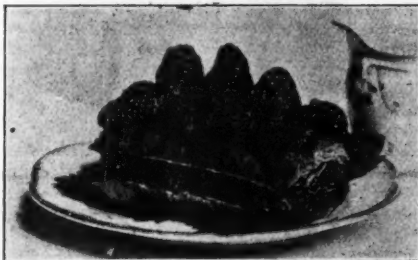
Mr. Perky's secret for dietetic reform is by no means confined to making money out of the manufacture of



How to cut Biscuit for Toast.



Asparagus on Shredded Wheat.

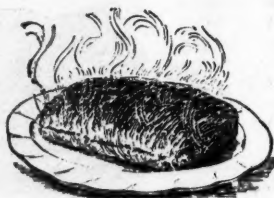


Strawberries on Shredded Wheat.

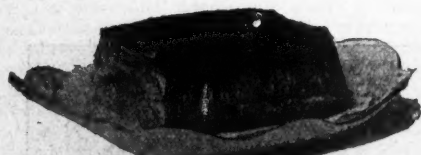
Shredded Wheat; he has founded the Oread Institute in Worcester, Massachusetts, for the purpose of instructing the teachers of America in domestic science and art. At this Institute every year the student from each of the States and territories of the American Union, appointed usually by the Governor, is provided with board, lodging and instruction in all that is necessary to enable her to master the elementary principles of domestic economy and the art and science of cooking.

The *Oread* is a magazine issued for the purpose of giving practical instruction in domestic science and art. It gives one some idea of the range of studies pursued at the Institute. The course of instruction covers cooking, sewing, house economics, chemistry, physics, physiology, physical culture, diets for infants, elocution, and psychology. No doubt some philosophers would be found who would maintain that it is quite enough if you eat nothing day in and day out but shredded wheat. It may be so, but the natural man being human does not hanker after such monotony of diet, and Mr. Perky shows a wise catholicity in the studies which he prescribes for the students, who come together from all parts of the American Republic. One thing, however, they are taught, and it is a lesson which the twenty peripatetic missionaries constantly insist upon in this country—namely, that the true road to health is to consume *natural products* and to avoid, as an

embodiment of the Evil One, all those medicated, partly digested foods which are being pushed on every side as a remedy for weak digestion. Mr. Perky maintains that if you accustom the human stomach to have its food half digested before it is swallowed you demoralise the stomach and render it incapable of digesting the ordinary food. There is a good story told of the tendency of faculties to atrophy if they are not kept in exercise, which aptly illustrates Mr. Perky's point. The houses in Bombay are often very high and the stairs very steep, and as the climate is very hot, and as labour is very cheap, benevolent English ladies thought it would be a kindly action to make their servants carry their pet bulldogs upstairs. The bulldog, even in his best estate, is not an active beast on the staircase, and he took very kindly to the provision of a human elevator that conveyed him to the third and fourth floor without any trouble of getting upstairs. The result of this mistaken philanthropy was the evolution of a breed of bulldogs who are absolutely incapable of going upstairs on their own legs. So it is, say Mr. Perky and his apostles, with these artificially prepared and partly digested foods. They may do very well for some if you can rely upon a constant supply, but they will very soon lead to the production of a digestive apparatus which will be as incapable of assimilating ordinary food as the Bombay bulldogs are of going upstairs.



Steaming Biscuit.



Jellied Apple.



Poached Eggs.

A SEASONABLE REMINDER.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CHARITABLE.

If only all who are happy,
If only all who are glad,
Would take a share of the weak one's load
And help the weary along,
How light a burden the world's would grow,
How easy to bear the wrong!

LAST year I published a Supplement devoted to four or five of the most deserving charities in London. I am glad to know that all of them are still prospering, and, like all growing and thriving institutions, they need more support from the public. It is only the decaying charity which is content to live upon its income.

SOME ADDRESSES OF OLD FRIENDS.

Our readers who may be meditating as to where they can best bestow their charity may be glad to be reminded of the addresses to which their subscriptions should be forwarded.

Dr. Barnardo, National Incorporated Waifs Association, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, E.

Rev. Benjamin Waugh, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Leicester Square, W.C.

Mr. John Kirk, Ragged School Union, 32, John Street, Bedford Row, W.C.

The Salvation Army, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

Mr. W. A. Coote, National Vigilance Association, 319, High Holborn, London.

Dr. Stephenson's Home, Bow, E.

The Secretary of Friends of Armenia.

The Bridge of Hope Mission in Ratcliff Highway.

My old friend Miss Steer, whose acquaintance I made seventeen years ago, when I first took part in the struggle for the prevention of the degradation of girlhood, sends me her twenty-fourth Report, from which I learn that she wants £1,000 over and above the annual expenses for the purpose of extending and developing the good work in which she is engaged. In a conversation with Miss Steer she told me many interesting facts; one is, that Ratcliff Highway in the last twenty years has completely changed its character. A quarter of a century since it was full of houses of ill-fame, and was the recognised headquarters for the Saturnalian orgies of Jack ashore. But that is all a thing of the past. Jack has gone eastward to the docks; and the Jew from the East has come to take his place. Hence, although there is much poverty, there is much less immorality, and the rescue work in which Miss Steer was formerly engaged has now become a subsidiary part of her enterprise. Of late her work has been nearly all preventive, and, while her doors are always open to receive anyone who wishes to escape from the life of the streets, the chief care of the Institution is devoted to looking after the children and very young girls. Miss Steer has much encouragement in her work. Her Cottage Homes are flourishing, and, although the war has injured them, as it has injured every other good Institution in the country, she keeps believing. Miss Steer wants to pay off a loan of £400 on Hampstead Cottage, then she will own five cottages in her own freehold. She needs six to make the work complete. There are at present 140 children in these Homes, and Miss Steer could very well look after 200 if she had the means. Her address, to which intending subscribers should send their subscriptions, is Ratcliff Highway, St. George's, E.

FOR THE LITTLE CRIPPLES.

Christmas is pre-eminently a festival of the child, hence no appeals are more appropriate than those made on the part of little children, and none go to the heart more than those that plead the cause of little ones who are crippled from infancy. Amongst the minor charities of London, which are often much more apt to be overlooked by the mere fact that they cannot indulge in extensive advertising, is the RUTH ELLIOT HOME OF REST FOR POOR CHILDREN at Enfield, whose ninth annual Report is now lying before me. Sister Peck, who signs the Report, states that it is necessary for them to raise £1,000 this winter. They have a home at Swanage, which is much appreciated. They had sixteen children in the home at Enfield at the beginning of the ninth year, varying in age from two upwards. Several are suffering from spinal complaint, others from amputated legs, hip disease, paralysis, or otherwise maimed and crippled. Their aim at present is to have a house at the seaside for a permanent home for the most suffering children, for whom there is no hope, and for whom there is no comfort in their homes. Any person who has money to spare this Christmas for the relief of suffering children will make a good investment by sending it to Sister Annie Peck at the Home of Rest for Poor Children, Enfield.

Christmas cards at this season have more or less superseded the ordinary pictorial postcards. I am glad to see the improvement in the quality of English pictorial postcards, which is not noticeable in the cheap common postcards that you find abroad. The German popular postcard is certainly not improving, while some of Raphael Tuck's cards are quite gems of their kind. I wish specially to mention a packet of six postcards, with charming views of the Clyde, reproduced from original paintings, a series which every lover of Scotch scenery will be glad to possess.

An ideal Christmas or New Year present is one which is constantly in evidence all the year round. The worst of the many Christmas presents is that they are given at Christmas, acknowledged on Boxing Day, and then forgotten for the rest of the year. In the opposite category belong the articles of daily use, such as a pocket-knife, pince-nez, a watch, or a fountain pen. Many years ago Mabie, Todd and Bard gave me a Swan Fountain Pen with my name on it; it never leaves me. I have had it for years, and I lent it to one of the delegates at the Hague, in order that he might use it when he signed the Hague Convention. These pens can be had at any price from 10s. 6d. to the eighteen-carat gold fountain pen, which costs £8 10s.

One of the worst things about Christmas cards is that they are looked at for a few days, and then disappear forever from sight. This, however, is not the case with illuminated cards containing texts and mottoes, which are issued for the purpose of being hung upon the wall so that they may be continually in evidence all the year through. We have received from W. G. Wheeler and Co. a parcel of very tastefully designed and beautifully printed cards for this kind of mural decoration. They are of all kinds, calendars with scripture texts, or inspiring verses from the Bible. These form what are called the Keswick Mottoes for 1903, mottoes which, I suppose, were selected at the last Keswick Convention as Watchwords for the New Year. They are to be had at halfpenny, penny, and twopence each, and are very decorative for Sunday-schools or similar meeting-places.

LIST OF THE LEADING CONTENTS OF CURRENT PERIODICALS.

N.B.—The Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS regrets that owing to the exigencies of space the Contents of Periodicals received after date can no longer be inserted in these columns. The following Table includes only the leading articles of the Periodicals published in England for the current month received before going to press and those of the Foreign Periodicals for the past month.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN.

Ainslee's Magazine.—STREET AND SMITH, NEW YORK. 15 cts. Nov.
A Bachelor's Cost of Living. G. B. Mallon.
The Confessions of a Society Woman. Clinton Scollard.

Anglo-American Magazine.—BIRKBECK BANK CHAMBERS. 74d. Nov.
Dutch Art. Illus. J. H. Gore.

Macaroni; a Food Tale. Illus. Elva Clowes.
The Coal Operators' Case reviewed. E. Maxey.
An American Impression of the Coronation. American Correspondent.

Animal Life.—HUTCHINSON. 7d. Nov. 15.

British Gulls. Illus. A. Trevor-Battye.
Antelopes. Contd. Illus. Sir Harry Johnston.
Lizards from Life. Illus. W. Saville-Kent.

Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science.—F. S. KING AND SON. 1 dol. Nov.

Responsibility of the National Bank in the Present Crisis. A. S. Bolles.
Is the United States Treasury responsible for the Present Monetary Disturbance? F. A. Cleveland.

The Currency of the Philippine Islands. C. A. Conant.
The Financing of the South African War. E. R. Fairchild.
The Work of the Promoter. E. S. Meade.
The Independent Treasury *versus* Bank Depositories. C. S. Potts.
Trusts and Prices. L. A. Hourwich.
The Test of the Minnesota Primary Election System. F. M. Anderson.

Antiquary.—ELLIOT STOCK. 6d. Dec.

The Limes Britannicus. Concl'd. Rev. T. Barns.
Bromholm Priory and its Holy Rood. P. Longhurst.
The Later Conspiracy under Mary Tudor. Concl'd. Mrs. C. C. Stopes.
Quarterly Notes on Roman Britain. Contd. F. Haverfield.

Architectural Record.—14, VESEY STREET, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Nov.
Art in the City. Illus. J. Schopfer.
L'Art Nouveau at Turin. Illus. A. Melani.
A Renaissance Leaning Façade at Genoa. Illus. W. H. Goodyear.
New York Hotels. Illus. Contd. W. Hutchins.
French Sculpture of To-day. Illus. F. Lees.

Architectural Review.—EFFINGHAM HOUSE, ARUNDEL STREET, STRAND. 6d. Dec.

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Emile Zola from the Anthropological Point of View. Dr. P. Poirrier.
Realism according to Emile Zola.
The Work of Emile Zola. M. G. Pellissier and Jean d'Udine.

Nov. 15.
Volcanic Eruptions in the Antilles. Illus. A. Robin.

Revue Universitaire.—5, RUE DE MÉZIÈRES, PARIS. 10 frs. per ann. Nov. 15.
The Teaching of Living Languages after the New Programmes. J. Firmyer.
The Teaching of Languages in Germany. Prof. René Pichon and Charles Schweitzer.

Université Catholique.—25, RUE DU PLAT, LYON. 11 frs. per half-year. Nov. 15.
The Idea of Force in 1902. Abbé Delfour.
Victor Hugo. Concl. A. Rochette.
Charles Chesnelong. Contd. M. de Marcy.

THE ITALIAN MAGAZINES.

Civiltà Cattolica.—VIA DI RIFETTA 246, ROME. 26 frs. per ann.
Nov. 1.

Triumphant Immorality.
Decorative Art at the Turin Exhibition.
Recent Studies in the Origins of the Roman Church.

Nov. 15.
Letter of Leo XIII. on the Study of Holy Scripture.
Industrial Syndicates.
The French Bishops and Liberty.
The Law against the Religious Associations.

Emporium.—BERGAMO. Nov.
Early Flemish Art at Bruges. Illus. P. Buschmann.
Renaissance Tombs at Florence. Illus. G. Mesnil.
Emile Zola. Illus.
Wireless Telegraphy. F. S. de Brazza.

Nuova Antologia.—VIA S. VITALE 7, ROME. 46 frs. per ann.
Nov.

The Mercantile Dominion of the Seas. L. Luzzatti.
The Play and the Public in Italy. E. A. Butti.
J. H. Rosny. With Portrait. Laura Gropallo.
Maria Konopnicka. With Portrait. Maria Rygier.
The Inventor of the Modern Compass. F. Forener.
Italy and the International Movement against Duelling. F. Crispolti.

Nov. 16.
An Exhausted Nation. Maggiorino Ferraris.
Benjamin Kidd. Prof. A. Loria.
Transport and Wealth. R. Capelli.
Elementary Schools. M. de Cristoforis.

THE SPANISH AND PORTUGUESE MAGAZINES.

Ciudad de Dios.—REAL MONASTERIO DEL ESCORIAL, MADRID. Nov. 15.
The Education Problem. Teodoro Rodriguez.
Pindar and Greek Lyrics. B. Hompanera.
Church and State. P. Angel R. Lenos.

España Moderna.—CURSO DE SANTO DOMINGO 16, MADRID.
40 pesetas per ann. Nov.
The Functions of the King in a Constitutional Monarchy. Adolfo Posada.
The Li: Political. Eloy L. Andre.

Nuestro Tiempo.—FUENCARRAL 114, MADRID. 24 frs. per ann.
Emile Zola. Juan Sintizra.
The Defence of our Coasts. J. de la Llave.
Frederic Rubor and His Work. Salvador Canals.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift.—LUZAC. 15. 8d. Nov.
Concerning Etching and Engraving. Illus. Ph. Zikken.
Prof. B. J. Stokvis. With Portrait. Dr. E. C. van Leersum.

De Gids.—LUZAC. 35. Nov.
Helping Java in Her Poverty. Mr. C. Th. van Deventer.
Charles Hall's Cry on Behalf of Labour. H. P. G. Quack.
The Battle-Field of Sedan. Anna Eker.

THE SCANDINAVIAN MAGAZINES.

Dagby.—FREDRIKA-BREMER SOCIETY, STOCKHOLM. Nos. 12, 13, and 14.
Women and the Purty Movement. Marie Michelet.
Woman's Rights Meeting in Christiania. Lotten Dahlgren.
The Matron's Mission in the Modern Hospital.

Kringsjaa.—CHRISTIANIA. 2 kr. per qr. Nov. 15.
The Autumn Art Exhibition. L. H. B.

Läsning för Folket.—STOCKHOLM. No. 3.
The Norwegian Fiords and Fisheries. Arvid Kempe.
In North Caucasia. Gunnar Andersson.
Iceland; the Country and its People.

Nordisk Tidskrift.—LETTERSTEDT SOCIETY, STOCKHOLM. 10 kr. per ann. No. 6.
Sociology. Bredo Morgonstjerne.
How Words Die Out. A. Noreen.
On Folk-Songs. Jost Bing.

THE RUSSIAN MAGAZINES.

Istoricheskii Viestnik.—ST. PETERSBURG. A. S. Suvorin. Nov.
Recollections of the Rising of 1863. S. S. Orbitsky.
The Artistic Life of Moscow in the Seventies. I. N. Zakharin.
The Censure at the Time of the Great Reforms. Contd. N. A.

Engelhardt.
A Pilgrimage to Palestins. Contd. I. P. Yuvatchef.
Alaska under the United States. E. N. Matrosof.

Mir Bozhi.—ST. PETERSBURG, RAZIEZHAYA, 7. Nov.
The Antique Tragedy. I. Annensky.
An International Library of Mathematics and Natural Science. A. Faminstin.

Metternich and His Time. Kh. G. Insarov.
N. V. Gogol. N. Kotlyarevsky.
Sketches of the History of Russian Culture. Contd. P. Miliukoff.

Russki Viestnik.—ST. PETERSBURG, NEVSKI 135. Nov.
The Idals of Vladimir Solovioff. N. Eng'ehardt.
Polish Problems. B. Istomina.

Gaetano Negri. With Portrait. M. Scherillo.
The Municipalisation of Public Services. P. Bartolisi.
The Southern Problem. S. Sannino.

Rassegna Nazionale.—VIA GINO-CUPPONI, FLORENCE. 30 frs. per ann.
Nov. 1.

The Synthesis of the Reign of Humbert I. P. Giacosa.
The Latest Doctrine concerning Savonarola. A. Ghera di.
Australia: A Paradise of Labour. T. Minelli.
Italy and the Church in the Holy Land. E. A. Foparti.

Rivista Moderna.—VIA MILANO 37, ROME. Nov. 15.
Jerusalem, Rome, Paris, and St. Petersburg. X. X. X.
F. Buonarroti; An Impenitent Conspirator. E. del Cestro.

Rivista Musicale Italiana.—FRATELLI BOCCA, TURIN. L. 4, 50
No. 4.

Scandinavian Music in the Nineteenth Century. A. Soubies.
Laura Guidicioni Lucchisini and Emilio de Cavaliere. A. Soberti.
Lou's Niedermeyer. H. Kling.
Rameau. Contd. M. Brunet.
The Education of the Italian Musician. L. Torchi.
The Mascagni-Lico di Pesaro Question. N. Tabanelli.

Rivista per le Signorine.—GENOA. Nov.
G. Marradi. E. Zoccoli.
A Philological School for Women at Milan. S. Ricci.

Vita Internazionale.—MILAN. Nov. 23.
War and Peace in the Nineteenth Century. E. T. Moneta.
The Redemption of Woman. Jacques Novikov.

Revista Contemporanea.—CALLE DE PIZARRO 17 MADRID. Nov. 15.
Predominance of Semitic Elements in the Biscayan Dialects. F. Fernandez y Gonzalez.
The Modern Spanish Drama. Pedro Gonzalez-Blanco.
Church and Convent of San Diego in Valladolid. J. O. R.
Illustrious Spaniards in the Philippines. J. Roca de Togorcs.

Revista Portuguesa.—RUA NOVA DO ALMADA 74, LISBON.
15 frs. per ann. No. 61.

Penal Transportation and Colonisation. Silva Telles.
The German Colonies. Carlos Singelmann.
The Azores: To Which Part of the World Should They Belong?

Vragen des Tijds.—LUZAC. 15. 6d. Nov.
The Conflict of Interests between Communities and Landowners. K. Reyne
Extracts from Hogendorp's Papers. Dr. H. Brugmans.

Woord en Beeld.—ERVEN F. BOHN, HAARLEM. 165. per ann. Nov.
The Wajang-Orang; a Javanese Dance. Illus. Sastro Prawito.
C. Bisschop, Musician. With Portrait. H. Doorman.

Nordisk Universitets Tidskrift.—GOTHENBURG. No. 4.
Norse Archaeology in the Swedish High Schools. E. Wrangell.
The Students' Home at Copenhagen. Kund Heiberg.
Women at the Helsingfors University. Edv. Hjel.

Social Tidskrift.—G. H. VON KOCH, STOCKHOLM. No. 6.
Social Education. Edv. Laurent.
The Alcohol Question. Ernst Liljedal.
Art and the People. Carl Appé.
The Right of Co-operative Societies to Trade with Non-Members. J. kob
Pettersson.

Varia.—STOCKHOLM. Kr. 6.50 per ann. Nov.
Dr. Manuel P. V. Bedoya. With Portrait.
Softeborg. Illus. E. D. G.
Gluck as Operatic Reformer. Illus. A. N.
Betty Nansen. With Portraits. Nils P. Svensson.
Herman Bang. With Portrait. David Sprengel.
From Sarah (Mdme. Bernhardt) to Olympia. Illus. Don Diego.

Travel Notes in Macedonia. P. D.
Freemasonry in France. S. Burnashef.
S. A. Rachinsky. V. Liaskovsky.

Russkoe Bagatstvo.—ST. PETERSBURG, SPASSKAYA I BACKAVAYA.
Oct. 31.

Rudolph Stammier and His Theory of Social Monism. N. G. idarof.
Peasant Agriculture in Theory and Practice. Concl. A. V. Pieshekhonof.
Recollections of the Kara Convict Settlement. V. K.
Rudolph Virchow. V. V. Lunkevitch.
Emile Zola. N. E. Kudrin.

Viestnik Yevropul.—ST. PETERSBURG, GALERNAYA 20. Nov.
American Impressions. F. F. Martens.
Turgeneff in France. N. Gutyar.
Russian China. Concl. A. Khvostof.
Prince V. A. Tche kars'ky. A. O. Kori.

SECOND CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT OF THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

(December 15th, 1902.)

THE number of books published at this season overtakes the industry of the Reviewer, and I have no room to notice half of them. All that I can do is to notice some of those which have been sent in which may be suitable as Christmas presents for their permanent value or temporary interest, and to append a list of the most notable books published in London in November. I have attempted a rough classification according to the subject of the book noticed, which may, perhaps, be helpful to those who are racking their brains as to what they should choose for Christmas presents this year.

FOR COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Rider Haggard has done good service to England and the English by devoting two years to making a survey of "Rural England."* He did not go further north than Yorkshire, but he has visited twenty-seven counties, and gives us the result of his labours in these two excellently-printed, excellently got-up volumes, illustrated with a series of maps which are quite unique. Unlike other maps, they contain a great deal of information as to the size of farms in the various districts, and such other information as can be printed in the narrow compass of a county map. Mr. Haggard largely adopted the method of the interview, and his interview with General Booth, for instance, concerning colonisation, is apparently stenographic. This was a sympathetic interview, for at its close Mr. Haggard was delighted to find himself in absolute accord with General Booth, both as to the greatness of the evil resulting from the desertion of the country by the rural population, and his earnest desire to check this exodus in the interests of the nation.

It is impossible to attempt anything like a review of Mr. Haggard's twelve hundred pages. His book is monumental. Its pages will convey to future generations a lifelike picture of England at the beginning of the twentieth century. The best thing I can do with the space at my disposal is to summarise the recommendations, which, as the result of his observations, Mr. Haggard makes for remedying the evil, the extent of which he finds to be literally appalling. I am glad to see that Mr. Haggard resolutely tramples under foot the delusion cherished in so many quarters, notably by the newspaper which sent him on his journeys, that anything can be hoped for from Protection. Mr. Haggard tells his agricultural friends quite frankly that Protection is one of those things which could only be introduced after civil war. Two generations nurtured on Free Trade would not go back to the dear loaf without a struggle in which blood would flow. He therefore wisely confines his attention to practical remedies. Of these, that to which he attaches the most importance is the immediate establishment of an agricultural post, as a branch of the present Post-Office, on the lines of the existing parcels post. The agricultural post would carry packages up to a weight of 100 lb., all classes of agricultural goods, including milk and churns, to be conveyed by the said post at the lowest rates that are found possible without loss to the country. He contemplates a further development of this post when traction trains could be established which would deal with goods in bulk, collecting them at the local receiving station, and delivering them at the large

towns. He thinks this could be done at a cost 75 per cent. less than the rates commonly charged by the English railways.

Mr. Haggard's other proposals are as follows: "First, the extension of the provisions of the Housing of the Working Classes Act. Secondly, a loan of five millions by the Government to co-operative societies working under the control of the Board of Agriculture, one half to be for co-operative credit societies, and the other half for establishing creameries and butteries. Thirdly, the readjustment of the incidence of local taxation, so as to equalise its incidence between real and personal property. At present eighty-two per cent. of the rates fall upon the owners and occupiers of real property. Fourthly, to abolish copyhold tenure and cheapen land transfer. Fifthly, to greatly strengthen the powers and position of the Board of Agriculture and its President. Mr. Haggard also suggests that we should take a leaf from the book of our colonies, and free agricultural children from school attendance when their labour is most wanted, letting them make up for it by increased attendance in winter time. He laments that the British farmer is so very conservative and individualistic that he refuses to profit by the experience of his neighbours, and looks with great distrust upon all proposals for the adoption of co-operation. Mr. Haggard mentions, as an amusing illustration of the suspicion and prejudice of the farmers, that he found great difficulty in convincing many of them that he could possibly have any motive in seeking information beyond that of putting money into his own pocket. One worthy, however, went one better, and quite satisfied himself that Mr. Haggard's sole object in travelling all over the country was to secure for himself an unlimited supply of free drinks!

The book is admirably illustrated, and will take a permanent place in the indispensable library books of the English.

"FISHING AND SHOOTING," by Sydney Buxton, M.P. (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net, illustrated).—This is simply a delightful book. If Mr. Buxton could make his political speeches as interesting as he makes his sketches of shooting and fishing he would be the most popular speaker in the House of Commons. In this volume he gives a series of twenty-four charming essays, beautifully illustrated by reproductions of old prints and sketches of modern sport, which even those who detest the massacre of driven birds cannot refrain from reading. Mr. Buxton writes with the whole-hearted enthusiasm of a boy who feels that the catching of a fish is more important than the prevention of a war, and the bringing down of your bird as important as turning out a Ministry. His pages glow with a genuine love for Nature, and few more acceptable gift-books could be named for anyone who belongs to the large class which has not yet emancipated itself from the aboriginal delight in the cruel joy of sport.

* "Rural England: Being an account of Agricultural and Social Researches Carried out in the Years 1901-1902." By H. Rider Haggard. In Two Volumes, with twenty-three maps, and seventy-five illustrations from photographs. (Longmans, Green & Co., 1,207 pages, 36s. net.)

"AN OFFICER'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE DURING THE CRIMEAN WAR," by his daughter, Mrs. W. J. Tait (Elliot Stock, 452 pp., 6s.).—These letters, which are preceded by a short biography of the writer, were addressed by General Sir Richard Dennis Kelly, K.C.B., to his wife during the Crimean War. General Kelly, "the O'Kelly of Mucklon, County Galway," seems to have been a very attractive character, and his letters give a very pleasant picture of family affection and religious faith. While in command, as Colonel Kelly, of the trenches before Sevastopol he was wounded and taken prisoner by the Russians, his life being saved by a Polish officer. Colonel Kelly wrote frequently of the kindness he received during his five months' captivity. His later life was partly spent in India, where he took a prominent part in suppressing the Mutiny.

Sir Horace Rumbold's "REMINISCENCES OF A DIPLOMATIST" (published by Edwin Arnold, 25s.), may be recommended as a good gift book to people in the circles from which Diplomats are taken. Sir Horace Rumbold enjoyed himself very much as a young man when he was beginning his diplomatic career, and in his old age garrulously gossips not unpleasantly concerning those whom he met in olden days.

"MOTHER EARTH," a Sentimental Comedy, by Frances Harrod (Heinemann, 325 pp., 6s. net).—This story is a tale of a country gentleman in reduced circumstances, who, with his sister, devoted himself to the cultivation of the land on an island off the coast of Wales. To them enters a millionaire, fabulously wealthy, and a beautiful daughter, with whom the agricultural-minded country gentleman falls in love at first sight and ultimately marries. But before this happy consummation was reached the sister nearly spoiled everything by her endeavour to urge her brother to marry a girl whose fortune would enable them to overcome all their difficulties and avoid the dreaded sale of part of the land. Ultimately he proposes and is accepted, and is haunted by the dread that everyone would believe that he had only proposed to the girl for her money. The millionaire loses all his money and learns the rapture of cultivating land himself. On the eve of the wedding-day the heroine sends her lover away when he tells her in an interview that he only wished to marry her for her money, which was not true. Ultimately they come together again, and all ends in the approved method. It is a very pretty story suffused with the influence of the bounteous Mother Earth drowsing in the sunshine.

FOR OLD HARROVIANS.

Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen has written a charming memoir of his uncle, Edward Bowen, the famous House-master and Poet Laureate of Harrow. It gives a picture of an original and whole-hearted Englishman, who devoted his life to the teaching of schoolboys, but who, at the same time, had a wide outlook upon the world at large, a keen interest both in morals and in politics, and who was, moreover, the author of many delightful songs and verses. In the book the story of his life fills 260 pages; the remaining 140 pages contain essays, "The Influence of Scenery on National Character," "The Force of Habit," "Modern War," "Public Schools and Universities," and "The Commune of Paris." At the end of the book are printed all his songs and verses, beginning with the famous Harrow School song, of which I quote the first verse:—

Forty years on, when afar and asunder

Parted are those who are singing to-day,

When you look back, and forgetfully wonder

What you were like in your work and your play.

Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!

Till the field ring again and again

With the tramp of the twenty-two men,

Follow up! Follow up!

The book is published by Longmans and Co., price 12s. 6d.

FOR LONDONERS.

A very handsome present for Londoners who are interested in London are the late Sir Walter Besant's books on London, published by Chatto and Windus, dealing with East London, London, Westminster and South London. They are copiously illustrated and published in cloth at 7s. 6d.

For ex-gaolbirds like myself, and for all persons, whether they are judges, barristers, witnesses, jurors or spectators who have assisted at the Old Bailey, no more acceptable present can be imagined than the handsomely illustrated volume entitled "THE OLD BAILEY AND NEWGATE" by Charles Gordon (published by T. Fisher Unwin, 21s. net). It would also be a good present for anyone who is interested in the fast vanishing historical buildings of the city.

"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN LONDON."*—London is fortunate in her historians. After Sir Walter Besant's London books, probably no book on London has been issued so interesting to the general reader as this volume of Mrs. E. T. Cook's in Messrs. Macmillan's "Highways and Byways" Series. Mrs. Cook is a delightful Rambler in the great city. She traces for us the beginnings of London; she shows us how much the Thames has contributed to make London what it is; and points out to us the interests and the beauties of the City. Special chapters deal with St. Paul's, the Tower, Southwark, the Inns of Court, Westminster, Kensington and Chelsea, Bloomsbury; and there is, of course, plenty of information about the churches and other important buildings. The rest of the book is devoted to the people, etc., the East and the West, theatrical and foreign London, the shops and markets, the galleries, museums, and collections, historic houses, the parks, and the like, and there is a chapter on the general architecture of London. Mrs. Cook rightly considers the history of London the history of the whole civilised world. Imperial Rome did not shine with so great a lustre, nor did the Cæsars rule over such an all-embracing empire. And it is the river more than anything else that has made London. The river gives London its important geographical position, it lends a picturesqueness to the scenery on every side, and more than anything else the river front recalls the history of the past. The grey and grimy colour gives the buildings a venerable aspect, and the unexpected quiet and secluded byways and green spots behind the narrow and often crooked streets give London a special charm:—

The colouring of London (writes Mrs. Cook) is a thing peculiar to itself; it requires to be specially studied, even by painters whose eyes are trained to observation. Its wonderful atmospheric effects have been only more or less recently recognised by them. Very few artists have rendered thoroughly the strange, cold light of the London streets; cold, yet suffused by an underlying glow, by a warmth of colour, hardly at first guessed by the spectator.

The cold, pearly greyness of winter, the blue mist of spring, the silvery haze of summer, the orange sunsets of autumn, when

* "Highways and Byways in London," by Mrs. E. T. Cook. (Macmillan. 480 pp. 6s.)

the dim sun sinks in the fog like a gigantic red fireball—all, in turn, have their charm. The artist's fault is that he nearly always paints London scenes too cold, too joyless. The faint blue-grey mist of the great city often gives to London scenes something of the quality of dissolving views. Seldom is a vista perfectly clear; rather does it often suggest a vague intensity of misty glory.

The illustrations are by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs.

FOR PRO-BOERS AND HONEST JINGOES.

A capital present either for good pro-Boers or for honest Jingoers is Mr. E. B. Rose's "TRUTH ABOUT THE TRANSVAAL"—a record of facts based upon twelve years' residence in the country. Mr. Rose was, at one time, president of the Witwatersrand Mine Employees and Mechanics Union. The book has been revised by Mr. Smuts, the Transvaal State Attorney. In the 360 closely printed pages Mr. Rose tells the truth about the origin of the war with an intimate knowledge of the whole matter. He accompanies his book with a translation of the *Grond-Wet*, or Constitutional law of the South African Republic, and embodies in his text many of the documents which are absolutely necessary for an intelligent comprehension of the points at issue. Mr. Rose would hardly claim to be impartial, for his animus against Mr. Rhodes is undisguised. Of Mr. Chamberlain's policy he says, "One really despairs of ever being able adequately to describe it, it requires the pen of a Carlyle to do it justice." The book is published at 3s. 6d., and is indispensable if only as a corrective of the sophistries of Mr. E. T. Cook or the special pleading of Sir J. P. Fitzpatrick.

"WHO SHALL COMMAND THE HEART?"—This is the fourth part of Mr. Edward Carpenter's poem "Towards Democracy." I call it a poem because it can hardly be said to be prose, and there is much genuine poetry in it, but in some parts it is more defiantly prosaic than Walt Whitman. This line can hardly be said to be poetry:—

And here again a big-chinned, flabby French youth with a suppressed boil on his neck.

It occurs in the piece entitled "Monte Carlo." The poem upon Empire is admirable, as, indeed, are many of the poems. For Mr. Carpenter has the courage to say things that no other man can say, and says them boldly and strongly. It begins:—

O England, fooled and blind,
Come look, if but a moment, on yourself!

And ask yourself the searching question straight,
How out of such roots shall a strong nation grow?

The heart is dying down,
Withering within the body; and the veins
Are choked with yellow dirt.
And this thing cries for Empire!

Cries out to give her blessings to the world!
And even while she cries
Stand Ireland and India at her doors
In rags and famine.

There are other poems of transcendent merit despite their form. The piece entitled "The Babe" is the finest piece on conjugal love written in this generation.

This war has produced an enormous mass of writing in prose, but it has yielded, so far, very little poetry. It seems to have blasted the muse of Rudyard Kipling, for he has not written a single verse, that will live, on the war from beginning to end, unless his jingle about "the muddled oafs" and "flannelled fools" may save one of his

lines from oblivion. As for the other bards of the war upon the British side, their performances have been as contemptible as the theme of their muse was detestable. After all, it is not surprising that the lyre of the bard should give forth harsh dissonance when it is struck by those who wish to commemorate the heroic exploits of a war waged by 400,000 against 70,000. Poets in every age have sung the praises of Leonidas and his Spartans, but the exploits of Xerxes and his million barbarians have not been the source of much poetic inspiration. It is, therefore, not surprising that the real poems of the war—poems which will live—have been written in praise of those burghers who fought and died for the independence of their country. Those who doubt this should buy the shilling volume of verses issued by the New Age Press, entitled "SONGS OF THE VELDT, and other Poems." These songs are written by many authors, mostly anonymous, some of whom lived in Cape Town, while others are from the pen of an American bard, Bertram Shadwell by name, while the third section are from various authors, chiefly English. One and all are instinct of the passion for freedom, and many of them have a lilt and a go which is likely to make them live long after all the details of the carnage in South Africa are forgotten. The "Songs of the Veldt" ought to have a wide circulation, and many of the pieces lend themselves admirably to recitation. Just at present, and for a few months longer, it is possible that any reciter who ventures to declaim "The Rebel of the Veldt," or "De Wet, De Wet," might probably excite some opposition, but the war fever is dying down, and the heroes of the Boer War of Independence will be the only men who will be permanently remembered even in England. For the few who fight the good fight against the many, and the patriots who dare to die for their Fatherland, are the only men whom the human race holds in everlasting remembrance.

PRESENTS FOR PARENTS.

SCIENTIFIC PHRENOLOGY.—Some months ago I reviewed Dr. Bernard Hollander's book on "The Mental Function of the Brain," which was noteworthy as a recognition of the value of phrenology by an orthodox practitioner. Dr. Hollander has now followed this up by writing an excellently illustrated and very interesting book entitled "SCIENTIFIC PHRENOLOGY" (Grant Richards, 6s.). In it he states very forcibly the advantage of phrenology as a guide to parents in deciding the education of their children. I am glad to learn that Dr. Hollander has hopes of founding an institute for the study of phrenology, for the building and endowment of which he desires to raise the sum of £100,000; towards this there has already been promised the donation of £10,000 from a munificent North Country gentleman who believes in phrenology. I sincerely hope that Dr. Hollander may succeed in raising the sum.

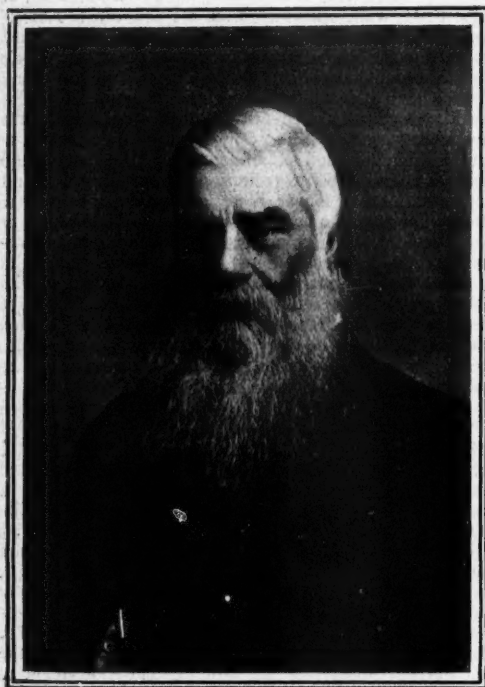
Another book on phrenology reached me this last month; it is entitled "EVOLUTION AND PHRENOLOGY," by Mr. Alfred T. Story (Fowler and Co., 3s. 6d. net, 123 pp.). I am glad to notice the appearance of these books, if only because it indicates the revival of a science which, according to Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, has been one of the most neglected of all the sciences, although it is one of the most deserving to be studied.

The Modern Medical Publishing Company, which last month sent us "Ehhard's Will-power," published in November a small book by P. M. Heubner entitled "PERPETUAL HEALTH; OR, HOW TO SECURE A NEW LEASE OF LIFE." It is chiefly devoted to an exposition of the

Cantani-Schroth method of treating disease. The Schroth method consists of curing patients who are suffering from gout and similar diseases by subjecting them for a few days to the intolerable torture of thirst. The patient is fed upon dry crusts and is not allowed to drink anything whatever for three days. On the third or fourth day he may drink a pint of light white wine, after which he must again thirst for three or four days. Most people would break down after trying this drastic method, and therefore Dr. Heubner suggests the Cantani system, which is less severe, and brings about the same results.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Among boys' books those of Mr. Henty have long held a leading position. In the last quarter of a century this indefatigable boys' novelist has produced no fewer than



The late Mr. Henty.

seventy stories. Mr. Henty died last month; hence it is with somewhat melancholy feelings I call attention to his latest, which will also be his last book, "WITH LORD KITCHENER IN THE SOUDAN" (Blackie and Sons, 6s.). It is a story of Kitchener's campaign against the Khalifa. Mr. Henty was an enthusiastic admirer of Kitchener, and he throws into the form of a story the incidents of the march on Khartoum, illustrating it by a plan of the battle of Atbara and a map of the Soudan, together with other pictures. War stories are not exactly the best kind of literature with which to stimulate the imagination of British boys, but those who do not agree with me in this will probably enjoy the last tale of the prolific storyteller.

"THE FROZEN TREASURE," by C. Dudley Lampen (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.), tells of the finding by a Scotch whaler's crew of a treasure hidden on an island off the north of Russia, where it had been left by some shipwrecked sailors in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"THE BOYS OF SPARTAN HOUSE SCHOOL," by Frederick Harrison (S.P.C.K., 3s. 6d.).—A story of four chums who were educated at a school which aimed at making them self-reliant and brave. The boys leave school to go for a cruise in the East Indies to search for a rare butterfly, and there encounter many adventures.

"THE NEW PUPIL," a school story, by Raymond Jaberus (Macmillan and Co.), is a brightly written tale of a motherless English girl sent by her father, in Italy, to a school in England. Her education and her manners had both been somewhat neglected. The difficulties she went through and conquered are well described.

In his new book, "THE KING'S AGENT," Mr. Arthur Patersen deals with the adventures of Karl Brownker, secret agent to King William III., and confidential adviser to this monarch. The rivalry between the King and the Duke of Marlborough is well described, and during the entire work Karl Brownker is endeavouring to entangle the Duke in some conspiracy or other, often, it must be confessed, for his own ends rather than for those of his master the King. An exciting tale, well told. (Heinemann, 6s.)

Children will find, in "THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN," adapted by Doris Hayman (Dean and Son, 2s. 6d.), a delightful book for the holiday season, and all of them who have not already made acquaintance with the delightful Baron with his incredible tales will have a great treat before them.

"A BRAVE LITTLE COUSIN," by Bessie Marchant (Mrs. J. A. Canfort). (S.P.C.K.).—An interesting tale, suitable either for girls or boys. The scene is laid in Queensland, and describes the thrilling adventures of "the brave little cousin," one Ursula, an orphan girl, who goes to a sheep and cattle station in New Zealand, where she performs many marvellous exploits, the story of which makes very good reading.

"WAVES AND RIPPLES IN WATER, AIR, AND ÆTHER," by J. A. Fleming, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, pp. 299).—This is a collection of Mr. Fleming's Christmas Lectures delivered to children at the Royal Institution. The study of the principles of wave-motion is necessary to everyone who would gain a notion of the physical sciences; but wave-motion as set forth in most text-books is a highly technical subject, and Mr. Fleming's lectures explain it more lucidly than we have seen anywhere else. The book would make a good Christmas gift for children of an inquiring turn of mind, particularly as it explains how to make many interesting and novel experiments.

"A MYSTERY OF ST. RULE'S," by Ethel F. Heddle (Blackie and Son, 366 pp., illustrated, 6s.).—The scene of this very charming story is laid in the dignified atmosphere of St. Andrews. The mystery is the disappearance of a diamond of great value, which introduces a coil of events skilfully worked out.

"IN FLORA'S REALM" is a popularly written, copiously illustrated volume, written by Edward Step and published by Nelson at 3s. 6d. It is a pleasant introduction to botany for young people.

THE SHAKESPEARE STORY BOOK.—Shakespeare for children under twelve, and in many cases under fourteen, is practically written in Greek. The little folks seldom read plays, and still more seldom Elizabethan plays. Hitherto their only knowledge of

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Shakespeare has been gained from the tales of Charles and Mary Lamb, whose "Tales from Shakespeare" have enjoyed a monopoly, which is now almost for the first time resolutely invaded. Mary Macleod has written, and Gordon Browne has illustrated, a new Shakespeare story book, to which Mr. Sidney Lee has written an introduction. It is published in a very handsome volume by Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. Miss Macleod has dealt with five tragedies, nine comedies, and two other plays, "Cymbeline" and "A Winter's Tale." The Lambs dealt with fourteen comedies and six tragedies. Both the Lambs and Miss Macleod have left out the historical dramas, "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Titus Andronicus." Miss Macleod omits "Coriolanus" and "Julius Caesar." It was a bold venture of Miss Macleod to challenge the hitherto unquestioned monopoly of the Lambs. But Mr. Sidney Lee, in his introduction, makes out a very good case to justify Miss Macleod's bold enterprise. Charles Lamb only did six of the plays, and Mary Lamb did the rest, and did them in a fashion which left much to be desired. As Mr. Lee says, they often trace a story too faintly and imperfectly to recall Shakespeare's own image. To tell "Twelfth Night," and make no allusion to Malvolio; to omit Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey from "As You Like It," and merely to refer to the inimitable Bottom in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as a nameless, sleeping clown who has lost his way in the wood—these are things which may well have encouraged Miss Macleod to produce her Shakespeare Story Book. It is impossible, in the brief space at my disposal, to enter upon any critical comparison of the work of Miss Macleod and Mary Lamb. An intelligent child who has read both versions is the only critic whose opinion is worth anything, and so far I have had no opportunity of putting it to this test. What I have seen of it, however, justifies the belief that the newcomer would not come off second-best in such a comparison. Miss Macleod writes with intelligence and sympathy. While always telling the story with spirit, she has never allowed her paraphrase to stray beyond her text, nor has she followed the fatally easy method of making wholesale omissions of some of the most distinctive incidents and characters in Shakespeare's plays.

BOOKS IN SERIES AND SETS.

THE NEW VOLUME OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Vol. VII. (Adam and Charles Black.)—This volume (Mos—Pre), published on November 25th, makes the thirty-first of the complete edition. It opens with a prefatory essay by Mr. Frederick Greenwood on "The Influence of Commerce on International Conflict." "Commerce prospers in reliance on war; war is everywhere pledged to commerce; and the old order reigneth still" is the unprepossessing keynote of Mr. Greenwood's disquisition; and his conclusion is that we should acknowledge to ourselves the unregenerate character of international relations and act accordingly. It seems to us that Mr. Greenwood's arguments in this respect are based upon the uneconomic fallacy which is now so prevalent that international competition is in any way an inimical element in international relations. The theory that one nation can ruin another by selling it goods cheaper than the buyer can produce them is at the base of it all; and if Mr. Greenwood adopted this theory in dealing with his tailor and bootmaker, he would have to go as naked as the "beasts" whose "universal law" he declares is the basis of international relations. Of the ordinary contents of the volume the

articles on Newspapers are perhaps the most interesting to the general reader. Mr. Alfred Harmsworth writes on "The Halfpenny Press," and informs us incidentally that the halfpenny newspaper dates from the sixteenth century, and had its origin in Venice.

"THE TEMPLE," and "A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE," by George Herbert, form the latest addition to the charming half-crown series called "The Cloister Library," issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. (310 pp.). The poems included under the general title of "The Temple" are well known, but its prose counterpart, "A Priest to the Temple," is not so familiar, and it was a happy idea to include it in the present volume. A list of words used in the text, which require explanation, and a table of dates of the chief events of George Herbert's life, complete the volume.

Those who think as much of the appearance as of the intrinsic value of books, but do not wish to go to too great expense, would do well to look at Messrs. Methuen's little Biography Series, of which "ERASMUS" has just been published. It contains 226 pages. It is illustrated, and contains not only a good account of Erasmus and his writings, but the bibliography of all his works. The other volumes of the series deal with Dante, Savonarola, John Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Goethe, Wellington, Canning, Lord Chatham.

"THE PAPAL MONARCHY," by William Barry, D.D. (T. Fisher Unwin, 435 pp., 5s.).—This is the fifty-eighth volume of "The Story of the Nations Series." The series began with "Rome," and, as all roads lead to the Eternal City, apparently all series must return there. The present volume, however, does not deal with the Rome of the Cæsars, save in so far as it shows the origin of Papal rule, but only with the Papal Monarchy, and then only as a monarchy, and not as a religious system. The volume, like its predecessors, is admirably illustrated; it contains two maps, a list of the Popes from St. Peter to Leo. XIII., and an index.

A useful present at £1 1s. is the CENTURY ATLAS, published by Messrs. Newnes. A capital present for those who are forming a library is the Newnes' Library of Useful Volumes, published at 1s. a volume. The last volume is "A STORY OF THE EMPIRE," by Mr. E. Salmon.

FICTION.

Mary Cholmondeley has written a good story in "MOTH AND RUST." There are not more than half a dozen characters, but all are so clearly drawn that they stand before us as if they were being looked at through a stereoscope. It is a story of two love affairs, one of which ends happily and the other does not. The central incident is a fatal promise given by Janet—a beautiful girl, who promised a dying friend to burn the letters in a locked cabinet which would have compromised her reputation and revealed to her husband that he was not the father of her child. She made Janet swear that she would never tell anyone that she had burned anything. Janet burned the letters, and was discovered in the act by three witnesses. She kept her dead friend's secret, but an I.O.U. given by her brother to her friend's wife, who was a moneylender, was missing, and she was accused of having burned it. She denied that she had burned anything. The result was the breaking off of her engagement and the ruin of her life. Afterwards, of course, the I.O.U. was discovered, but the mischief was done. The character of Janet is wonderfully portrayed, and so also are the characters of Van Brunt, the African millionaire, and Ann, his wife. The story really, as the title suggests, turns upon the contrast between the fate of

two women. One laid up her treasure on earth, where Moth and Rust doth corrupt, and so lost it all; while the other, being faithful to a high ideal, refused a millionaire, and did not admit her love until she believed he had lost all his money. It is a clever story, and well worth reading.

"THE MASTER OF HADLOW," by Herbert Loraine (Stock, 242 pp. 6s.).—Mr. Hadlow, being thwarted in love in his youth by a stern parent who happens to be his uncle, resolves to bring both to his feet. With grim determination he makes a fortune, builds a town, and attains his end. The Master of Hadlow is not exactly a lovable hero, despite his success.

"MRS. CRADDOCK," by William Somerset Maugham (Heinemann and Co., 373 pp. 6s.).—A sketch of the lives of two people who married in haste and repented at leisure. Its tone is somewhat cynical.

"THE DREAM AND THE MAN," Mrs. Baillie Reynolds. (John Murray, 264 pp. 2s. 6d.).—A story romantic in the extreme, but full of dainty touches. The clairvoyant part is vouched for, as true and trustworthy witnesses are said to be forthcoming. "The Girl" is a lady who, when the story opens, is starving. A lawyer induces her to consent to a legal marriage with one of his clients on the understanding that no real union shall take place. The results are never disastrous, though perilously near disaster, and the story ends happily enough.

There is no contemporary author who writes in such vivid and interesting fashion about the sea as Mr. Frank Bullen. His many admirers will be glad to be reminded that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published a new story by him entitled "THE WHALEMAN'S WIFE" (6s.), in which Mr. Bullen's many experiences on the sea are employed as a setting for a story of adventure.

"BEHIND THE GRANITE GATEWAY," by W. Scott King (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.).—This novel is written with the purpose of showing the evils of the present method of treating criminals. Headley Devonport, a man of fine qualities, is convicted of a crime for which he is only legally responsible, and the book describes his deterioration to a state of madness from the effects of the benumbing silence and routine of prison life. The romance is supplied by the consistent devotion of a woman; the story ends happily by Devonport's restoration to health and his resolve to devote time and means for the benefit of those whom he considers his fellow-victims.

"ONE'S WOMENKIND," by Louis Zangwill (Heinemann, 361 pp., 6s.).—The opening of this book promises well, but leaves one at the end with a sense of keen disappointment. It is a character study of a man who starts life with very high ideals, but his womenkind seem to prevent him from making any of his ideals realities.

"TALES ABOUT TEMPERAMENTS," by John Oliver Hobbes (T. Fisher Unwin, 158 pp., 2s. 6d.).—This little volume contains two clever short stories, a fascinating fairy tale, and two plays. The stories are powerful studies of unattractive temperaments.

FOR MOTORISTS.

If anyone wants to give a book as a present to an enthusiastic motorist—and they are all enthusiastic—he can hardly do better than give him Mr. Rhys Jenkins' handsomely illustrated volume entitled "MOTOR CARS" (T. Fisher Unwin, 21s. net, 372 pp.). Mr. Jenkins begins at the beginning. He devotes one hundred pages to the history of the various attempts which have been made to

supply mechanical power to carriages. Some of the earlier illustrations are very odd. He then proceeds to examine the various descriptions of motors that are in use at the present time. He devotes a chapter to the discussion of guard-brakes and horse-power. For touring purposes and long distance travelling there can be no doubt as to the merits of the petrol car, but for short journeys which have to be constantly broken the electrical or steam cars are the best. The volume is well indexed, and will make a very handsome contribution to the motorist's library.

Another book that should be added to that library is Mr. S. R. Bottone's "IGNITION DEVICES FOR GAS AND PETROL MOTORS" (G. Pitman, 2s. 6d. net, 92 pp.). It is too technical for any one but a practical motorist who understands. It has a frontispiece—a picture of the King's twenty-two horse-power Daimler motor-car.

FOR RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

Among the books which may be specially mentioned as good for presents to ministers of religion by their church officers and friends are "MY LIFE WORK," by Samuel Smith, M.P., a bulky volume of over 600 pages, published at only 5s. by Hodder and Stoughton, and the "LIFE AND WORK OF URIJAH REES THOMAS," by his brother, D. M. Thomas (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d., pp. 521). Both are biographies of good men and true, who, through good repute and ill, bore steady testimony to the faith that was in them. Mr. Smith is still with us. Urijah R. Thomas, the famous Congregational minister of Bristol, is here no more. The story of their lives is an encouragement and an inspiration to all workers for the good of their fellow-men. It is such men who make nations great. The books are full of interesting matter, and the price is very low.

"CANON BARNETT, WARDEN OF TOYNBEE HALL," by W. Francis Aitken (W. S. Partridge and Co., 168 pp., 1s. 6d.).—An interesting and well-written account of the life of Canon Barnett and his work at Toynbee Hall.

Nowadays, when even the Nonconformist Protestants are discovering that nothing is more necessary for the present time than a new St. Francis, many will gladly welcome the appearance of "THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION" which is a record of St. Francis of Assisi, ascribed to his companion, Brother Leo of Assisi. It has been translated by Constance, Countess De La Warr, and published by Burns and Oates, 5s., 185 pp. It is an admirable Christmas present for all whose hearts are moved with sympathy for suffering and love for their fellow-men.

"SEVENTEEN SUFFOLK MARTYRS," (Ipswich: Smiths, Suitall Press, 2s. 6d.).—This is an interesting book written by a lady, Nina Frances Layard, with an introduction by the Rev. Canon Garratt. It is a good book to give to Protestants who wish to be reminded of those Saints of God in East Anglia who suffered to the death rather than submit to the Church of Rome. It may also be good for anyone who is sufficiently broad-minded to rejoice in human heroism defiant of death, even in a cause with which they may not sympathise. But although Miss Layard writes well, the book had better not be given as a Christmas present to any Roman Catholic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There are innumerable Christmas books published this year; as every year, but there is only one book that I have come across devoted to Christmas itself, and that is the very interesting book of W. F. Dawson, on "CHRISTMAS: ITS ORIGIN AND ASSOCIATIONS." It is

an attempt, and on the whole a very successful attempt, to depict by pen and pencil the historical events and festive celebrations of Christmas time, from the birth of Christ down to the present day. It contains a mass of matter, historical and pictorial, which has been accumulated from many sources, and which it is very convenient and interesting to have within two covers. It is in more respects than one the Christmas book of the year. It is published by Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net, 376 pp.; it is very copiously indexed.

"PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE YEAR FOR 1902." (Dawbarn and Ward, 3s. net.)—This admirable annual, which was first issued in 1895, is one of the cheapest and most interesting picture-books of the year. It contains twenty-eight pages of practical advice by the editor to "Would-be Picture Makers." It is a survey of an art which has now become international.

The name of few artists is so familiar to the public as that of Louis Wain, who is painter-in-ordinary to her Majesty Queen Pussy. As there is a cat in nearly every house, "LOUIS WAIN'S ANNUAL," which is full of pictures of cats and kittens, should find a wide welcome from all, excepting those who, like Lord Roberts, have an instinctive aversion to Pussy. The Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, who will face with nerve a hostile army in battle array, trembles and turns pale if suddenly confronted by a cat.

"FAVOURITE RECITATIONS OF FAVOURITE ACTORS" is the title of a selection of pieces in prose and verse which have been chosen by the most distinguished actors, actresses and reciters of Great Britain and the United States. There are twenty-two of them. They begin with Sir Henry Irving, who selects "Eugene Aram's Dream," and ends with Mr. Edward Compton, who sends half a dozen of his favourites. The selection is edited by P. C. Standing, to whom is due the merit of the idea, and published by T. C. and E. C. Jack at 2s. 6d. net. The selection will probably become a great favourite.

"THE 'DAILY MAIL' YEAR-BOOK FOR 1903" contains an immense mass of condensed information, printed in small but clear type, and explained in such a way as to be easily accessible, and set out and illustrated in the most effective fashion. The commercial section contains the facts bearing upon our international position as a manufacturing and industrial power. It is admirably put together. The only pity is that the type should be so small that it is practically unreadable without glasses by anyone whose eyes are a little worn.

FOR THOSE WHO LOVE THEIR FELLOW-MEN.

The Housing Question is one of such ever increasing importance, and the condition of hundreds and thousands of our fellow-men and women who are crowded together in foul kennels is so deplorable that every good citizen should rejoice to have as a Christmas present a book which promises to show him some way of escape from the nightmare of the slums. Therefore I have great pleasure in recommending a new book, just published by the *Clarion* Press, entitled "BRITISH HOMES"—a study of the Empire's heart disease. It is written by Mr. George Haw, a member of the staff of the *Daily News* and author of "No Room to Live" and "To-Day's Work," both of which have passed into a second edition. Mr. Haw is a very intelligent man. He has studied the subject closely, and his book is one that might well be read and thought over this Christmas time. It ought to have had an index, but that omission, I hope, will be remedied in the second edition.

SOME LEADING PUBLICATIONS OF THE MONTH.

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES.

- A Londoner's Log-Book, 1901-1902.** By the Author of "Collections and Recollections." (Smith, Elder) 5/0
Bradley, A. C. A Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam." (second edition, revised) (Macmillan and Co.) net 4/6
Favourite Recitations of Favourite Actors. Edited by P. C. Standing (T. C. and E. C. Jack) 1/6
Hazlitt, W. C. Old Cookery Books and Ancient Cuisine. (The Book Lovers' Library) (Stock) net 1/6
Howells, W. D. Literature and Life. (Harpers) net 10/6
Jerrard, W. The Autolycus of the Bookstalls. (Jerrard) net 2/6
Lounsbury, T. R., L.H.D., LL.D. Shakespeare and Voltaire. (Nutt) 7/6
Merejkowski, Dmitri. Tolstoi as Man and Artist. (Constable) net 1/6
Phillimore, John Swinnerton, translated and explained by. (The Athenian Drama.) Vol. 2. **Sophocles.** (Allen) net 7/6
Pradeau, G. A Key to the Time Allusions in the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. (Methuen) 3/6
Segall, J. B. Corneille and the Spanish Drama. (Studies in Romance, Philology and Literature) (The Macmillan Co.) net 2 dol. 50 c.
Smith, G. Gregory. Specimens of Middle Scots. (Blackwood) net 7/6
The Vita Nuova, or New Life, of Dante Alighieri. Translated from the Italian by Frances de Mey (Bell) net 2/6

POETRY.

- Adams, A. H. The Nazarene.** A Study of a Man. (Wells) net 4/6
Baring, Maurice. The Black Prince, and other Poems. (Lane) net 3/0
Berridge, Jesse. The Sonnets of a Platonist. (Brimley Johnson) net 3/6
Bonnier, Charles. La Lignée des Potes Français au XIXe. (Frowde) 3/0
Cripps, A. S. Jonathan. A Song of David. The and prize poem, Oxford. (Blackwell) net 1/0
Earle, W. Eyes Within. (Allen) 1/0
Gibson, Elizabeth. The Burden of Love. (The Vigo Cabinet Series) (Elkin Mathews) net 1/0
Gibson, Wilfred Wilson. The Queen's Vigil. (The Vigo Cabinet Series) (Elkin Mathews) net 1/0
Gower, G. Leveson. Poems. (Heinemann) 7/6
Hand in Hand. Verses by a Mother and Daughter (Elkin Mathews) net 3/6
Holmes, Edmond. The Triumph of Love. (Lane) net 3/6
Masefield, J. Salt Water Ballads. (Grant Richards) 3/6
Reed, Sir E. J., K.C.B., M.F. (Grant Richards) net 4/6
Robinson, E. A. Captain Craig. (Gay and Bird) net 3/0
Santayana, G. A Hermit of Carmel, and other Poems. (Brimley Johnson) net 6/0
Watson, W. Selected Poems. (Lane) net 3/0

ART.

- Bayliss, Sir Wyke, K.B., F.S.A. Rex Regum.** Library edition. Revised and enlarged. (Sampson Low) net 8/6
Bell, Mrs. Arthur. Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church. With other contemporary Saints (Bell) net 14/0
Bouchot, H. La Femme Anglaise et ses Peintres. (Paris: Librairie de L'Art Ancien et Moderne) 7/0
Conway, Sir W. Martin. Early Tuscan Art. (Hurst and Blackett) 5/0
Day, Lewis F. Lettering in Ornament. (Hurdner) net 5/0
Fraser, Julia. John Raphael Smith: his Life and Works. With portfolio of 50 examples, printed in colours and monochrome (Macmillan) £3/10/0
Maccoll, D. S. Nineteenth Century of Art. (Macchese) net £5/5/0
Nicholson, W. Twelve Portraits. Second Series. (Heinemann) 2/6
Representative Art of our Time. The Studio Library (The Studio Office) net 2/6
Reproductions of Drawings by Old Masters in the Collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. Introduction by S. Arthur Strong. (Duckworth) £21
Ricci, Corrado. Pintorecchio: His Life, Work and Time. From the Italian. By Florence Simmonds. (Heinemann) net £5/5/0
Scott, Leader. Correggio: Greuze. By H. Arncliffe. (B.B.'s Miniature Series of Painters.) (Bell) each net 1/6

RELIGIOUS.

- Holah, J. P. The Gospel Manuscripts.** A Short Account of the Results of Modern Research. (Brimley Johnson) 1/0
Malton, Rev. W. H. C. The Story of the Diocese of Lambhomb. (The Church Review Newspaper Co.) 1/0
Mason, Caroline, A. Lux Christi. An Outline Sketch of India. (Macmillan and Co.) net 2/0
Mortimer, Rev. A. G., D.D. The Creeds. (Longmans) net 5/0
Pullan, Rev. L. The Christian Tradition. (Longmans) 5/0
Report of the Joint Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury on the Position of the Laity. (S.P.C.K.) 0/6
The Smoke of Her Burning. (Grant Richards) net 2/0

FICTION.

- Alcock, D. **Not for Crown or Sceptre** (Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
 B. rris, J. M. **The Little White Bird** (Hodder and Stoughton) 6/0
 Burnham, Clara Louise. **The Right Princess** (Gay and Bird) net 6/0
 Cholmondeley, Mary. **Moth and Rust** (Murray) 6/0
 Conrad, J. **Youth, and Two other Stories** (Blackwood) 6/0
 Crobie, W. J. **David Maxwell** (Jarrold) 6/0
 Davis, William. **Belshazzar**. A tale of the Fall of Babylon (Grant Richards) 6/0
 Duntton, Theodor; Watts. **Aylwin**. Illustrated edition (Hurst and Blackett) 6/0
 Field, Mrs. E. M. (edited by). **Ethne** (Wells Gardner) 3/6
 Gallon, Tom. **The Charity Ghost** (Hutchinson) 6/0
 Green, Everett E. **Where there's a Will** (Hutchinson) 6/0
 Gubbins, Nathaniel. **Dead Certainties** (J. Long) 3/6
 Hannan, C. **The Coachman with Yellow Lace** (Digby Long) 6/0
 Hardy, Iza Duffus. **In the Spring-time of Love** (Pearson) 6/0
 Hart, Mabel. **Sacrilege Farm** (Heinemann) 6/0
 Hara, Lafcadio. **Kotto**. Being Japanese Curios, with Sundry Cobbles (Macmillan and Co.) net 6/0
 Higginson, Ella. **Mariella, of Out West** (Macmillan and Co.) 6/0
 Humphrey, Zephine. **Uncle Charley** (Gay and Bird) net 5/0
 Hutten, Baroness von. **Our Lady of the Beeches** (Gay and Bird) net 5/0
 Hynes, C. J. Cutcliffe. **The Little Red Captain** (Sands) net 5/0
 Kerr, Lady Amabel. **The Whole Difference** (Sands) net 5/0
 King, Maud E. **Christian's Wife; a Story of Graubunden** (Smith Elder) 3/6
 King, W. Scott. **Behind the Granite Gateway** (Hodder and Stoughton) 3/6
 Kingsley, Florence M. **The Needle's Eye** (Funk and Wagnalls) 6/0
 Lang, Andrew. **The Disentangled** (Longmans) 6/0
 Luther, Lee. **The Henchman** (Macmillan and Co.) 6/0
 MacLaren, Ian. **His Majesty's Baby, and Some other People** (Hodder and Stoughton) 3/6
 Marshall, Beatrice. **The Siege of York** (Seeley) 5/0
 Mead, L. T. **A Double Revenge** (Digby Long) 6/0
 Mudcock, J. E. **A Woman's Checkmate** (J. Long) 2/6
 Nash, Kestrel. **How to Choose a Husband** (Pearson) 6/0
 Noel, F. **The Book of the House** (Dant) net 2/0
 Pallander, Edwin. **The Adventures of a Microman** (Digby Long) 6/0
 Paterson, A. **The King's Agent** (Heinemann) 6/0
 Perrin, A. **The Spell of the Jungle** (Treherne) 3/6
 Plant, C. P. **The King's Pistols** (Sonnenschein) 6/0
 Preloker, Jaakoff. **The New Israelite, or Rabbi Shalom on the Shores of the Black Sea** (Simpkin, Marshall) net 4/0
 Prevost, F. **The Plague of the Heart** (Ward, Lock) 6/0
 Price, Eleanor C. **Angelot, a Tale of the First Empire** (Gay and Bird) 6/0
 Prince, Helen Choat. **The Strongest Master** (Gay and Bird) 6/0
 Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie. **The Lenitions and what they Related** (Hutchinson) 6/0
 Rosegger, P. **The Earth and the Fulness Thereof** (Translated by Frances E. Skinner) (Putnam) 6/0
 Savile, Helen. **Micky Mooney, M.P.** (Arrow-smith) 2/0
 Shiel, M. P. **The Weird o' It** (Grant Richards) 6/0
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